Into the Fire

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Explicit

Archive Warnings:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Major Character Death

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Sans (Undertale)/Reader, Sans (Underfell)/Reader, W.D. Gaster (Undertale)/Reader, W.D. Gaster (Underfell)/Reader

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Sans (Undertale), Sans (Underfell), W. D. Gaster, W.D. Gaster (Underfell), Alphys (Undertale), Undyne (Undertale), Frisk (Undertale), Chara (Undertale), Reader, Papyrus (Undertale), Papyrus (Underfell), Asgore Dreemurr (Undertale), Asgore Dreemurr (Underfell), Voidster

Additional Tags:
Reader-Insert, Reader Is Not Frisk, Dubious Consent, Rape/Non-con Elements, Rape Recovery, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Sexual Violence, Domestic Violence, Psychic Violence, Bondage, reader is female, Reader has female parts, Self-Harm, Self-Esteem Issues, sans/reader - Freeform, Gaster/Reader - Freeform, Dom Sans, dom gaster, sub Reader, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Fluff and Smut, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Alternate Universe - Underfell, Tentacles, Anal Sex, Vaginal Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Penis In Vagina Sex, Ecto-Penis, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Medical Procedures, Medical Torture, Medical Examination, Implied/Referenced Incest, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Biting, Choking, Possessive Behavior, Drug Use, Drug-Induced Sex, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Torture, Psychological Torture, Emotional Manipulation, Reader ends up with Gaster, So Stop Complaining, This isn't a Sans Fic, In fact I might just remove all the smut scenes with Sans, AGAIN READER ENDS UP WITH GASTER, NOT A SANS FIC

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English

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Stats:
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Chapters: 84/?

Into the Fire

by skellylicious

Summary

Starring Spot and Voidster, before they ended up in The Sin Mansion.

You're just trying to catch a break from your abusive boyfriend when you head up to Mt. Ebott, but things go from bad to worse when you fall into the Underground in the middle of a reset. Battered by kindness and cruelty, you do your best to survive as you get dragged between timelines. During your journey, you meet a doctor who struggles with morality and the fate of his people; the cruel, perverse skeleton that assists him; a kinder, gentler version of that skeleton; and a man so terrifying that he may destroy everyone you've come to care about. This story takes place in both Undertale and Underfell, as well as the void between worlds...

PART ONE STATUS: 43/43 Chapters (COMPLETED)
PART TWO STATUS: 27/27 Chapters(COMPLETED)
PART THREE STATUS: 9/?? Chapters

Explicit chapters have been tagged, and I have provided chapter summaries in the end notes for those who want to enjoy the story without seeing the worst of the non-con/dub-con stuff. This fic heavily features W.D. Gaster and Sans as the two main love interests.

Notes

This is the prologue, so it's short. You won't want to read this story if you're easily triggered, because writing dark stuff is my jam, so this will have all the bad things in it. It will also have a little fluff and plenty of hurt/comfort. Do kudos/bookmarks/ comments and stuff if you like because it helps motivate me to write more.

Tumblr: http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/

Prologue

Today had not been a good day.

A vicious argument with your verbally abusive boyfriend had led to you fleeing the house in a near hysterical state; driving the car you owned as quickly and as far away as you could manage. As you drove, his cruel words pounded through your mind, cutting deeper and deeper with each repetition.

"You're such a fuck up...so weak...a burden...if you tried harder I wouldn't yell at you...I was so much happier without you...you're just a parasite leeching off of my hard work."

You were so afraid. And the pathetic part was that you weren't just afraid of Alex. You were afraid of him abandoning you. Afraid of him giving up on you for good, leaving you to fend for yourself in a world that terrified and overwhelmed you. You knew that you couldn't take care of yourself. You knew that you would fail, that you'd shut down and become as helpless as a child on your own. And that scared you more than the pain of staying with a man that could barely seem to tolerate looking at you. And so you stayed, nights spent locked in the bathroom while he shouted profanities and slammed furniture with his fists in order to intimidate you.

You had struggled with mental illness since your childhood. And it was a thing that most people couldn't understand. If you had a penny for every time somebody had told you to "think positive" or "believe in yourself" or "just try harder," you'd probably be well enough off to actually leave this shitty situation, you thought with grim amusement.

Your mind was on autopilot as you drove, guiding you to the one "safe" place you knew you wouldn't be followed to. Mount Ebott. Alex didn't know that you had ever started going there. It was your

secret. Your refuge. He would bitterly accuse you of leaving to spend time with another man, or running off to cry to your friends without sharing his side of things, but in reality you had never cheated on him, and you couldn't bring yourself to talk to your friends about your relationship any more, despite their attempts at sympathy.

Your friends had stopped being able to support you, eventually. At first, when you showed up at their homes gasping and in tears, they had been outraged on your behalf, shocked at the things that Alex would say. And then they had been worried, asking if he'd ever hit you or been violent. He never had, and that made it less real, to them. You had no bruises or cuts to show them, only the words that you managed to relive through your tears. Eventually they had become confused that you stayed with this man, despite how you said he treated you. They couldn't help you, because you wouldn't help yourself. They tried to listen and be supportive, but you could see the questions in their eyes, and hear the defeated tone in their voices. And you still didn't have a good answer for why you hadn't left.

In your head, it made sense. You were dependent on Alex, not just financially, but emotionally and mentally. He wasn't always cruel, only when you had upset him. When you pleased him by taking care of things around the house, making dinner, or running errands, he was kind and gentle, and you were ecstatic with love for him. Earning his approval filled you with a sense of peace and happiness that you couldn't attain otherwise. By the time you had realized that your sense of value as a person rested almost entirely on Alex's approval of you, it had been too late to turn back.

You had learned over the years that your psychiatric problems made it impossible for you to hold down a job for more than a few months, before the panic attacks or depression set in, and you stopped being able to function. Alex was always extraordinarily empathetic when this happened, and the more broken you became, the more supportive and caring he was. Sometimes it felt as though he preferred you this way. Unable to speak or care for yourself, shut down to the point that you couldn't even leave your bed. The moment you began to try, to improve, he shut himself off emotionally, and saw only the things you were still unable to do.

It had gotten to the point that over the many years you had been with him, you had begun immediately breaking down and losing control whenever a conflict occurred, as a method of self defense. It wasn't something you did on purpose, but your subconscious had quickly learned that when you lost control, you were safe, because Alex couldn't hurt you when you were so wrapped up in psychic pain that you couldn't even hear him. Somewhere in your life, you had become a broken, helpless person that you didn't even recognize anymore. And that scared you more than anything.

Life was not great right now. So it wasn't too surprising when things took a sharp turn for the worse.

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You strode shakily up the side of the mountain, leaving your car parked in the unpaved, unofficial lot below. "Running away" for a few hours had become such a common habit for you, that you actually had supplies for these hikes in your car most of the time. You had a backpack that held a bottle with a built-in water purifier for drinking from the river, you had various nonperishable snacks that were replaced on a regular basis anyway, since you came here so often, as well as other basic supplies, like a flashlight, a pocket knife, and a small blanket.

You were not wearing terribly suitable clothes for hiking, since you had left in such a hurry. But you suppose you could be worse off than sweatpants, a tank top with a jacket, and sneakers. At least you were warm enough, especially as you walked briskly through the trees, trying not to stumble over the loose stones and vines on the side of the mountain.

Your tears had dried on your face, and you wiped at it carelessly with a handkerchief, failing to do much more than smear dirt across your

cheeks. You heard yourself sniffling pathetically, and sighed. How much longer could you keep doing this? You had been struggling with suicidal feelings for months this time, and Alex just didn't care anymore. You weren't sure why he didn't just cut you loose, like he had threatened to do so many times. Some part of you thought that maybe he was just as afraid of being alone as you were, and that was why he kept holding on, despite how much he seemed to hate you. It made you feel sad and tired, for both of you. Maybe he would be happier without you.

Distracted by your thoughts, you tripped over a rock and cursed, catching yourself heavily on your knees and palms. You could tell from the searing pain that you were definitely going to have a bleeding situation soon, and wondered if it was worth using up the last of your bandages just for some bad scrapes. It wasn't like these would be the first open wounds you'd left to heal on their own. You'd deal with it later, you decided abruptly, still too upset to care much about anything other than getting further away from the real source of your pain.

"Fucking hell," you muttered in exasperation as you saw the telltale dark stains soaking through your sweatpants. Well, there was no point now. The pants were ruined, and the cloth would soak up any extra blood. Band-aids could be saved for later. The flesh on your palms was shredded and tender, but it wasn't like the bandages would stick to your hands well enough to be of use.

In retrospect, you should definitely have avoided the thick vines that ended up being your literal downfall. You hadn't taken more than a few steps after your first mishap before the ground very suddenly pitched out from under you, and you felt the terrifying clench of zero gravity in your belly as you fell headfirst into the black, gaping maw of an underground cavern.

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Something was wrong.

Something was very, very wrong.

Somehow, a strained light was reaching you through the top of the chasm, gently illuminating the crushed bed of flowers you'd landed on. It was also illuminating other things, like the fact that one of your ankles was bent at a very unnatural angle, and that your blood had splattered nearly everywhere, staining the golden petals beneath you, oozing from cuts and scrapes that nonetheless, seemed far too shallow for what had felt like a long enough fall to crush your body to a pulp. How were you still alive?

This wasn't the source of your fear, however. The sense of wrongness came from the absolute stillness around you. You were no stranger to the wilderness. Even in a deep, hidden cave like this, there should be sounds. Water dripping, insects and reptiles skittering, even just the sound of air currents shifting through the rock. But there was nothing. Dead silence filled the gaps between your pained breaths and whimpers of agony.

"H-hello?" you called out in a wavering voice, wondering if somehow the fall had rendered you deaf, and unsure which prospect frightened you more. When you heard your own pained, terrified voice, you immediately decided that you'd rather have been struck deaf. The isolation when you were so grievously wounded was worse than anything you had experienced thus far. Where WERE you? And why did it feel like you'd been sucked into some isolated void, cut off from every other living thing? Nobody would find you here, you realized, as hot tears tracked down your face. You would die, either from shock, blood loss, or dehydration. Completely alone. Shuddering, a pitiful sob escaped your lips as you loosely wrapped one arm around your torso, hugging yourself in fear.

"H..heh. Bad time...drop -n..." a static-laced voice nearby made you recoil in shock, clamping your lips shut on a strangled scream of pain as you accidentally yanked your twisted ankle sharply back.

"I...I don't understand. Who are you? Where am I?" you responded desperately, glancing around for the source of the voice.

"Howdy! -m Flowey! -lowey...flower!"

A bright yellow flower, much bigger, but not unlike the crushed ones beneath you, suddenly popped up, fading in and out like a television channel with poor reception. It had a face for some reason, which was set in a decidedly condescending expression. You were certain you must be hallucinating, but the longer you stared, the more clearly you saw it.

"Boy, you sure must be an unlucky IDIOT to fall down here right in the middle of a reset!" it giggled maniacally, its face briefly warping into a terrifyingly evil sneer.

You winced in response, in no shape to respond or defend yourself against yet more verbal abuse after what you had endured at Alex's hands. You were bleeding, physically, and emotionally exhausted. Already you could feel yourself starting to become lightheaded, and knew you would pass out soon from the strain.

"Wish...could -tay, but -estly you don- seem worth...effort...anyway," the flower added with a cruel sneer, beginning to flicker in and out again. "Won- last long...-ere...too weak-"

It disappeared again, this time seemingly for good, and you let out a choked sob as the pain in your body came back with crushing force, waves of nausea hitting you as a ringing sound filled your ears, and you slumped back into darkness.

Rescue - Underfell

Chapter Summary

> It seems the reader has fallen into friendly hands at least for the time being? This chapter takes place in my version of Underfell (which is not the same as "canon" Underfell).

Chapter Notes

> I added more tags. Just assume that if it's dark and disturbing it will probably show up at some point in this fic. That might not be true of everything, but it will protect the precious little cinnamon bunnies that don't want to read bad stuff. I create only the finest bad garbage for the best bad garbage readers. I do take requests for certain fetishes/scenarios, but I can't promise I'll write 'em. Doesn't hurt to ask though. ;)

Slowly, you returned to consciousness. Your body felt like you had lost time. Even though it seemed like only seconds ago that the sadistic flower hallucination had been mocking you, you could sense that at least an hour or two had passed while you were unconscious. It was strange, disorienting, and made you feel even more sick to your stomach.

"Nngh," you muttered, your voice rusty from disuse, as you slowly tried to open your eyes. *Bright!* The white, fluorescent lights stabbed at your eyes, instantly spawning a roaring headache. You squeezed them shut again with a groan. To say that your whole body hurt was a hilarious understatement, you thought ruefully. You felt like...you'd tumbled down the side of a mountain and broken half of your bones, which was a reasonable way to feel, all things considered. Your head was throbbing, your cuts and scrapes burned, and your damaged ankle was sending sharp, shooting pains directly up your leg.

A rustling sound caught your attention, and you cracked one eye open to see a tall figure in a pristine white doctor's coat looming over you. Oh thank god. Someone had found you and dragged you out of that

godforsaken hole while you'd been unconscious. You must be at the hospital now. Your relief at being found was short-lived, as you realized abruptly how furious Alex would be. Not only would you be out of commission for getting work down around the house, but your health insurance wasn't the best, and you could guess that the hospital bills for a tumble like yours weren't going to be cheap.

"S-sorry," you whispered, just in case he was there with you. Or maybe he wasn't. Maybe he hadn't heard yet, and you could get cleaned up and back home before he realized. And...somehow pay off the hospital bills without asking him for money. But then, how would anyone have known to look for you and find you, if not for Alex calling someone, you realized, feeling defeated. Maybe he wouldn't be too angry this time. Maybe you could explain what had happened and he would understand. Or maybe your insurance covered falling into mountain caves in the middle of the night.

"Shh, human. I would prefer it if you did not try to speak right now," a deep, soothing voice gently reprimanded you. "Your catalogue of injuries is...extensive, and I need you to conserve your energy right now."

"Okay," you muttered, before his words had really sunk in. Wait, had he just called you a...human? No, that was you being irrational again. You decided you should probably let him know about your hallucinations, since it definitely wasn't a good sign after such a long fall.

"Uh, sorry," you began again, acknowledging that he had told you to be quiet just moments ago, "But I thought you should know that I've been...hallucinating? Uh. Seeing and hearing things." You'd be damned if you were going to tell him you'd thought he'd called you a human. As far as hallucinations went, that was fairly vague and ridiculous sounding. The yellow flower was definitely more of a "standard" hallucination, right? Your mind was wandering.

"Hm, I see. That wouldn't be surprising, considering how badly you've been hurt, but I haven't seen any head injuries severe enough to cause such a symptom...yet." Faint concern tinged his otherwise calm and clinical voice, and you felt long, slender fingers gently probing your scalp, seeking out damage that might not have been obvious. The gentle massage was relaxing, even when he inadvertently touched some more sensitive lumps and scrapes that made you wince. You felt him reach for something that smelled rather like rubbing alcohol, and then a damp cloth rubbing gently at what must be clotted blood in your hair.

"Human, I need you to open your eyes so that I can examine your pupils," the voice informed you in a reassuring tone. Wait, there was that word again. Human? You really, truly did not want to subject yourself to the glaringly bright clinical lights right now, but you supposed this was more important. Tentatively, you began to open your eyes.

You could see the blurry doctor leaning closely in front of you, a pale face against a dark shirt and a dazzlingly white coat. As you slowly blinked your eyes to clear the dust and grime, and let them adjust to the brightness of the room, certain details began to come into focus. Like the fact that you were STRAPPED DOWN to an examination table. Chest heaving, you drew your face back up to the doctor in front of you, and felt your mind falter in complete shock. The man in front of you was extraordinarily tall, with broad shoulders, a trim frame, and... a smooth, almost skeletal face. His face was expressionless and mask-like, giving him an eerie, menacing appearance. His eyes appeared to be empty sockets with faint pinpricks of purple light serving as pupils. His hands were also skeletal, the bones looking strangely fused and doll-like, with holes in the palms. His expression was serious, intense and intimidating, and you felt yourself slowly rising to the edge of panic as he drew even closer.

Your wrists and ankles strained frantically at the buckles holding them down, and you abruptly found yourself screaming in his face.

"WHAT ARE YOU! WHAT IS THIS?! WHY AM I TIED DOWN?! WHERE AM I!" you shrieked with considerably more energy than you'd had moments again. You began to thrash against your restraints, panicking even more when you saw the..."doctor" hovering over you, his hands extended in front of him as if to calm you. His fucking skeleton hands.

"Please, human. You must calm yourself. You are safe here, far safer than you would be *out there*," he pleaded, a hint of frustration in his voice. "If you cannot stop these hysterics I will be forced to sedate you for your own safety."

"You," you panted, momentarily having exhausted yourself, only to renew your struggles when he came near you again, this time with a syringe filled with clear fluid. "Don't...you...fucking...." You tried to kick him as he neared your foot, but only succeeded in causing yourself excruciating pain as your injured ankle was thrust against the heavy restraints. Biting your lip until it bled, you stifled the scream of pain that filled your lungs, and threw him a hateful glare. "The fuck...away...from me..." you wheezed.

You barely felt the sharp prick of the needle in your arm, too busy staring menacingly up into the face of the man above you. Unfortunately, he didn't seem impressed, or even slightly intimidated.

"Human."

He laid a proprietary arm on your arm, fingers tightening slightly as he gazed down at you with an unreadable expression. "It is not my intention to harm you, nor will I allow you to harm yourself with your struggles. And I think you will find that attempting to harm me is a futile effort, at best. I wouldn't suggest you try it." His tone was still that of the professional physician, but the threat that crept into his voice near the end was unmistakable.

You made no answer, sagging against the table as the sedative burned up your arm, making you feel slow and docile. "Wanna go home," you whimpered almost inaudibly. And you did. Walking on eggshells around Alex, waiting for him to lose his temper or threaten you was infinitely better than being trapped in this terrifying room with this monstrous creature. You wanted to start crying, but the sedative seemed to have numbed your emotions as well, and all you managed was a single tear trickling down your cheek.

You felt a warm, smooth thumb rub against your cheek, wiping the tear away. The skeletal doctor looked almost sympathetic, but the expression of detached professionalism returned quickly to his face.

"I'm afraid that's not possible," he told you matter-of-factly. He seemed to know he had no need to mince words right now, while the sedative numbed your mind and body. Still, a little more bedside manner would be nice, your drugged mind grumbled sleepily. You wondered if you would fall asleep again. That would be a blessing. If you couldn't leave, you could at least escape into unconsciousness for a little while.

As if he had read your mind, the doctor glanced down at you while he pulled some sterile latex gloves onto his strange hands. "Unfortunately I must keep you awake for this. While the sedative will numb a great deal of the pain, I will need your guidance as I treat these wounds. My experience with human injuries is not nearly extensive enough for me to work confidently while you are unconscious. I could end up missing an important part of your anatomy that is injured. And your hallucinations are a concerning symptom, still. It is best that you remain awake until the examination is complete."

Right, your mind reminded you sluggishly. People with head injuries had to stay awake, or else...they died? But really, who cared if you died? Alex would finally be free of you and all your fuck ups. Your friends wouldn't have to worry about you making terrible life decisions anymore. It wasn't like your parents had given a damn in years. Maybe dying would be the best thing.

"No, dying would mostly certainly not be the best thing. And I won't be allowing that to happen," the doctor's voice smoothly interjected. Fuck, you hadn't realized you'd been talking out loud. "You don't know....me," you concluded lamely, aware that the best defense you could come up with right now was....pretty bad, admittedly.

"You need to be quiet now so that I can focus on my work," he chastised you, albeit gently.

It wasn't a hard order to follow. Your drugged mind was more than happy to wander around in your head, looking at the pristine white walls, the glittering white marble floor, the sharp metallic medical tools that would have scared you shitless at any other time, the pretty golden flowers lined up in what looked like tiny, experimental greenhouses.

That last part made you frown. They looked an awful lot like that thing with a face you'd hallucinated. However, you realized suddenly, you had also fallen onto a bed of flowers that looked very similar to these as well. You decided that once you were well, you were going to let everyone in your life know never to get you flowers again. They just weren't your thing after all this. Well, maybe roses would be okay.

A distant sting of pain brought you partially back to reality, and you frowned down at your legs, watching as the doctor used a cotton swab and a pair of tweezers to gently remove debris from the deep scrapes on your knees. It burned, but the hurt was far enough away that it didn't bother you. You watched in fascination as he carefully placed the crimson-soaked cotton into what looked like a sterile container.

Then you felt his fingers brush gently against your calf, and jolted, despite your state of extreme relaxation. You knew what he was looking at. The scars on your legs, arms, and breasts were no accident, and they didn't look accidental, either. You held your breath, waiting for the inevitable questions, the judgment, the well-meaning but ultimately useless advice. Doctors didn't seem to like cutters. What

was the point of patching you up when you'd just hurt yourself again, *on purpose?*

After what felt like the longest silence in your life, he said nothing, returning to his examination with a hum of renewed concentration. When he removed the white sheet covering your naked body, you flinched again, this time blushing deeply as you watched the white lights in his eye sockets linger on the scars on your breasts, and a particularly nasty bruise on your pelvis. You were adjusting surprisingly well to the fact that an enormously tall skeleton...ghoul....doctor was staring at your naked body, your drugged brain thought dreamily. Maybe this was a sign you were finally becoming a responsible adult. You weren't making any sense. You stopped.

You lay still as his fingertips gently probed at the bruise on your abdomen, the violet light of his pupils fixed on your face as he gauged your response to the pain. "Nothing to be done for this," he finally muttered under his breath, eyes dimming slightly before he returned the sheet, and moved to your arms. There were some obvious wounds from trying to break your own fall, which he efficiently cleaned and dressed with some kind of cream, before wrapping the wounds firmly in bandages.

That left only your head and your ankle. After a more thorough examination of your skull, he finally shook his own in confusion. "I simply cannot find an injury that would explain your hallucinations," he finally said, clearly frustrated at what he perceived to be his own failure. "The best I can do is monitor you for any changes." He ignored your irritated mutter at this statement, and turned his attention to your twisted ankle. "Now this can be treated. It's fractured, not too badly. But I have no innate healing powers, I'm afraid. My gifts are more...scientifically inclined. It will take some time for you to fully recover from this injury."

You let out a pain-wracked sob as he firmly maneuvered your ankle back into its proper position, glaring at him when he gave you a sympathetic glance. You were not being rational right now. You knew

he was helping you, but damn it, that HURT.

"That was the worst of it. Although the rest will likely still be unpleasant." You clenched your teeth as he firmly wrapped the swollen joint in stiff bandages and splinted it, making it impossible for you to bend or otherwise move it. He flicked the sheet back once more to further examine the discoloration on your hip and stomach, but finally shook his head. "There doesn't seem to be internal bleeding. It's simply badly bruised. But you must let me know if you develop worse pain in this area, immediately," he said finally.

"That's all we can do for now," the doctor decided with an air of finality, removing his latex gloves and running a hand over his skull. He glanced over to see you watching him, and walked over, placing a hand on your cheek. You were too tired to fight him, and your drugged brain noticed instead how smooth and warm his bones were. How strange.

"You're the first adult specimen I've ever been able to locate," he explained almost gently, although the use of the word "specimen" sent a shiver down your spine that he seemed not to notice.

"I can assure you that you will receive the best care the Underground has to offer. Myself, and my assistant, Sans...well..." at this he frowned for the first time, and it was a strange expression on a face like his, to say the least. "Sans has been behaving somewhat....erratically, so perhaps....I will care for you myself for the time being," he concluded finally. "Please be assured that you are invaluable to us all as a test subject, and none of my employees would dare to harm you." His face hardened as he said this, and you felt a sinking sensation in the pit of your belly. Had another human, at another time, not been so fortunate? You wished your head wasn't so fuzzy with the drugs.

You closed your eyes briefly, feeling suddenly exhausted beyond all reason. Okay, well, you had reasons. But you felt like you could sleep for a year, now that the fear and adrenaline were leaving your body.

You didn't even complain as you once again felt the faint sting of a needle in your arm.

"I apologize, but you need your rest, and as your behavior has been rather...erratic thus far, I would feel better if you were fully sedated while your wounds begin to mend," the doctor said in an apologetic tone. Damn, these were some good drugs. You smiled sleepily up at him, feeling an irrational surge of affection for your...rescuer? Capturer? Whatever. "S'okay, buddy," you slurred, feeling his hands gently unfastening the restraints on the table. You didn't even question the fact that he seemed to be unfastening them all at once. Maybe he had four hands, this was a crazy world, right?

He gently gathered you into his arms, wrapping the sheet around your body and holding you carefully against his chest, like you were the most precious, fragile thing in creation. The last thing you heard as he laid you down on a surprisingly comfortable bed, and tucked a blanket around you, was a belated introduction. "Oh, I never even mentioned my name. Please forgive my rudeness. I am Doctor W.D. Gaster. We will speak more in the morning."

"Mmkay," you muttered sleepily, snuggling into the clean blankets and letting the drugs in your system gently pull you under.

Consciousness - Underfell

Chapter Summary

> You wake up after having been drugged, and the doctor begins to suspect that something might be wrong with the test subject he has acquired.

Chapter Notes

> Hahaha no for real I'm gonna stop writing chapters for a bit. This is getting out of hand and I literally have no self control. Is everyone so excited to get tortured by Underfell Sans?! I know I am.

Your drugged sleep was peaceful and dreamless; a small mercy after the trauma of the day before. You were fairly certain that Doctor....Whoever had dosed you with some kind of opioid while he treated your wounds, and then a tranquilizer before he'd put you to bed. It was kind of sweet how he'd carried you himself, so gently. It had been a long time since you'd felt so small and safe. Had that been a dream?

You pondered for a while on the kindness of giant, possibly imaginary monster doctors, still feeling very warm and relaxed as the drugs slowly began to wear off. You kind of hoped you would get to experience this sensation again soon. It was like taking a mini-vacation from the depression, anxiety, and self-loathing that had plagued you for...well, years now, really. A vacation that involved broken bones, hallucinations, and being strapped to an operating table, but still. You felt pretty good right now, all things considered.

The quiet sound of a throat being cleared caught your attention, and even though all you really wanted to do was lay there feeling at one with the universe, you eventually managed to drag your head over to glance in the general direction of the sound. Oh, it was the doctor. He was real. And he was still a skeletal...thing. Huh.

"Hi," you croaked out, managing a wobbly smile. It was the least you could do, considering that he'd patched you up and given you the best drugs on the planet. And he seemed like a nice monster doctor. The look he gave you was one of deep amusement as he carefully marked the page of the book he had been reading, and stood from the comfortable armchair he'd been sitting in, stretching slightly.

"It appears that your reaction to the drugs I used last night has been favorable," he remarked dryly, as you huffed out an agreeable laugh, before sobering abruptly.

"Look...Doctor...thing. Don't get any ideas, okay? I'm high as a fucking kite right now because YOU drugged me, and you also fucking...kidnapped me or something after I fell. And I'm not okay with that," you told him sternly, managing what you felt was a respectably serious expression until you saw him staring at you with a slightly incredulous look on his face.

Fine, whatever. This was probably for the best, since you had the strong sense that if you weren't still sedated, you'd be significantly less calm right now. At the moment you felt safe, but the fact remained that you were in a scary, probably dangerous situation. He'd called you an experiment, or a specimen or something, before sedating you. That did not sound like a fun time.

"Again, my name is Dr. Gaster," he reminded you calmly, electing to ignore the rest of your rant. "It's not imperative that you remember it, but you may find it easier to communicate with the other inhabitants of this lab if you remember some of our names."

"So what," you respond sullenly, "You're Dr. Gaster and I'm 'the human'?"

He seemed taken aback by your sudden boldness (and honestly you

were too), before raising one brow in disapproval. "I hope that you will not forget that you are MY test subject here, human. The only rights you have are those I grant you. However, I am not devoid of common decency. If you have a name you would like to be called by, I encourage you to tell me now."

You remained silent, your chemically-induced courage fading quickly at the tone in his voice. He was right, you were nothing more than a test subject to him. You were lucky he hadn't killed you, or worse. Your name didn't matter. You didn't matter. You inwardly cringed as you felt the mantle of apathy settle over your shoulders with cold familiarity. So much for the mini-vacation. The drugs that had been relaxing and calming you were now dragging you down into a state of lethargy and depression.

"Sorry," you finally muttered, realizing he had been watching you this entire time, waiting for you to respond. "You're right, it's not important."

You sensed, rather than saw, his surprise at your sudden change in demeanor. "Human..." he cleared his throat, "I did not say that your name is not important. However, you do need to remember that you are subordinate to myself, as well as my research partners. This process will be much easier for you if you remember that, and try to behave obediently instead of being defiant or rebellious."

You nodded quietly, already falling into the submissive frame of mind you'd adopted when Alex would start getting angry with you. You didn't want to make the doctor angry with you. He was much larger and more physically intimidating than Alex, and undoubtedly capable of far greater cruelty if he were pushed. You could be good, you could be obedient and quiet, if it meant avoiding conflict.

You tried to dredge up a sense of fear or regret at the situation you'd landed yourself in, but really, you just couldn't. You couldn't feel a damn thing right now. At least this was easier. All that this Gaster

person seemed to want was your compliance while he ran tests or whatever on you. It would be easier than trying to keep up with all the small tasks and particularities that you had to remember with Alex, to avoid setting him off.

If all that Gaster wanted you to do was quietly exist, you could do that. Hell, sometimes just existing was all that you could manage, back in your old life. Here, you wouldn't have to pretend to be okay. You wouldn't have to fake smiles, make small talk, or try to be productive enough that you didn't hate yourself at the end of the day. Even if the tests were painful or humiliating, if all you had to do was lie there and take it, it would be hard to screw that up, right? You could do this. For once in your life you could be useful.

You realized then that Gaster was simply watching you, hands locked behind his back as he observed the subtle shifts of expression across your face. You blushed and turned away, rolling onto your side so that you could face the wall instead. You wondered if a human with a broken mind would be such a valuable test subject to him after all. If this testing followed the pattern of your life, it would just be one more thing you fucked up.

***

The new human subject was thoroughly perplexing, Gaster thought to himself, both irritation and concern warring for dominance in his thoughts, as he left the subject's room. At first glance, you had seemed like a fairly standard specimen, albeit more badly injured than the children who had occasionally appeared. Now, however, he was starting to question your mental stability, and beginning to suspect he had acquired a damaged specimen.

Thoughts of what had happened to those more resilient young humans after encountering the other monsters in the Underground tugged at his mind, and he pushed them forcefully away. Performing an autopsy on a mutilated child without a soul gave him limited information

about humans, at best. An opportunity like the one presented here was...well...he hoped it would progress his research beyond his wildest dreams.

It was sheer luck that you had fallen almost perfectly in the middle of the timeline resetting, before the pathetically neurotic former Queen could have found you, and "mothered" you literally to death. He felt no small measure of pity for Toriel, that broken woman who so desperately wanted, needed to replace the children she had lost. But that didn't make her any less dangerous to any humans that had the misfortune of falling into the prison their ancestors had created for his people.

Gaster had made it a habit to check the Ruins on a frequent basis, as it was the only point of contact between their world and the human world, other than the garbage dump. Sometimes he got to the humans before Toriel. Most of the time, he didn't. On the rare occasion that he had rescued a child from the clutches of the tormented goat monster, they inevitably escaped, being far stronger and more clever than he had expected for such small, simple animals. It was a point of constant frustration for the scientist, who wanted more than anything to continue his work in both studying humanity, and finding a solution for the barrier that didn't involve the brutality of ripping souls from the battered bodies of children, human or no.

He scowled as he noticed himself pacing; a habit he only fell into when working on a particularly complex issue. The human was not a problem, he reminded himself irritably. It certainly seemed to have some mental anomalies that made it behave erratically, but it had already proven itself far easier to contain than the smaller humans of the past. There was something bothering him about it, though. About her, he corrected himself. He could at least make some attempt to treat the human like an individual, if he hoped to keep it-her as a long term experiment.

It was your soul. The human children he had interacted with before all had irrepressibly bright, energetic souls. It was part of what made them so difficult to study. But your soul felt muted. It felt damaged,

far weaker and more fragile than any human soul he had encountered before. He was unsure if it would be able to withstand the rigorous tests he had devised for most human subjects. He was unsure if the data he gathered from her would be worth anything, without a normal subject to compare his results to.

He sighed, suddenly exhausted. Was it so much to ask for some real material to work with for once? Between managing the rapidly worsening (and frankly alarming) behavior of his assistant, and this new, damaged human, he was feeling a bit overwhelmed.

He was going to have to have a stern talk with Sans, he finally decided. Recently he had handled more harassment complaints and prevented more outright violence than he should ever have had to on behalf of the short skeleton. Sans was a highly intelligent individual, with an almost preternatural ability to react immediately to potentially hazardous situations. It made him invaluable as an assistant, but he was quickly becoming more trouble than he was worth.

He needed Sans' input on this new human specimen. The other skeleton had an affinity for understanding humans, and was far more experienced in reading and interacting with their souls than Gaster himself was. That was why Sans often handled the "fieldwork" so to speak, while Gaster kept himself busy interpreting data, or conducting the more precise medical tests.

It was decided, then. Sans wouldn't be awake for some hours, so for now he would return to his office and begin work on a schedule of tests to begin performing once the human had recovered. Humming in contentment at having sorted out a small piece of the chaos that comprised his research, he turned down his coat collar and strode away to his office.

New Acquaintance - Underfell

Chapter Summary

> Your introduction to Dr. Gaster's partner doesn't go quite as planned.

Chapter Notes

> I have no idea if this is even good shit or what, but it's happening. What I do know is that I've written a lot of words in a single day, and I'm worried for my sanity. Not worried enough to stop, though! Smut soon, probably next chapter or the one after. If you notice weird typos or other errors in any of the chapters, just let me know. I'm literally just typing like crazy, giving it a once over, and posting. Whatever!

After another hour or two of fitful rest, you had finally gotten out of bed to explore the room you'd been placed in. It was surprisingly similar to a "human" (you thought the word mockingly) hospital room. Small, tastefully decorated, with white walls and flat beige carpet. A couple of framed landscapes hung on the walls, one appearing to be of a dark forest filled with gently glowing blue flowers, and another of a majestic castle's silhouette against a starry background.

The bed was a little larger than you needed, and you paused for a long time to examine what were definitely restraints coming out from the sides and corners of the mattress. They were similar to the restraints that had been on the operating table, or what little you could remember of those ones. You didn't like this, not at all. You weren't sure you felt comfortable sleeping in this bed again, after seeing these.

Besides that unnerving discovery, the only other things in the room were a small bedside table with a lamp, and what appeared to be a few issues of some recent scientific magazine beside the lamp, featuring various creatures wearing lab coats on the front. You were beginning to suspect that nobody who lived down here was going to look "normal" to you at all.

To your relief, as you opened the drawer of the nightstand, you found a hospital gown sort of garment, neatly folded. You wondered where your own clothing was, or if any of it was even salvageable after the fall. You didn't hesitate to quickly pull the gown over your head, still feeling somewhat vulnerable without either a bra or panties to wear underneath. At least it was something, though.

Just as you were about to pick up and examine one of the magazines, a sharp rap on the door startled you into dropping it. Before you could decide whether or not to say anything in response, you heard the sound of a key in a lock (great, you were locked in, too?), and it swung open sharply.

On the other side...was a skeleton. This one was wearing a lab coat much like Dr. Gaster had been, but there, the similarities ended.

This skeleton was much shorter than Gaster, closer to your height, if not an inch or two shorter. He was, however, much bulkier than the Doctor was, with none of Gaster's tall, sinewy grace. This skeleton looked brutishly strong by comparison. He had the same white pupils in dark eye sockets, but his smile was filled with sharp white teeth, and your eyes were drawn to the glint of a gold fang among them. The expression on his face could only be described as openly hostile, with just a hint of sinister amusement at your obvious fear of him.

"so," he drawled slowly, looking you up and down in a predatory fashion, "looks like the doc' was serious about gettin' himself a new human to experiment on after all. gotta say though, lady, you look a lot more, mmm, interesting than all those littler ones. *tibia* honest i'm kinda wonderin' what you taste like." His left eye socket flared crimson, and long, wet tongue of similar color ran slowly over his teeth.

Your eyes grew huge, and you scrambled backward with a breathless gasp, staring at him in shock and fear. The fact that he had just made a frankly terrible bone pun hadn't escaped your attention, but for

some reason it only scared you more. It made him sound deranged, unhinged, like one of those serial killers that gleefully laughs while dismembering his victims. Oh god, you were going to die. Fuck fuck fuck.

"Sans!"

You almost wept with joy at the sound of Gaster's long, striding footsteps coming nearer. Oh thank god. You never thought you'd be so relieved to see the scientist who was purportedly going to use you as a lab rat. The bulky skeleton in the doorway smirked mockingly at your obvious relief, and lasciviously closed his glowing red eye to wink at you, opening it to reveal both pupils looking normal again, his red tongue disappearing.

"yo, gast," he replied smoothly, turning to greet the other scientist. "i got your note, and came to check out the new test subject, *as requested*," he mentioned pointedly, raising his brow bones at the obviously irate doctor.

"And yet somehow you failed to read the part where I explicitly advised you to come and see me FIRST, NOT to come here to begin the examination on your own," Gaster said flatly, a faint purple hue appearing in his eyes as he stared down at the stocky skeleton. Although a few moments ago, Sans had seemed terrifying, the subtle menace radiating from the typically calm doctor was overwhelming on its own.

The large skeleton shrugged, a few beads of sweat appearing on his skull. "sorry doc, next time i'll *take note* of it," he responded sarcastically, hands in his pockets, looking for all the world like he was perfectly at ease in the increasingly tense situation.

You stared at the two of them, confused, and kind of wishing they could be having this exchange outside of your room, away from the hungry glances that Sans kept throwing your way, and the growing

realization that Gaster didn't trust this other skeleton around you AT ALL. You felt your heart fluttering in your chest, and automatically began breathing more shallowly, as quietly as you could. You shrank back onto the bed, making yourself as small as possible.

"Don't think that I don't remember the other incidents," the taller scientist murmured down at his colleague, not seeming to realize or care that you could clearly hear every word he was saying. "Your behavior lately has been completely abhorrent, and with the resets-"

"gaster," Sans interrupted, with a pointed look in your direction. "look, sorry about the misunderstanding, alright? are we gonna get to work or what?" Despite the aura of confident malevolence that practically radiated off the stocky skeleton, you could swear that he was starting to behave a little nervously.

You watched as Gaster visibly worked to regain control of his temper. When he turned toward you, you saw the purple hue in his sockets dissipate back to the typical white pinpricks. He cast one last, deeply disapproving look at Sans, then rolled his shoulders and turned to fully face you.

"Good morning, human," he said, fluidly regaining his professional demeanor. "I am sorry for the...disturbance you experienced earlier with my colleague." In a glance he took in your defensive posture and the slight tremor in your hands, and his expression hardened. "I can assure you it won't happen again," he continued, with added bite in his voice.

You couldn't help but feel a little less than secure about that promise, as your eyes darted to grinning skeleton behind him, and back again. But you remained silent, watching warily as he approached you slowly, stopping a few feet away from where you crouched on the bed.

"I need to examine your wounds to ensure that they are healing properly, and check your eyes again to ensure that you did not develop a concussion," he explained patiently to you. "My...associate, Sans, is here to perform a different type of examination."

No! Never! your brain screamed at you, as you met the hungry gaze of the skeleton called Sans. He brightened visibly at Gaster's words, and took the opportunity to approach you as well, ignoring how you shrank even further against the wall as he drew near. "guess you could say it's one of my *soul* specialties here," he said with another wink, staring at your...chest? Flushing, you drew your arms protectively around your torso, glaring up at him.

For some reason, your actions only seemed to amuse him. "tough crowd," he shrugged, ignoring the look of disapproval that Gaster gave him.

"Sans will be examining your soul," the doctor told you curtly, also staring distractedly at your chest, a tiny frown on his face.
What...were they looking at? You hazarded a glance down, but saw nothing that could possibly explain their strange behavior.

"I-I'm not sure what you mean," you ventured slowly, still close to the edge of panic as Gaster reached out and drew your hands away from your breasts in one fluid motion. He took note of the way you flinched at physical contact, but misinterpreted it as further evidence of the emotional damage Sans had done by menacing a specimen that was already quite fragile.

"Here."

He tapped gently on your breastplate, where the gown fell low on your chest. You resisted the urge to yank the fabric up and pull away, forcing yourself to stay still as his smooth fingers rested between your breasts. "This is where your soul resides," he said, in such a matter-of-

fact tone that you found it hard to disbelieve him. Souls were real after all? But he was talking like it was a physical thing, something that could be examined, even touched?

You stared down at his hand on your chest, until suddenly he frowned and withdrew. "However, I'm going to be delaying the examination for...another day, at least. It's clear to me that you are in far too fragile a state to undergo such a rigorous test at this time, and I cannot risk your well-being by rushing things."

He glanced back at Sans, his expression unreadable. "Sans, I will not be needing your assistance just yet, it seems. It was good that you and the human were able to become somewhat familiarized, for now. I would like to remind you that my orders are that nobody aside from myself is to interact with her for the time being. It is imperative that you respect these orders, for the project to proceed on schedule. *You know why*."

"sure, whatever ya say, doc," Sans replied with a shrug. Smirking, he threw one last smoldering look your way. "be seein' ya, human. real soon."

"Not that soon," Gaster corrected firmly, as Sans sauntered out, shutting the door behind him. His expression gentled somewhat as he returned his attention to you, stroking your arms in what would have been a soothing gesture, if not for the sensation of his fingers rubbing over the ridged scars of your old, self-inflicted wounds, and the fresh bandages on the more recently acquired ones.

"Now, lie on your back so that I can check the healing of your injuries. I won't use the restraints unless absolutely necessary, so please behave, and be a good girl for me."

Safe - Underfell

Chapter Summary

> You get to play doctor with Gaster. Okay, he is actually a doctor, but still.

Chapter Notes

> God damn this chapter took me forever. I kept wanting to end it and not being able to find a good place. Light smut in this one, with a SCARY CLIFFHANGER AT THE END. OMG. Your comments fill me with DETERMINATION to keep writing (yeah I know that's super cliche, but so is the "tibia honest" pun I threw in the last chapter, so fuck it). Editing is boring. Trying to remember to italicize words does not fill me with determination.

Despite the doctor's gentle manner and obvious desire to put you at ease, you couldn't stop trembling. You were trying, god, you were REALLY trying to be a good patient for him, but meeting Sans had truthfully scared you beyond words. If Gaster was working with something like *that*, you knew you weren't really safe at all here.

Finally, his hands stilled, and he let out a sigh.

"Human, I am truly sorry that my colleague caused you such distress. He wasn't always-" he cut himself off abruptly, and continued in a different tact. "Regardless of his questionable behavior, he is still perfectly capable of acting professionally. And truthfully, he is far more experienced than myself in the matter of souls. Yours is causing me some concern, because without it, many of my most important tests cannot be completed."

You blinked, suddenly distracted from your lingering anxiety. "I don't have a soul?"

"No, that's not- I mean yes, you do have a soul. However, it is not...in

optimal condition," he concluded a bit lamely, clearly unwilling to divulge more information than was absolutely necessary about this.

A tear slid down your cheek, and you touched it absently, willing yourself not to fall apart in front of this man. He was basically confirming something you had always suspected yourself, deep down. You were damaged. That was why you could never make Alex happy. That was why your life was such a mess. That was why...maybe it was why you had struggled so long with hurting yourself, with wanting to die.

Okay, maybe not the best way to keep yourself from falling apart, you realized suddenly, as your heart pounded painfully in your ears, and your slight trembling turned into full-on shivering. More hot tears tracked down your cheeks, and you sniffled, sitting up and turning away from the doctor, hugging your arms around yourself as you silently began to slip back into the painful, dark spiral of your own thoughts.

Gaster sighed. You had taken his words far more personally than he had intended, and he was at a loss. He preferred to keep his patients (and his test subjects) informed, but he was beginning to doubt your ability to handle even the most rudimentary information. It was clear to him that you were at least a fairly intelligent human, but emotionally you were so brittle that he was unsure your intelligence would make any difference.

A theory that had never occurred to him before, but which seemed to be being rapidly being confirmed with you, was that the state of a human's soul might well reflect their emotional well-being.

He couldn't actually see detailed information about your soul, like Sans would be able to, but like any monster, he could sense it. Gray. Fragile. Muted. Scarred, with fresher, still-healing wounds. In fact, despite the immense disparity between the strength of monster and human souls, he doubted you would be able to harm any of the

inhabitants in the Underground, even if you truly wanted to.

Troubled, he turned away from his own musing, and watched as you gently rocked yourself back and forth, arms still wrapped around yourself. The way your shoulders shook indicated that you were still crying, and it aroused a strange emotion in him to see you in such a state. He supposed he might call it a feeling of...protectiveness toward you.

It surprised him a little, although it was easy enough to explain such irrational feelings. He already valued you a great deal as a test subject, and, as he often told you, your well-being was of utmost importance to him. It was of no surprise that he found himself wanting to ease your discomfort, make you feel safe and protected, because you were. Despite being a fully sentient being, you did belong to him as his test subject, and he took excellent care of his possessions.

The flare of rage he had felt at finding Sans already in your room, already playing the part of the villain was also easily explained. The monster *knew* that you were a fragile creature, he *knew* how valuable you were, and yet he had still indulged those deplorable tendencies of his. With every reset, Sans had grown more and more...unlike himself. Then again, he was hardly the only one that was changing. It frustrated Gaster beyond belief that he could not explain what was happening here.

He and Sans were the only two monsters who were aware of the resets. That had always been true. However, Gaster appeared to be the only living thing in the Underground who was not changing, warping into some darker version of himself. And the only reason he knew this, was because he'd begun keeping video journals, safely stored in his office, the only place that was never affected by the time distortions. While Sans was still aware of the resets, he did not seem to realize or care that he had changed.

No. There wasn't time for him to ruminate right now. It was a

personal failing of his, becoming distracted by his own thoughts instead of staying focused on the moment. Right now, you were falling apart in front of him, and he needed to calm you so that he could examine your wounds again.

The restraints were obviously out of the question when you were already in such a fragile state. He had, of course, prepared an alternative. Moving slowly, he drew a syringe from his coat.

"Human."

You startled at the sound of his voice, and turned slowly around, refusing to meet his gaze. Which was why you immediately saw the syringe, instead. You probably would have panicked, if you had the energy for it, you thought dully. Without waiting for him to ask, you stuck out your arm. It couldn't be any worse than what you were doing to yourself right now, running a litany through your head of fuck-ups and bad decisions going as far back as early childhood.

You didn't see his fleeting look of concern at your utter lack of interest in the contents of the syringe, in your immediate, apathetic, obedience. You barely felt the sting of the needle, as he slipped it into the vein with expert hands.

"It's a sedative," he explained, deciding to keep you informed despite your apparent lack of interest in...anything. "The same sedative we used last night. I need you to be...calm..." he trailed off doubtfully, as it was clear you were now *so* calm you were nearly catatonic. Well, it was the same dose, and you had responded well enough to it the other night. It wouldn't hurt anything, even if it wasn't strictly necessary now.

You slumped slightly as the familiar, calming, almost euphoric sensation crawled into your bloodstream. Your expression became

peaceful, and you didn't protest as you felt Gaster's strong arms lifting you gently, laying you down flat on the bed. You didn't even react when you saw his left eye socket flare purple, an additional set of disembodied hands suddenly appearing to quickly to brush aside the crumpled sheets and blankets.

One of the floating hands appeared near your face, and you watched with mild interest as it caressed your hair, petting you with slow, calming motions, as Gaster undressed you. Then the extra appendages vanished, in a sudden flash of violet light. The cool air on your skin caused your nipples to harden, flushing a darker pink than usual, and you tensed, praying he wouldn't notice. He did, of course, and trailed one warm hand across the rosy bud, gently cupping your breast and watching with interest as you squirmed and stifled a moan.

He soon turned his attention back to your injuries, however, pressing gently on the ugly bruise that took up half your abdomen and all of your right hip. You flinched and whimpered, but he seemed satisfied that the level of pain you were experiencing seemed normal. Gaster let his hands trail down your sides, seeming not to notice your increasing discomfort as he neared the juncture between your legs.

Suddenly, you felt his large hand probing gently around the juncture of your thighs. Your back arched and you let out a sound somewhere between a squeal and a screech, reaching down to smack his hand away. You might be sedated, but there were limits to what you were going to let him do to you.

"NOT injured there," you growled, glaring up at him. If anything your reaction seemed to encourage him, and he removed his hand, a faintly amused expression on his face. What the hell?

He chuckled a little. "I assure you human, I was only checking to see if the injury on your hip and abdomen was further spread. But it's good to see a spark of life in you again, regardless of the circumstances." He proceeded to gently kneed at your thighs, probing gently at the

bruises, and harder where the skin seemed undamaged.

"You may cover yourself," he told you gently, handing the hospital gown back to you. "While that abdominal discoloration is ugly to see, you have not fractured any bones beneath it. Nor do you appear to have other internal injuries that I failed to notice last time. I will need to examine your ankle again, and do some *very* light stretches to check your range of movement, and keep the bloodflow healthy while it heals. That one is a serious break, and if it heals improperly it could cripple you permanently."

You inhaled sharply at his last words, but he continued speaking as if he hadn't noticed.

"If you will consent, I would like to further sedate you for this last part of the examination. Yesterday your body was flooded with endorphines, and your injuries had not yet had a chance to bruise and swell as your body began to repair them. Your ankle today will be much, much more painful than it was previously, and unfortunately it will be some days before the pain begins to recede again, so sedation would be best during the times I must examine that particular injury."

You began to nod, not wanting to experience a worse version of the agony you had felt the day before, but before you could speak, something else seemed to occur to him.

"These...hallucinations you mentioned the other day. Have you experienced any more of them?"

You felt your face begin to heat. You still didn't feel comfortable enough to admit that one of your "hallucinations" had been hearing him call you a "human," when you first met. As for the other...well, you supposed it was entirely likely you could chalk the talking flower up to sheer shock and pain after falling so very fall into the mountain. You wondered briefly if Alex had noticed you were missing yet, before

remembering the original question.

"No...no...hallucinations," you mumbled awkwardly, turning your face away slightly. Realizing that you might seem like you were lying, you briefly met his eyes and repeated yourself. "It's...I'm fine. I haven't been seeing or hearing things."

You were fine. Yeah, right. You hadn't been "fine" for years, and falling into some dark version of Wonderland hadn't done any favors for your emotional stability. But your answer seemed to satisfy the doctor.

"Good. Now as for the sedation, I realize there is no sort of clock in your room, but above ground, it is approximately early evening. Two doses will likely make you fall asleep until morning. If you will consent, I think this would be the best course of action, as you still need quite a bit of rest to recover."

There was that word again, "consent." He was turning out to be a little more...human, than you had thought. Was that the right word? He was actually being quite a bit kinder than many "humans" you had known in your life. Regardless, you bit your lip and nodded, holding out your arm again.

Despite the additional medication, your ankle still felt like hell, and you did your best to stay still for him, panting in pain as he delicately examined it. Exhaustion soon overtook you after he finished and wrapped it in fresh bandages, and you were practically asleep when he very gently caressed your forehead, before bringing the light blanket up to cover your limp form, and dimming the lights in your room.

As he left, he was careful to lock the door behind him. There was no chance you would rouse enough to leave your bed, let alone the room, but he hadn't forgotten the predatory way that Sans had been eyeing

you, and the last thing he needed was anything else interfering with your recovery. It was vital that experimentation start soon, before another reset.

As the doctor left to recoup the very few hours of sleep he needed to function, movement stirred in the corner of your room. You were curled on your side, arms against your chest as you nestled deeper into the soft pillow under your cheek. When a large, skeletal hand caressed your jaw, you simply sighed in your sleep, not even stirring as a broad thumb rubbed slowly against your lower lip.

Sans eyed the way that the thin blanket clung to your sleeping form, stray wisps of hair damp on your cheek as you slept. You looked so peaceful, so vulnerable, and so...***soft***.

Slut - Underfell (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

> WHAT IS THIS STRANGER DOING IN OUR LOCKED ROOM AT NIGHT WHERE NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY HEAR OR RESCUE US???

Chapter Notes

> Look, we're making friends already! THIS IS HOW FRIENDSHIP WORKS IN THE UNDERGROUND, RIGHT?
>
> ***Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" up here if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A hot, slick sensation gliding against your cheek caused you to stir groggily, mumbling a sleepy protest as you felt the drugs in your system pulling you back under. You felt, rather than heard, a low rumble of amusement near your ear, and dragged your eyes open with a groan.

"Wha-" you muttered incoherently, automatically trying to turn your face toward the sound. A soft red glow near your face momentarily blinded you, and you blinked against it, fighting the sluggishness of your own body. It was an uphill battle even to stay awake, as the drugs that Gaster had given you kept your body limp and relaxed, even as your mind began to fight against the waves threatening to drag you under.

"hey babe, don't let me interrupt your beauty rest," a feral voice growled into your ear, "in fact, i insist, *knock yourself out*," he added with a dark chuckle.

Your mind was screaming at you to wake up, to do something, to defend yourself, but you just...couldn't. Whimpering, you lay still as his skeletal phalanges gentle caressed your hair, trailing down your

face and lingering on your collarbones.

"y'know," he began in a conversational tone, almost whispering as he cupped your face and turned it towards his own, "some of us monsters aren't so different from you humans. physically, that is."

"M-m-monsters?" you replied in shock, unconsciously pitching your voice quietly, to match his. He was laying next to you, you realized, his massive body almost crushing yours against the wall. "Sans, w-what are you doing here?" you squeaked, pushing your arms feebly against his immovable form. He was warm and heavy, his solid bones pressing into the mattress beside you.

"hmm, thought that would've been obvious, little human," he purred menacingly into your ear, "but since you're all helpless and drugged up, i can give ya the *bare bones* explanation." That was when his softly glowing eye flared brightly, and you suddenly felt...something...pressed up against your leg. Oh no, this was not happening. Was he being serious? He shifted slightly, and suddenly the bulge at his groin was pressed between your closed thighs, riding up against the hospital gown covering you.

You had thought his earlier comment about wondering how you tasted had been some kind of weird threat about eating you. He certainly looked carnivorous, with a mouth full of razor sharp teeth. Hell, you didn't know what skeleton "monsters" ate. Or if they ate. Had he been hitting on you? How did that even work? You were completely different species! You realized that you might be dangerously close to discovering some answers you did not want to know.

"No," you managed in a strangled voice, shoving harder at him. His bones felt like smooth stone under the t-shirt and hoodie he was wearing now, and an inexplicable warmth radiated from them. The heat was starting to make your skin slick, and the thin fabric of your gown clung to you in embarrassingly revealing ways. He didn't budge

an inch, and barely seemed to notice your efforts at all. He nudged his hips forward, and his clothed erection rubbed harder against your sex, making you pant anxiously.

A wave of exhaustion chose that moment to manifest, and you slumped, already weak from your pathetically brief struggle. What the hell was going on? You had distinctly heard Gaster lock the door behind him, and you had distinctly NOT heard the door being unlocked, let alone opened after that. Had you knocked out that quickly, or had Sans gotten into the room some other way?

Part of you, if you were honest, a big part of you, just wanted to let the skeleton have his way, and get it over with. You were so tired. You couldn't rouse yourself to fight him. Even your heart beat in slow, sluggish waves, despite the fear you KNEW you should be feeling. Your body simply wasn't capable of a fight or flight response right now, and this sick bastard knew it, you realized. It was why he had chosen *now* to come after you.

You were distracted by the drag of his glowing red tongue against your cheek again, his fingers tightening painfully in your hair when you tried to move your face away. "a **f i l t h y h u m a n** like you isn't good enough for anything but entertainment," he crooned, the words fast and hard and filled with something close to hatred. "gaster has gone soft, treating you like some valuable test subject, something to be coddled and protected."

He leaned closer, teeth brushing your ear as he heatedly added, "**if you were mine, i'd rip you to s h r e d s. i think you'd look nice in RED**."

A whimper escaped your lips, fear clutching your soul at his words, and you pushed back with renewed effort, desperately twisting to get away. Working up your courage, you started to scream, "GAST-mmph!" before a bony hand pressed hard against your mouth.

"shhh, shhh," Sans cooed softly at you, somehow even more frightening now that he was pretending to be gentle. "i can't really hurt ya, kid, at least, not like i want to... not yet," he amended with a predatory grin. "the doc would never forgive me if i damaged his precious test subject. but that doesn't mean we can't have some fun. and that sedative pumpin' through your veins will prevent any more damage to that fucked up little soul ya got."

The hand that was tangled in your hair slowly released you, as he kept the other clamped firmly over your mouth. Groaning softly, he rubbed himself against your thighs, pushing his free hand up your gown to grope hard at one of your breasts. You lay limp in his grasp, panting heavily from the heat his body generated, the fear, and a creeping arousal as your body began to respond against your will to the constant stimulation.

It felt like molten lead was running through your veins. You felt heavy and helpless, unable to do more than grunt in pain when he bumped one of your injuries, or struggle feebly for a few moments before exhausting yourself. When he cruelly twisted one of your nipples, you whined in pain, trying and failing to flinch away.

"mm yeah, fuck. you're hotter and wetter than fresh blood, ya little slut," he snarled softly, sliding his phalanges between your legs as you lay unresistant in his grasp. A few tears trickled down your face. This was so fucked up. The sedative Gaster had given you kept your body relaxed and dulled your pain, but it was also making you...respond in ways that terrified and ashamed you.

Every bit of stimulation that wasn't outright painful was being interpreted as pleasure in your muddled brain, and you could feel the truth of San's words as his fingers slid into your slick opening without any resistance at all. *"I don't want this,"* you whispered brokenly, so quietly that you were sure he couldn't hear you. You were wrong.

"doesn't matter what *you* want, human," he responded absently, working his phalanges in and out of you in slow, deep movements. "your kind doesn't deserve any better, not after everything you've done," you heard him mutter, almost to himself.

"But I didn't!" you protested in vain, shaking your head to emphasize your point. "I didn't do anything! I just FELL here. *Please!*"

"h-heh, already begging," Sans panted out with a smirk, as you felt the tip of his cock press up against your slippery folds. He went still for a moment, grasping your hip tightly with the hand that had been adjusting himself to slip inside you. With a slow, smooth motion, he forced the head of his member into you, stopping just inside your entrance.

"Why are you doing this?" you whispered tiredly against the folds of his jacket, your nipples exposed and painfully hard as they brushed the spiky fur lining of the jacket's hood.

"mmf, so good," he groaned, twitching as he forced himself to hold back. "you sure do ask a lot of questions, you know that lady? if you gotta *bone* to pick with me, do it later," he grumbled, beginning to slowly force the rest of himself inside, until he was sheathed to the hilt. "just NOT in front of gaster, that much is obvious, right? i'm goin' easy on ya because this project is so important to him." He punctuated the sentence by withdrawing slowly.

"however, if for some reason the good doc found out about our...playtime..." and here he thrust back in, shoving himself into you carefully, if not gently. "well, let's just say i'd be a lot less motivated to keep my new toy...undamaged," he growled, brushing his teeth against your throat with the clear desire to bite down.

Could he do that? You'd thought earlier that Sans had seemed intimidated by Gaster's anger at finding him in your room, but then

again you'd also thought that Gaster would have been able to keep Sans OUT of your room. And you recalled the other "incidents" the doctor had mentioned briefly. Clearly this wasn't the first time Sans had behaved "unprofessionally." There was no reason to think that Gaster could, or even would stop this from happening, as long as it didn't interfere with his precious research.

Sans was steadily picking up the pace now, his enormous girth stretching and burning you as he pushed deeper and deeper. You could feel your walls fluttering around him as your relaxed state began leading you to the brink of orgasm. ***NO.*** Your mind rebelled at the thought, sheer horror jerking you back from the edge of pleasure. You might not have control over what was happening, but you'd be damned if you let this disgusting rapist of a skeleton get you off like this.

You distracted yourself. You thought about Alex, so far away at this point that you might never see him again. As Sans lifted your uninjured leg to allow himself better access, hilting deeper with a wet slapping of flesh, you thought about the few friends that still cared enough to check in on you. What would they think had happened? Some bitter, vindictive part of you hoped that Alex would be blamed for your disappearance. Of course, he would never be convicted when they found your car parked at the base of a mountain that was nearly famous for its mysterious disappearances, but the humiliation he would feel at being accused gave you a small spark of satisfaction.

By the time San's thrusts became sloppy and erratic, you were nearly calm again. This was no different than lying under Alex to placate him after you'd done something to set him off. Sex was always the easy way to get him back as close to kindness as he'd ever been. When the skeleton finally groaned, shoving himself to the hilt as he reached his climax, you felt cold and untouchable, safe in your head, if not in your body.

Chapter End Notes

UF!Sans takes advantage of your drugged state to have sex with you against your will. He mentions that you are an important project for

Dr. Gaster, which is why he can't have as much "fun" with you as he would like to (implying violence). You remember Alex, and wonder if anyone has noticed you are missing.

Unexpected Arrival - Undertale

Chapter Summary

To say you'd had a rough night would be an understatement. But when you wake up in a strange new place, discovered by a familiar stranger, are things going to get any better?

Chapter Notes

I should probably make a story outline or something, 'cause right now I'm just writing whatever comes to mind, lol. I mean, I had a basic concept in place when I started this thing, but there are definitely some details that need deciding.

Your comments are like lifeblood to me, don't stop posting them! I think unless you've written a fic before, people tend to underestimate how much it motivates us to keep going when people give us feedback. Like anything, even just a "ahh i can't even" comment. Or kudos. Or bookmarks. Not views though, with views I'm just like "maybe all these people are clicking my story and really hating it, then leaving." You guys don't really have any control over that though.

Keep being awesome, garbage munchers!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The blankets and pillows felt cool beneath you, and you shivered, unconsciously attempting to burrow into a warmer spot.

"ya know lady, that's *snow* place i'd choose to sleep if i were you," a terrifyingly familiar voice drawled loudly.

Freezing in shock, you slowly opened your eyes. Everything was...white? You shivered again more violently, and suddenly realized that your thin hospital shift was soaked through and partially frozen to your trembling body. Snow. You were laying in a soft drift of snow.

....What?

Your memories of what had happened last night in your room returned in a heated flood, and you wrapped your arms around yourself protectively.

"Wasn't last night enough, Sans?" you asked, trying hard to hide the fear and resignation in your voice. You could still feel his hard fingers crawling on your back, and the ache between your legs drove the sense of violation even deeper. Why was he still tormenting you? Where was Gaster?

A blur of blue appeared very suddenly in front of you, and you yelped in surprise, falling backward even as a bony hand shot out to grab your wrist and steady you. You stared in utter amazement at the short skeleton in front of you, then yanked your arm back like you'd been burned.

"WHO ARE YOU?!" you screamed at him, scrambling backward in the snow.

His brow bones furrowed, though the amicable grin stayed in place as he replaced his hands into his jacket pockets. "jeez lady, rude. i'd ask if you even know how to properly greet a new pal, but..." he leaned forward, eye sockets menacingly dark. "**h o w d o y o u k n o w m y n a m e?**"

Whelp, this was certainly different, Sans thought to himself with mild amusement, as the injured human he was carrying wrapped up in his hoodie glared daggers up at him, refusing to speak. He was going to

get to the bottom of this one way or another, but letting her slowly freeze to death would be *cold* even for him.

It was lucky that Paps was already occupied with the smaller human and his puzzles. He loved his bro, but he got the sense that a subtler approach was going to be necessary here. Especially since, unlike the kiddo, this human didn't seem to have any idea how she had gotten here. And from what he was sensing of her soul, she was weak. Really weak. He was fairly certain that she wouldn't be a match for a moldsmal, let alone anything stronger.

He felt her squirming in his arms, and glanced down. "look, human. it's still a little ways to me and my bro's house, so bear with me. i'd take a shortcut, but i'm, uh, pretty sure you wouldn't survive that right now. and you obviously can't walk, so do me a solid and hold still."

He didn't like the way she kept staring at him, like she'd seen a ghost, but he'd figure that out later. He waited until she had quieted, and continued the trudge back to Snowdin.

This was by far the strangest turn of events yet, you thought to yourself, as not-Sans piled yet another dirty blanket on top of your shivering form. You had stopped counting at seven, but he had to run out of them eventually, right? And was that a garbage...tornado? Inside his room? This was getting ridiculous.

Finally losing patience, you began to shift the blankets away. They smelled like dust and old ketchup, and it was making you slightly nauseous.

"Look, what do you want?" you asked hesitantly, still unsure of his reactions. He was Sans, that much was obvious, but he was different too. Aside from a pair of sharper-than-usual canines, his teeth were normal. No gold fang. A little shorter than the first Sans, a little less bulky, and MUCH less intimidating. But that didn't mean he wasn't dangerous. You'd learned that much at least, in your short time here.

The skeleton snorted in amusement, a permanent grin plastered to his skull that seemed more lazy than menacing. "lady, you're the one that appeared out of thin air, practically naked, i might add, and you want answers from me?"

You narrowed your eyes at him. Was this some kind of trick? After his violation of you last night you'd finally fallen into a tortured sleep, only to wake up in a completely different place, with a smaller, nicer, blue version of Sans?

"Why are you blue?" you inquired, frowning at him.

His reaction was to what you'd thought was a fairly inoffensive question was sudden and inexplicable. Halting his movements, he let the blanket he'd been holding slip from his fingers, gazing back at you with those dark, empty eye sockets. Then, before you could blink, the moment had passed, and the white pinpricks of light had returned to his face, although his grin now looked a bit strained.

"been doin' some traveling, i take it?"

"I- what?" you replied, feeling confused. "I was sleeping and when I woke up I was here. Do you know if Doctor Gast-" your broke off abruptly at the look of almost furious rage and grief that crossed his face so quickly, you would have doubted seeing it at all, if not for the

deep chill of fear that had settled in your spine.

"sorry human," he chuckled, and his grin was definitely strained now, almost a grimace, as he answered, "haven't seen the doctor around here in quite some *time*."

That was strange. He seemed to be making a pun, but sounded anything but amused. You let it drop for now. Despite his unpredictable reactions, he didn't seem inclined to hurt you, and you wished you could trust him. But the bruises on your thighs, and memories of sharp teeth grazing your neck cast a pall over any possibility of feeling comfortable around this new Sans.

"anyway," he interrupted your thoughts with a pointed change of subject. "i'm not exactly a *bonefied* physician myself, ya get me? and you've got some injuries that need looked at. next time ya decide to *fall* for a guy like me, try not to get too wet. your bandages i mean," he clarified with a cheeky wink. "now you need to get some shut eye while i figure out the logistics, then we'll be goin' to see a friend of mine that has more, ah, experience with human anatomy."

Great. With a sigh, you lay back on the bed, careful not to jostle your broken ankle. At least the sheets were relatively clean. And he was right, most of the bandages on your still-healing cuts and scrapes were soggy and soaked with fresh blood. You would kill for a hot shower right now, you thought ruefully, pulling up one of the cleaner blankets to keep yourself decent, and then another one for warmth.

Some real clothes would be nice too, but that was probably hoping for too much, you thought aimlessly, before drifting into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god reader, you can't just ask people why they're blue.

I don't think I like this chapter.

Old Wounds - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Sometimes the emotional scars we carry can hurt more than the visible wounds.

Chapter Notes

So I uh...accidentally made some feels. Here, take them. I dunno what to do with these.

This song may have had something to do with this. It actually has nothing to do with the story at all, but it made me feel emotions while I was writing.

https://youtu.be/pJSmc19NSgI

See the end of the chapter for more notes

poke

poke

You groaned as you felt something tentatively patting your face, and heard muffled whispering very close to your head. Sighing, you cracked open one eye to see a very small child and a very large skeleton watching you with excitement.

"SANS!" the skeleton shrieked right in your face, causing you to clap your hands over your ears in agony, while the child giggled and tugged at the tall skeleton's red scarf.

"YOU SAID NOT TO WAKE THE HUMAN, BUT NOW THEY ARE AWAKE, SO WE CAN BEGIN THE FRIENDSHIP BATTLE, CORRECT?"

If your ears hadn't been ringing from the excessively loud skeleton's declarations, you might have noticed the shorter skeleton suddenly appearing in the door as if by magic, an amused, harried expression on his face.

"bro," he muttered in a pained tone that sounded like he was trying to be stern, but not quite succeeding due to the laughter he was holding back. "why don't you take the kiddo downstairs and make some ah, breakfast spaghetti," he urged, practically shoving the larger skeleton out of the room, while the child trailed gleefully behind.

"sorry," he muttered sheepishly, looking anywhere but directly at you, as you sat up and ran a hand through your disheveled hair. "paps can be a little overwhelming the first time you meet 'em."

There are worse ways to be woken up, your brain reminded you darkly, and you made a face. That wasn't what was really bothering you, though. The first two nights you'd passed here in...the Underground, you supposed it was called, had been dreamless, thanks largely in part to the sedatives Gaster had given you.

Last night had been different, though. You'd been haunted by images of a featureless gray door following you, stalking you as tried desperately to find a way back to the surface. A static-filled, hissing voice had rumbled in your head, strangely familiar, though you subconsciously knew you wouldn't be able to understand, had you been awake.

[Come to me, my pet. Soon.]

The words were persuasive, almost seductive, but they filled you with an inexplicable fear.

And hands, sinewy, skeletal hands, had been dragging you toward that door. No matter how much you struggled or fought, the hands had been unceasingly persistent. It was pointless to fight them. It had filled you with a sense of dread. Somehow you knew, you didn't want to find out what was behind that door.

"uh," Sans interrupted your thoughts with some awkward shuffling. You glanced up in surprise to see him flushing an absolutely fluorescent shade of blue, still staring meaningfully at the ceiling. "i mean, maybe you've just been feelin' *bonely*, and i'm not complainin' here, but if paps or the kid comes back up you might want to put somethin' on."

Oh. OH.

You looked down. Yep, those were your breasts. Somehow in your nightmares, the admittedly thin and easy to dislodge hospital gown had gotten crumpled around your waist. Blushing furiously yourself, you yanked the gown back up over your shoulders, dragging a blanket out of your nest to wrap firmly around your torso for good measure.

"heh, nothin' i haven't seen before," the stocky skeleton assured you with a wink, "but now you know i only have the *breast* intentions. i can be a pretty nice guy, all things considered." You wondered at the tension in his voice as he said that last bit, before the sheer badness of his last pun hit you.

"God Sans, that was TERRIBLE," you muttered with a groan, falling back on the bed. Despite yourself, you were starting to feel comfortable around the perpetually cheerful skeleton, helped in large part by the subtle differences you kept noticing between him and the...first Sans you had met. You couldn't help but think of them as being different people at this point. Er, different monsters. That was another bit of vocabulary you'd picked up.

"well i hate to break to ya, but i got a skeleTON more where that came from," he added with mischievous wink.

You let out a dramatic sigh and decided to just give in. Once you figured out a good pun on your own, oh, he was in for it. It might take a while, but it was gonna happen, you vowed silently.

"ya seem to be feeling a little better," Sans ventured cautiously, and you realized with surprise that it was true. Your ankle still throbbed mercilessly, and your arms and legs were covered with disgustingly gooey scabs, but emotionally you felt a little more stable, a little stronger than before.

"I do," you agreed quietly, still taking stock of your injuries.

"about those," Sans noted, suddenly appearing in front you to bat your fingers away from a wound that was slowly seeping blood, "we'll be goin' to see my friend today to get ya patched up. it looks like whoever..." he paused, a pained expression on his face, before continuing, "...whoever got ya set up to begin with knew what they were doing. all alphys is gonna do is get ya set up with some fresh bandages, and check for infections."

You hesitated, unsure if you wanted to ask this. But he really seemed different from the other Sans. "Um, that's fine, but couldn't you do that here? I mean, changing some bandages doesn't sound too complicated?"

"i uhh-" he stuttered awkwardly, a blue flush spreading across his cheeks. "it's definitely ah, better if alph is the one that does that."

You shrugged to show you weren't going to argue, and mentally filed it away as something to ask about later, maybe after you knew him a little better. He was definitely a lot more shy than the Sans who worked with Gaster, who you'd known for an equally short time. But already you felt so much more comfortable around..."Blue Sans."

Okay, admittedly that wasn't the most creative nickname you could have chosen, but it was accurate, right? You just had to make sure you didn't use it in front of him, because there had definitely been some tension earlier when he'd asked why you already knew his name, and you were willing to bet that he knew a lot more about that than he was letting on.

"I uh," you stumbled shyly over the words, feeling awkward about already asking him for anything, despite the strange circumstances. "Do...do you guys have a shower I could use? Maybe?"

He frowned, and you immediately found yourself apologizing, "I'm so sorry, I know that was awfully forward of me. D-don't worry about it," you mumbled anxiously. Was he mad?

With a shock, you felt the cool, smooth bones of his hand gently touch your arm. "jeez kid, ya didn't do anything wrong by askin'," he said in a surprisingly gentle voice. "just...well, i guess these bandages are just about fallin' off ya anyway. won't matter if you remove 'em for a little bit to get cleaned up, i guess," he finished dubiously.

Oh, right. The bandages. Wow, you were an idiot. You really needed to stop freaking out over little stuff like this, before you got hauled off to the monster equivalent of an insane asylum.

"Thanks," you murmured, staring down at your lap until you felt the same smooth phalanges gently nudge at your chin. "look lady, it's obvious to anyone who's got their skull on straight that you've been

through some rough shit," he said, refusing to let you break eye contact with him. "but that...it doesn't mean you're broken," he finished softly.

You stared at him, tears beginning to form in your eyes, taken completely off guard not only by the impossible amount compassion in his face, but the fact that he knew exactly what was going on in your head. You wanted to ask him, how...why....but you couldn't get any words past the sudden burning tightness in your throat.

He smiled a little wistfully, inclining his skull as he answered your unspoken questions. "takes one to know one kid. i'll leave it at that. now let's get ya cleaned up and dressed so we can head out to hotland. no shortcuts yet, so we need to get an early start."

Chapter End Notes

> Oh man, you guys rock. I fucking love reading your comments so much. I legit make happy squeaks every time I get a new comment notification in my inbox that I only use for horrible sinning purposes like this fic, and the tumblr page I save por- I mean art, on. Yeah, art.
>
> Also if you see a line like "reader couldn't speak because of the worms burning in her throat" THAT'S A TYPO SO PLEASE NOTIFY ME ASAP. I swear what I write is supposed to make sense 99% of the time.

Seriously Sans Why Can't You Do Bandages - Undertale

Chapter Summary

You get cleaned up and prepared for a journey to Hotland.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter was really short, but today is my friend's bday so instead I'm going to go drink alcohol and play video games like a responsible adult. Next chapter will be longer!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Preparing for your journey to Hotland had proven more involved than you would have guessed. After your incredibly satisfying (and moderately painful) hot shower, you'd left a gruesome pile of bloodied gauze and bandages behind, which meant that the rest of your skin was now raw and exposed, many wounds beginning to seep fresh blood, despite how gently you'd washed them with the small nubbin of soap available to you.

Sans had taken one look at your bleeding, battered, towel-wrapped body, and immediately left the room, returning shortly with a ridiculously oversized long sleeve shirt that had been modified (with...masking tape?) to read COOLEST BRO on the front. You realized that it must be one of Papyrus's shirts, since Sans was about the same size you were, despite his bulkier body.

You had no choice but to accept, as your old hospital gown was now tattered, filthy, and had never really been intended for outdoor travel to begin with.

The shirt was black, luckily, and made from very soft fabric, which was one of the reasons you suspected Sans had chosen it. Even though it stuck to your wounds, it could be peeled away without doing much damage to the healing skin, and the dark fabric hid any bloodstains. It

fell down nearly to your knees, with the sleeves comically covering your hands by several inches. You felt ridiculous, like a little girl dressing up in her father's clothes, but you couldn't exactly be picky in a situation like this.

The wrapping on your ankle remained untouched, after gentle probing by Sans had caused you to scream and nearly black out from the agonizing pain, while Papyrus paced and fretted about his brother "breaking" you from not being careful enough.

Somewhere in the back of your mind, a grim amusement lingered as you found yourself reassuring the tall skeleton through your own tears of pain that even though your ankle was broken, it was getting better, while Frisk, the small child, seemed to be confirming your words with rapid sign language you couldn't begin to keep up with.

It hadn't escaped your notice that Frisk seemed to be human as well, but the way that they interacted with the monsters made you wonder if they'd grown up in the Underground. The skeleton brothers were clearly both quite fond of the child, and Frisk seemed to be thriving. You'd even seen them running and playing with small monsters their own size, through the window of Sans's bedroom. But where were their parents?

You resolved to ask Sans about it after the trip to Hotland. From what you'd gathered, it was going to take a while to get there, especially since you were unable to walk on your own. Although Sans had initially seemed set on the idea of carrying you bridal style the entire way, your own pride had made you put your (figurative) foot down, and insist that you were well enough to hold onto his back.

You still resented that he had to carry you at all, but he'd assured you that much of the journey would take place via the river, which you supposed was acceptable. And you didn't have shoes anymore, either, which really left you out of options, even if your ankle hadn't been broken.

He'd wrapped you in two of the dirty blankets you'd been previously buried under, which both ensured that you would stay warm until you left Snowdin, and resolved the embarrassing situation of him carrying you in a shirt that was thin enough to leave nothing to the imagination.

You did your best to stifle the groans of pain as Sans maneuvered you out of the house into the cold outdoors. He only bumped your injured foot once or twice, which was quite a feat considering how little room he had to work with, but the resulting aftershocks of pain left white flashes pulsing behind your eyes. You knew he could tell when he'd jostled you, despite your attempts to play it cool. His grip would tighten momentarily, protectively, as if by holding you harder he could keep the pain at bay.

He was honestly one of the most considerate people, erm, monsters, you'd ever met in your life, and you hoped that you would get to spend the time to know him better. He seemed to vary between shyness and smugness around you, the former when he sensed that you were feeling vulnerable, and the latter when he'd made yet another awful pun that made you grit your teeth. He seemed to have some perverse personal goal of making you so mad with his terrible puns that you finally snapped.

Regardless, you could sense that he was taking care around you, and not just physically. He seemed to sense that the wounds you carried in your soul ran deep, and had a surprisingly acute sense of when even a seemingly innocuous comment brushed against an old scar.

Papyrus had stayed behind to look after Frisk, and soon the friendly chatter that you suspected Sans was keeping up mostly for your benefit, died down to a comfortable silence. Just as you felt yourself relaxing against his broad, surprisingly comfortable back, he came to a halt, and you realized that you'd reached the river.

An imposing figure in a hooded robe stood at the prow of the boat, nodding courteously at you as Sans carefully extracted you from his back, lifting you gently onto one of the seats before settling down beside you. You couldn't help but feel a warm tug at your heart as he wrapped one arm protectively around you, pressing you close to his side, while taking care not to aggravate any of your injuries. Jeez. He was really being...sweet. If anything it raised more questions in your mind about "other" Sans, but for now you were just grateful to finally have a friend that didn't treat you like an experiment, or like a cat stalking a mouse.

"yo," he addressed the person in control of the boat, gesturing briefly to you. "this is...uh." and he stopped abruptly, sweat beading on his skull as you both stared at each other, realizing you had never told him your name. I mean, there had been more pressing matters to attend to at the time, but still...awkward.

"It's ____" you filled in softly, feeling a flutter of apprehension, like you'd just made yourself vulnerable in some strange way. This was the first time you'd told anyone in the Underground your name, wasn't it? You'd been content enough to let Gaster and the...other Sans call you "human," but the way that Blue Sans looked when he realized he didn't know, had left you defenseless. You realized you wanted him to know, if it could repay some small part of the debt of kindness you owed him.

With a grateful glance in your direction, Sans continued, "____, this is the River Person. They'll be taking us to Hotland." Despite being unable to see their face, you could swear the River Person shot Sans a "look" from underneath the hood. "uh, if we ask nicely, that is," the skeleton added, sounding suspiciously meek, though he gave you a broad wink once the River Person's back was turned.

Well, they seemed satisfied, and you felt the boat begin to move beneath you, flowing smoothly with the current as it changed direction. You pressed a little harder against Sans' side, nervous about the complete lack of railings or...anything really to keep you from

toppling into the water. Of course, he noticed.

"heh, don't worry ____ , " he reassured you smoothly, sounding out your name like it was a new and wonderful thing to him, "River Person here is a pro. Never lost a passenger yet," he finished with another small wink, still taking the opportunity to wrap his arm a little tighter around you.

Chapter End Notes

> Also, yes, we will soon find out what's happening in the other timeline! Even though Reader does have the ability to switch back and forth between worlds, time marches on while we've been missing....

Into the Void - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> Sans brings you to Hotlands to get your injuries re-bandaged, but things get more complicated when you start hearing the strange voice from your dreams while you're still awake.

Chapter Notes

> Sorry guys, I feel like the chapters are shorter and taking longer now, but I'm gonna keep writing. ;w; Also we're getting smut in the next one, so yay for that! Keep commenting and leaving kudos and all that jazz! It helps a lot! I love hearing your theories and opinions about the story and where it's heading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You didn't know why, but passing through the area that Sans referred to simply as "Waterfall" had you feeling melancholy. You felt an ache in your heart, a sense of longing tugging at your soul as your eyes followed the slight ripples in the midnight blue water.

The gently glowing blue flowers you'd seen in the painting in your old room appeared to grow in abundance here. Sans had quietly explained that they were called "echo flowers," and that if you listened, they'd repeat whatever they'd last heard. Some of the memories they held were very old, and monsters tended to treat them with reverence. A way of staying connected with the past, he'd added wistfully.

As the River Person's boat drifted serenely through the eerie, cobalt-lit darkness, you thought you could hear the whispers of conversations long past. Or maybe it was just the rush of water as you traveled deeper still into the gently glowing caverns.

For some reason, the sound made memories of your dream echo through your mind, that same distorted voice luring you with gentle

entreaties. You could almost feel the ghostly hands against your back, steadying you in the boat, but pressing ever so slightly that you found your face turning to seek out the door to nothingness, despite the fact that it couldn't possibly exist. Stranger things had happened, yes, but dreams were still just dreams.

[Ah, but this isn't your world, my pet. Who can say how clearly the line between dreams and reality has been drawn? I have more experience than most,] the dream voice suddenly responded, with a faint, ironic laugh.

The phantom touches seemed to brush against your lips, trailing down to delicately trace your collarbone before disappearing entirely.

You flinched against Sans, turning pale as he glanced up in you alarm. "uh, you okay there pal? ya nearly *jumped outta your bones* just now."

"Did- did you say something?" you asked softly, trying desperately to keep the fear and paranoia out of your voice. The look that Sans gave you in response clearly indicated that you had failed on that front.

"no," he responded flatly, eye sockets dim, almost black as he stared hard at your face. You felt yourself flushing and turning away, uncomfortable with the sudden intense scrutiny. God, you really were losing it. You didn't know what would happen if the few monsters that seemed decent in this world suddenly turned against you. You weren't sure you could blame them if they did. Hearing and seeing things weren't exactly normal in the human world, and somehow you doubted you could pass it off as normal human behavior down here either.

Shivering slightly, you pulled the blankets more tightly around yourself.

"we're almost through waterfall," Sans said suddenly, sounding for all the world like he was casually mentioning the weather, "you'll feel better once we're in hotland."

You narrowed your eyes consideringly at him, about to question what exactly he was talking about, when you caught a glimpse of his face. His normally relaxed grin was tense and feral, teeth sharper, left eye glowing a menacing cyan as he stared in the same direction you'd felt yourself drawn toward. His right eye socket was dark and empty, and you flinched at the unexpected reminder of how the other Sans had used his magic in a similar way the night you'd been violated.

You felt Blue Sans tighten his arm around you again as you began slowly edging away from him, pulling you hard against his side once more. You let out an involuntary whimper as the sudden movement bumped your swollen ankle, and his expression softened slightly, glancing up at you in brief apology. "stay close," was all he offered though, turning back to face the glittering rock walls as though guarding against some invisible danger.

Fear laced through your veins at his behavior, but when you realized that the menace radiating from the short skeleton was not directed at you, you forced yourself to calm down, leaning against him. It could wait, you told yourself. At least until you were out of the beautiful, melancholy caves, where you couldn't shake the feeling of being watched.

Upon arriving in Hotland, you were not terribly surprised to discover that it was, in fact, boiling hot. Were monsters in general just not that creative with their names, or was it simply a cultural difference? Sans at least seemed to enjoy wordplay, but so far every single place in the Underground, even the Underground itself, seemed to have been

named in an extremely literal ways.

You thanked the River Person for their kindness, and allowed Sans to carefully remove you from the boat. The bright flashes of pain when your leg was unavoidably jostled were beginning to faze you less, although you were fairly sure that the brief losses of vision were a sign that maybe it was hurting a little more than it should be. You'd always had a high pain tolerance, but you'd also been through a lot lately. You decided to wait to mention it, since Sans clearly felt unqualified to even change your wet bandages. You didn't want to worry him more than necessary.

He was still worried, though. You could feel the tension in him as he carried you in his arms anyway, not even offering you the option of riding on his back this time. Whatever had happened in Waterfall had really upset him, and you didn't want to draw his ire by complaining about something so trivial now.

You could feel yourself sweating heavily under the blankets, but didn't feel comfortable trying to remove them, since that would leave you in thin black shirt, and nothing else. Luckily, the lab that Alphys worked at wasn't far at all from where the River Person had dropped you off, and it took only a few minutes of brisk walking to reach the high-tech automated doors.

"yo! alphys! we're here," called out Sans, still holding you like you weighed nothing as he stepped into the dimly-lit, thankfully, air-conditioned lab. "huh." He frowned in concern when nobody responded, then brought you up a short flight of stairs, setting you down softly on a fold-out blue bed. You squirmed and shrugged off the extra blankets gratefully, using the loose fabric of the shirt to keep yourself decent as you lay back on the surprisingly comfortable bed.

Sans stood indecisively for a moment, before shrugging, the complacent grin back on his face. "guess i'm gonna go grab alphys, she's probably distracted by one of her projects downst- uh, in another

part of the lab. she focuses a lot on organic chemistry, and runs into *alkynes* of complications," he added cheerfully.

You made a noncommittal sound in response, feeling sleepy and run down already. Your injuries sure had done a number on your energy levels, you thought, yawning heavily. Although it didn't hurt that this bed was so soft, and the lab's lighting was so relaxing and soft. When you opened your eyes again, Sans was already gone, and you blinked in surprise. That was fast. You didn't immediately notice that the already dim lab around you had begun to darken even more, and rubbed your face, thinking you must be seeing sun spots from the sudden change in brightness after the desert of Hotland.

[Mmm, finally,] the static-filled voice murmured in your head, and you jolted, tearing your hands from your face to find yourself in complete and utter darkness.

Chapter End Notes

So uh, it's pretty obvious now that the mysterious voice is Void Gaster, right? After all, you guys didn't think that only Sans had an evil counterpart, right? ;) The interesting thing about Void Gaster though, is that he is literally scattered through space and time. So what does this mean for his character? For one, it means that he might not be limited to just his own timeline. While he doesn't have the advantage of a body that exists on the physical plane like Underfell Gaster does, he probably has some other abilities that make him just as powerful, maybe even more? What a scary thought!

Here are some images from DA that I've been using as my personal headcannon for Void Gaster's appearance:

http://trickstyr.deviantart.com/art/Gaster-572386516

http://maricaripan.deviantart.com/art/Undertale-W-D-Gaster-SPEEDPAINT-580036047

http://krimalfancey.deviantart.com/art/W-D-Gaster-577015606

Dark, Darker, Yet Darker - The Void (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

> "And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee."

Chapter Notes

> Hahaha you filthy sinners. I hope you have as much fun reading this as I did writing it. Honestly you'll probably have more fun, because writing smut is kind of like masturbating while pretending it's not your own hand. It just doesn't work that well. Uh, anyway. Go. Read.
>
> Reminder of what Voidster looks like for this chapter, because a picture's worth a thousand words:
>
> http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/post/144712913453/allocatealoe-this-wasnt-in-the-brochure-but
> http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/post/155706302438/dirtyskellylover-notstealthforwork-cheesy
> http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/post/155752966908/had-to-get-drunk-to-get-the-courage-to-draw-and
>
> ***Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were...nowhere. You could feel yourself floating gently, as if in space, and the loss of sensation beneath you was unnerving. The black shirt hung loosely on your frame, floating with you in the sea of darkness. Flailing, you tried to gain some sense of direction. Despite the fact that you were surrounded by blackness, you could at least see your own body, and it reassured you, a little. It was deafeningly silent here. You could almost hear your own heartbeat.

Suddenly, you felt a clawed hand gently grasping your wrist, drawing you...downward?... into the void. Glancing down at your arm, your body fell still at the sight of what, or rather, who was holding onto

you.

"Doctor Gaster...?" you inquired softly, wondering how he'd managed to find you like this. Had he somehow created this void around you? Your heartbeat quickened when you noticed the sharp predator's claws at his fingertips, the scars on his white, knuckled hands. This wasn't the doctor.

[Doctor...Gaster...] the deep voice mused in your head, and you felt goosebumps rising on your skin at its tone. The hissing static was gone, but while this was unmistakably *his* voice, it contained an uncharacteristic malevolence, despite the gentle tone he used while speaking to you. His large thumb rubbed absently at your captured wrist, the claw prickling at your skin as you did your best not to flinch.

[I haven't heard that name used in quite some time,] he finally continued, after an uncomfortably long pause. **[Although my perception of time is arguably quite different from most.]**

You fidgeted, starting to feel uncomfortable as the hand on your wrist tightened ever so slightly. Your heart was pounding in your chest, and chills crawled down your spine at his touch. Something was wrong. You opened your mouth to speak, but the words sputtered and died before you could think of anything to say.

[Still so fearful of conflict,] he chuckled lightly, amused malice in his tone as he continued. **[What you need is someone to resolve that pathetic uncertainty of yours, by taking away control completely.]**

You felt yourself jerked to the side by the hand on your wrist, spun to face the towering apparition that stood just a few feet away. He wore a crimson turtleneck shirt beneath a black suit that fitted like it had

been tailored to his shifting, twitching form. His shoulders were even broader than the other Gaster you had known, suggesting considerable upper body strength, along with his well-muscled torso. Despite the fact that you were floating some feet higher than whatever he was standing on, he loomed over you intimidatingly.

The pale face you had grown used to was distorted here, with one of the cracks in his skull disfiguring the empty eye socket it ran through, almost forcing the socket shut. The gentle, albeit crooked, smile had been warped into a twisted, predatory grin. His visage was lit by a pale violet glow from his catlike pupils, one that you realized matched the glow of the skeletal hand gripping your arm.

His actual arms stayed folded behind his back as his hungry gaze flicked over your partially exposed body, and you found yourself struggling futilely to pull the shirt down over your thighs. He smirked, and another summoned hand suddenly pulled your other arm firmly away to your side, preventing you from moving. Caught in his grasp, you found your muscles relaxing almost against your will, as if you had been drugged. Your mind accepted the futility of the situation before it even fully understood it, and you sagged in the grasp of the disembodied hands.

[I've waited a long while for another timeline fluctuation to occur. Too long.]

He stepped closer, moving gracefully despite the apparent instability of his body, which flickered and seethed as you stared. A flash of white caught your eye, and you saw that his feet were bare, and he stood on his thick, taloned toes like an animal might. His arms remained folded behind his back, in a posture that seemed habitual. It was the way that a scientist observing a distant experiment might stand. It was a strange mixture of ferality and sophistication; this combination of claws and his refined demeanor, his well-dressed appearance.

[To you I'm sure it felt like only a few days have passed. But here, time is...infinite.]

Gaster took one more step, the lapel of his black coat brushing your breasts as he stared down at you with an unreadable expression. He was too close. You started taking shallow breaths, leaning away from him as much as the disembodied hands on your arms allowed you to. A flicker of amusement crossed his face, before you felt his arms unfolding to wrap around you, pressing your resistant body against his chest.

[Wait,] he said suddenly, releasing you. **[I want to show you something.]**

He withdrew, albeit only a step or two, and raised his true hands in front of you. At such a close distance, you realized something about him. He wasn't a skeleton. There was muscle and sinew on the appendages before you, unlike the hands that he could apparently conjure at will. It was all the same ashen color though, as if it had been drained of life a long time ago.

He reached toward you, and for a moment you thought he was reaching for your breasts. Abruptly he halted his advance, closing the long, elegant fingers suddenly, as though he were grasping something invisible. You felt a straining sensation in your chest, as though something was struggling to break free. Your eyes squeezed shut in pain, as tears trickled down your face. It felt as if he was dragging your beating heart out through your chest.

[Look.]

It was a command, and you didn't dare disobey. Trembling, you opened your eyes.

Cupped in Gaster's hands was a floating, heart-shaped object. He seemed mesmerized by it, and as you looked closer, you could see why. It was opalescent in color, a muted base gray with faded colors swimming beneath the cracked surface. It reminded you of the shifting oil rainbows left on asphalt after a storm.

You felt incredibly vulnerable like this, like the slightest movement would shatter you, and saw him give you a knowing look.

[I could destroy you like this...] he acknowledged easily, a grim smile twisting his face. He poised one hand above the heart menacingly, claws fully unsheathed. Then he dropped his hand, his eyes never leaving yours. **[But I won't.]**

With perfect delicacy and precision, he released the small heart, and you watched as it floated slowly back toward you, absorbing into your chest with a single pulse of muted rainbow light.

[That, dear human, is your soul,] he said, answering the question before you could even think how to phrase it.

That was your soul? The soul that other monsters had said was so damaged? You had seen the cracks, certainly, but from how they had described it, you'd thought it would be unspeakably ugly, a reflection of all the flaws and imperfections that existed within yourself. You had the sense that it could be more, so much more, but still, there was beauty there, and it broke your heart that you'd never seen it before. Maybe things would have been different if you had known that your damaged soul still retained this cracked and faded beauty.

[In reality it would be far too fragile to remove like that. Likely it would fracture into a thousand pieces the moment somebody

tried,] he said with a sharp smile, almost as if he relished the thought. **[There are some advantages to leaving the physical realm, few though they are.]**

Gaster was watching your face closely, you realized, and instinctively you turned away, before one of his hands gripped your chin, forcing you to look up at him.

[You're weak. A soul like this could be shattered by the most pathetic of monsters. You'd turn to dust.]

He stared intently into your eyes, his other hand caressing your breasts lightly as two phantasmal hands reached down to support your weight against him.

[I find this damaged soul of yours to be...beautiful,] he breathed, releasing your chin to caress your face. **[Few monsters can appreciate the ephemeral beauty of broken things like you, my pet. The surface fractures simply reflect your damaged lifeforce that much more strongly. A soul like yours...I can't allow any other to possess it.]**

You knew that he was dangerous. You'd known that from the moment you'd heard his static-filled voice whispering in your dreams. But the things he was saying...you hadn't realized it until now, but they were things you had craved being told. Hearing him say them with such tenderness weakened your resolve, and you felt yourself leaning into his touch despite the voice in the back of your head warning that this was calculated, that somehow he probably knew this was what you wanted, that he was saying what you wanted to hear to manipulate you.

The small voice was silenced as you felt soft lips against the shell of your ear. How was he...?

[We have limited time together before I will be forced to release you back into the flow of reality,] he murmured, nibbling at your ear gently before releasing a warm huff of breath into it.

A phantasmal hand traced a line down your belly, and you felt the fabric of your borrowed shirt split evenly down the middle, as if the threads holding it in place had simply dissolved. Gaster pressed his smooth, cracked face against your throat, replacing the conjured hands with his own as he gripped your unclothed buttocks tightly, pressing you against his pelvis, and the growing ridge there. You winced as one hand slid up to grip your injured hip, digging hard into the bruised flesh.

[Even your physical form is so soft, malleable, and easily damaged,] Gaster muttered distractedly, and you felt a crackle of magic as once again his physical hands were replaced with the floating claws that gripped tightly into your thighs. You heard the sound of fabric shifting, but were distracted as another hand traced your exposed nipples, bringing them erect before dragging its claws slowly down your breast. You whimpered and gasped in a combination of pain and arousal, looking down to see three bleeding scratches beginning to ooze.

[Mmn, I can't help but want to see you writhing and bloody beneath me. The pleasure of shattering you would be...exquisite.] He breathed the words with true passion, his voice so seductive that you almost didn't feel the fear that you knew should accompany such a statement. Then you felt fangs brushing your throat.

You whimpered, a thrill of terror making you freeze as you felt what was unmistakably his cock rubbing up against your folds. He smeared beads of precum against you, slathering you, making you wetter and easier to penetrate. The stimulation aroused you, and yet you struggled frantically in his arms. "I- I don't want-" you whimpered, a chilling fear beginning to replace your pain and arousal. He dropped

one hand to his groin, pressing down on his length to align it with your entrance. The head of his shaft pushed hard against your folds. His size made you whimper and twist against his restraining hands.

[Hush, pet. As I said before, I could not bring myself to destroy you, as pleasurable as it would be for me. I have never operated on impulse, and besides, there is something to be said for the process of slowly…]

He forced his way inside you, the tip of his cock shoving into your heat and stretching your walls. One hand reached up to lovingly grasp your throat as you gasped in pain.

[…Carefully…]

He spoke open-mouthed against your throat, his lips and fangs brushing the skin and making your heart beat faster. As he dragged his tongue against your flesh, he pulled his hips back slightly, shoving further into you with a harsh thrust.

[…Breaking you to my will.]

He pulled back again, then fully hilted inside you, ceasing his movements as he bent to lick the tears from your cheeks. The hand around your neck squeezed harder as you squeaked in protest, reaching up desperately to claw at it. He ignored your struggles, letting you grasp futilely at his suffocating claws as he partially withdrew again, thrusting back in with a small sound of satisfaction.

[The heat within you is such a novelty in this cold, forsaken, place,] he mused, releasing his grip enough that you could gasp in a small breath of air, before tightening his hold once more, and then

releasing you entirely to tangle his hand in your hair instead.

You felt your head yanked back hard, and struggled to breathe at the awkward angle, as Gaster took advantage of your gaping mouth to thrust his long, violet tongue in, nearly choking you in the process. His other hand clawed at your back, leaving more bleeding scratches as he picked up an urgent pace, bucking against you.

[I want to fill your tender orifices until there is no place I have not claimed as my own,] his voice ground out in your head, guttural with arousal and what sounded almost like anger. He released your mouth to bite hard at your neck, almost breaking the skin. He sucked on the captured flesh, then let his lips travel to the juncture of your shoulder, biting down there, as well.

[I want to keep your fragile flesh covered in wounds and bruises of my own creation,] he groaned against your throat, thrusting harder and more erratically than before.

[I want to crush you, bring you to the brink of destruction again and again. I want you to beg me to hurt you. I want to taste the hot salt of your tears against my tongue.]

He shuddered, sheathing himself for a few more languid strokes before you felt fluid start seeping down your thighs as he finally released ropes of slick magic inside of you. You thought that he would pull out after finishing, but instead he gripped your hips in both hands, pressing you down on his twitching cock and enveloping you in blackness that was somehow darker than the void around you.

[Although your body is resilient to my...attentions, that beautiful soul of yours will disintegrate if you remain here any longer,] he sighed with regret and satisfaction.

[Not to worry, precious human. My copulation with you has forged a connection, albeit tenuous, between our souls. No, I didn't take you simply for my own pleasure,] he laughed, his crooked mouth set in a smug smile as he took in your heaving, sweat-soaked body, the black shirt hanging in tatters around your limp form.

[I will grant you, that was...exhilarating. I could feel your heart struggling to pump blood through your softness, your determination to survive. The colors your soul created were almost as beautiful as the marks I left on your skin.] He stood, towering over you once again as his hands smoothed his immaculate suit. You could feel a crushing pressure in your chest, and sparks began to dance in your vision as he leaned down to caress your face lovingly, one last time. **[Even now, you struggle to survive against forces that could erase your very existence if you remained any longer. But I won't allow that to happen. If ever you were destroyed...it would be at my own hands, darling pet. I won't permit anything less.]**

You felt your vision fading as he spoke, his words beginning to jumble, as static filled your ears once more. Your body was growing numb, and then you were falling, falling, until you felt nothing at all.

Chapter End Notes

You are in the void. Someone appears who you think is Dr. Gaster, but he tells you that he hasn't used that name in a long time. He says he's been waiting for another timeline fluctuation to occur, and that time in the void passes slowly. He shows you your soul, which is "opalescent in color, a muted base gray with faded colors swimming beneath the cracked surface. It reminds you of the shifting oil rainbows left on asphalt after a storm." Despite how damaged it is, you see that it still has beauty. Voidster finds it beautiful because of how damaged and vulnerable it is. Says he wants to "break you to his will" and rapes you. Soon after, says he has to let you go back to a timeline, because if you stayed the void would destroy you.

Remember to comment, leave kudos, etc! This thing somehow has over 1,000 views, so I know you're out there. You know what happens to readers who don't comment and leave kudos? Void Gaster doesn't rape them anymore. We wouldn't want that now, would we? I mean, I know I wouldn't. #slutforgaster

There, and Back Again - Underfell

Chapter Summary

> Well, you're back where you originally started. But now you've got two pissed-off scientists to deal with after your inexplicable disappearance for a few days.

Chapter Notes

> I felt awesome about last chapter, this chapter I feel "meh" about, but sometimes people still seem to like those chapters anyway, lol. It progresses the story, at any rate. And yes, void Gaster is gonna be around soon, and often. It's hard not to get involved when you're scattered through space and time, after all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Screaming filled your head, and you jolted to consciousness, automatically clasping your hands over your ears as you sat up. Surprisingly, it helped. Squinting against the bright light, you saw the blurry outline of a...bunny? Thing? It was brandishing a mop in your general direction, wielding it like you were about to attack, which was honestly about the last thing you felt like doing right now.

“Go ‘way,” you grumbled irritably, falling over in your attempt to make a shooing motion. After everything you’d been through, a hysterical rabbit monster could take a number down at the very bottom of the *long list* of shit you did not care about right now. At least the floor was comfortable, though, you thought with bleary satisfaction, nuzzling your face into the carpet.

“the fuck is goin’ on in here?” a familiar voice demanded, and you sighed heavily. It looked like sleep was not in your immediate future, despite how badly you needed it. You cracked an eye and saw a black

and red sneaker directly in front of your face. Great. Super.

“are you fuckin’ KIDDING me?” the voice demanded incredulously.

“Is it dead?” a terrified female voice interjected.

“*GO AWAY*,” you growled more forcefully, although judging by the lack of reaction you received, you probably weren’t even audible right now.

“you better hope she’s not,” San’s voice responded menacingly, “or i’ll be given’ ya a *personal* lesson on-”

“*Sans.*”

It was Doctor Gaster, you realized with a sense of deep relief, still staring at the red and black shoe next to you. True, right now his voice was the kind of calm that sounded like he was about to cheerfully murder his assistant, but still. If this was the Sans you suspected it was, you’d rather have *anyone* else in the room with you as well. And he kind of deserved to be murdered. If it was *that* Sans.

The shoe in front of your face suddenly moved, as Sans backed away from your body.

“look doc, i *found* it like this. that fuckin’ rabbit was screaming bloody murd- uh poor choice of words, but anyway, the rabbit was here first. i had *nothin’* to do with it,” he growled defensively. "you know we searched this room first when the human went missing, it wasn't here until NOW."

The doctor chose not to reply, striding rapidly over to you and pressing two fingers gently against your throat to check for a pulse. You considered trying to tell him you were alive, but the thought of making any more efforts to communicate right now was exhausting, and probably pointless.

“She’s not dead,” Gaster announced, moving rapidly to remove the remnants of black rags still clinging to your body.

Wait, how had that happened? You remembered Blue Sans giving you the shirt before taking you to Hotland, and then somehow...you’d ended up here? No, that wasn’t right. You were missing time again, you realized in frustration. Something had happened that you couldn’t remember. Something you sensed that you really didn’t *want* to remember.

All rational thought fled as the doctor carefully picked your body up, mindful of your injured ankle that was still tightly bound in stained and fraying bandages. “Ah!” you shrieked, flailing against him with such force that you nearly threw him off balance, forcing him to stagger and brace himself against the door frame.

“Human!” he snapped, still holding you carefully despite the irate tone in his voice, “Do not force me to restrain or sedate you yet again. You disappeared for *days* , I was worried sick, and now you appear looking like, like *this* !”

Wow, he was really upset. You weren’t sure why you had panicked at his touch, but his raised voice had the desired effect, as you immediately fell into a subdued depression. You hated being yelled at. It reminded you of...god, too many things. If you just behaved better you wouldn’t get yelled at, you knew. You felt guilty and contrite, and it must have shown on your face.

Gaster drew a deep breath, and let out a pained sigh, leaning his head wearily against the frame of the door. You dared a glance up at his face, and were surprised at how...tired he looked. There were dark shadows under his eye sockets, and the normally bright pinpricks of light were dim with fatigue.

“I was worried,” he said again softly, something complex in his voice as he met your gaze.

“yeah, he thought i must’ve done somethin’ for you to just up and vanish like that.”

Sans suddenly appeared at your side, an unspoken threat in his eyes as he stared down at you in the doctor’s arms. You were about to glare back, when you remembered the threats he’d been whispering into your ear while he...did things...to you. Flushing, you averted your gaze instead, which seemed to satisfy him.

“I was somewhere else,” you whispered softly, feeling uncertain even as you said the words.

“There were monsters there, like you b-but different.” You avoided Sans’ gaze. You missed Blue Sans already. It felt like a cruel joke that the universe saw fit to batter you against these different worlds, tormenting you with kindness in one hand, and cruelty in the other.

A tear slipped down your cheek, and before you knew it, you were burrowing against Gaster, crying softly into his chest as he held you silently.

“I’m taking her back to the examination room,” you heard him tell Sans, his deep voice rumbling against your ear as you pressed against him. “Get that housekeeper back here and make the room ready for the human to reside in again. Don’t terrorize the staff,” he added, almost as an afterthought.

“fine,” Sans snarled irritably, stalking away.

Gaster shifted you carefully, folding you securely in his arms before standing up straighter, his long strides carrying you rapidly to the white room you’d first woken up in after the fall that had started this mess. One of your hands was fisted in his white coat, and you felt brief guilt for the tear stains and smudge of blood you’d left on the pristine fabric. When he glanced down at you, though, you saw only concern in his eyes.

He set you gently on the examination table, brows furrowing in confusion as you curled up, bringing your arms to cross over your chest. Your nakedness shouldn’t matter at this point, you realized bleakly, but it was one more layer of vulnerability when you already felt ready to shatter. Suddenly, you felt soft fabric drape over your body, and saw the doctor belatedly covering you with a sheet as he realized the source of your unhappiness.

“I will of course, need to uncover you for the examination, but I hope that helps ease your discomfort for the time being,” he said seriously.

You managed a weak smile at the sincerity in his voice, before burrowing into the sheet as much as you could. It was thin and nearly transparent, but it was better than nothing.

A long moment of silence passed, and eventually you uncovered your face to see Gaster staring at you, clearly lost in thought. Your movement startled him out of his trance, and he favored you with a bleak smile.

“I must admit human, I didn’t know what to think when you disappeared from a securely locked room without a trace. Your story of being in another place, with other monsters like ourselves is one I’d like to dismiss as a result of your fragile condition, but….” he trailed off for several seconds before regaining his train of thought.

“You have no way of knowing what types of research we perform here, or what personal experiments I’ve been working on. But I won’t lie and tell you that what you claim to have experienced is impossible. In my research I’ve caught…glimpses, of things. Faces similar to the ones I know here, but different in inexplicable ways.”

You were indescribably comforted to hear him confirm what you had experienced, although it brought some frightening possibilities into sharp relief. What if this kept happening? You didn’t feel like you had any control over when it happened or where you ended up when it did happen. You didn’t even know WHAT was happening.

The doctor stood, reaching for the sterile gloves he always used when treating your wounds.

“I feel compelled to remind you that it is *not* my intention to harm you,” he said again, reassurance in his voice as you paused to let you absorb this. “If you wish to be sedated against the pain, however, that might best. The discoloration and swelling around your ankle will likely be difficult to deal with, even if you were well-rested and more fully healed.”

“No sedation.”

Your blunt refusal seemed to surprise him, but he accepted it with a shrug.

“Very well, but if that is your decision we will have to use the restraints when I reach your leg injury, simply to prevent you from involuntarily worsening your condition. For now, I’ll simply request that you try remain still while I treat the more superficial injuries you’ve sustained.”

You flinched at the mention of restraints, but you were determined. Last time you’d been sedated, Sans had take advantage of you far too easily, and you weren’t going to make yourself easy prey for that sadistic fuck. You could handle the pain for now.

Gaster’s eyes flickered over the marks on your skin, cataloguing the new wounds, and mentally reviewing the status of the injuries you’d

had when he'd found you days ago after your fall. The damage was ugly, but you were clearly stronger than he'd realized at first. What bothered him most was the bruise forming on the side of your mouth and the deep scratches on your breast. He couldn't understand why, but the type and placement of these wounds disturbed him greatly. He filed it away, yet another mystery to be solved at a more opportune time.

Some of your wounds were healthily scabbed, while others had clearly been reopened and were beginning to become infected. He dabbed the antiseptic fluid gently but firmly on the budding infections, silently commending you for handling the pain so unflinchingly. It was going to get worse, though, and he realized that he felt a surprising amount of sympathy for the pain you would soon be in.

It disturbed him that his sympathy for you might somehow taint the scientific process when you were finally well enough to be subjected to testing, but that was still the least of his concerns right now. It wasn't just sympathy he was feeling, and lying to himself about it would both waste time, and productivity. And he loathed wasting either.

He was attracted to you. More specifically, to your soul. At first it had been easy to dismiss. A damaged human with a damaged, colorless soul. Just another test subject whose data might be less valuable than a healthier subject would be. But as time went on, and he found himself becoming intimately acquainted with your body, he found his gaze lingering more and more on that cracked, gray soul. He had begun to realize that it wasn't colorless at all. It had simply been so battered and abused over time that the color was muted, almost invisible at first glance. But beneath the damaged exterior, a faint sheen of color could be seen, swirling tranquilly in your depths.

The most unusual thing about your soul was that it hadn't chosen a primary trait to associate itself with. Red souls were determined. Green souls were kind. Orange souls were brave. Yours, yours was undecided. Even more unusual in a fully developed adult. A human's soul color was typically determined by early childhood, but yours refused to be defined.

It was a part of you that fascinated him to the point of obsession, which worried him even more. When he was obsessed, he wasn't kind, he knew that much. He had an ugly tendency to focus on results, to justify the means in pursuit of knowledge. He didn't want that, for himself or for you.

Despite his passion for scientific pursuit, he felt great distaste for causing harm to others. Even humans. He knew he could rise to much greater heights of success if he was able to shake this weakness of character, the unwillingness to cause harm in pursuit of the greater good. It was a source of great conflict for him, a personal demon he wrestled with often.

But for now, he would focus on getting you well. Healing wounded things brought him satisfaction, despite the challenge that certain subjects (like you) presented. This time he would be firmer, he decided. He would ensure that you healed without interruption, and he would develop some extra security precautions, just in case his suspicions about your disappearance turned out to be true.

Chapter End Notes

> Bonus chapter outline for this chapter (this is seriously how I plan chapters, it probably explains the mediocre writing that tends to result):

time hsa been passing normally, gaster wants to know where the fuck you been. probably he blames sans for you disappearing even though he has no proof. sans was worried too, mostly because gaster blames him. threats from red sans. reader is confused. gaster finishes bandaging reader. we will start tests soon. gaster is having sex feelings? maybe??

Gaster is like I WANNA KNOW WHAT LOVE IS! I WANT YOU TO SHOW MEEE!

https://youtu.be/loWXMtjUZWM

Favors - Underfell (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Sans has a secret to tell you. But first, you have to earn it.

Chapter Notes

I do actually have a tumblr under the same name I use here, but I don't really understand how tumblr works, so I just kinda reblog undertale stuff on it. So I mean if you want you can follow me, but it will probably just be a lot of undertale art from other people.

Underfell Sans References:

http://nicktoonsunite.tumblr.com/image/135041728322
http://adricarra.deviantart.com/art/Underfell-575227832

***Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't long before you found yourself back in your old room, the sounds of the laboratory slowly fading as the monsters that worked there began to leave for their homes. You hadn't really seen or interacted with any of them, despite your frequent trips to Gaster's examination room. The lab was like a maze, and there were many hallways and passages that only Gaster and his most trusted associates had access to.

You sighed, and snuggled more deeply into the clean blankets and pillows. You remembered Blue Sans, gently covering you with every blanket he seemed to own after finding you near Snowdin, freezing to death in your hospital gown. It felt like it had been so long ago, but your heart ached to see that awkward little skeleton again, to hear another terrible pun.

You'd noticed before that Red Sans made puns too, but they seemed to be directly inspired by his violent and generally unpleasant

personality. He liked to scare you, while Blue Sans liked to see you laugh. Then you remembered the times Blue Sans hadn't been laughing. The few times you'd brought up Doctor Gaster, Sans had seemed to react with a strange combination of fear, sadness, and anger.

You frowned, struggling to recall the nightmare you'd had in the brother's home. It had had something to do with Gaster, hadn't it? Or maybe not. It didn't really matter, it just stood out to you as the first dream you'd had since you'd fallen. Now that you'd convinced the doctor that you did not want to be sedated for sleep, you would probably have more dreams.

Assuming that Red Sans eventually left your room instead of skulking in the corner, staring at you like you were a roast, and he was checking to see if you were done.

"Sans. Why are you here," you ground out for the fifteenth time, using a tone you probably shouldn't have, as he raised a brow bone and took a step closer.

"don't like that attitude yer given' me, girlie," he growled menacingly, staring you down until you glanced away in discomfort.

You didn't know what had gotten into you, but the more time you spent down here, the less afraid of confrontation you seemed to be. You supposed it might have something to do with being away from Alex's suffocating presence. Not putting your whole heart and soul into trying to make him happy, only to have him devastate you with a withering comment about how pathetic you were, or how much you disappointed him.

Not having to walk on eggshells on the nights that he'd go out drinking with friends, or worse, the nights that he stayed home and

got drunk alone. He'd never hit you, that much was true, but being dragged by the wrist and shoved onto the floor so that you could see just how badly you'd failed to clean it was still terrifying. It still left you locked in the bathroom, sobbing, with a razor in one hand and a bleeding arm clenched over the sink. Punishing yourself for your failures. Hurting yourself physically, because it distracted you from the worse pain of your battered heart trying not to break in two.

Anyway. You tugged your thoughts away from the bitter past, realizing with a start that Sans was now standing directly above you.

"shouldn't do that," he grinned, red pupils boring into your chest. "it's damaging your soul, and the doc wants that thing in shape for testing. which is why i'm here instead of off havin' fun, by the way."

"Why would you care," you snapped in return, astonished that he had the gall to say something like that to you, after what he'd done the first night you'd been here.

"heh. don't get me wrong, human. i think the doc's gone soft. only way to bring down the barrier is with a better soul than yours. like i said, i'm here by *his* request."

He leaned down, his face only inches away from yours. You felt his hot breath against your face, and tried hard not to stare at his impossibly sharp teeth.

"to me, yer nothin' more than a warm...soft.... little chew toy."

He dragged the blankets down your body, eyeing the curve of your breasts and hips hungrily. The new hospital gown you'd been given hid little of your figure, and you grimaced, yanking at the blankets to bring them back over you.

To your surprise, Sans let you, shrugging with amusement as he watched you pull the blankets up much further than necessary.

" *tibia* honest, i'm surprised that gaster hasn't noticed yet," he said casually, leaning back against the wall to continue staring at you.

You weren't going to play this game. No you were not.

Damn it.

"Noticed what?" you finally muttered, refusing to meet his eyes as his predatory smile widened.

"what's the chew toy offering in return for my *valuable information*?"

"Seriously?!" you groaned, glaring in response. "Forget it, I don't want anything from you that badly." You turned away, determined to ignore him, since he clearly wasn't going to leave any time soon.

"huh, too bad. i guess if we can't reach an agreement, i'll just have to-"

Your shriek was muffled by three phalanges shoved into your mouth, pressing against your tongue as you gagged.

"-take what i want," he finished smugly, pressing his heavy frame hard against you as he stretched out on the bed.

“Mmff!” you struggled under his grasp, and he leaned closer, teeth brushing your ear.

“shouldn’t talk when yer mouth is full, human. but if you promise not to scream, i’ll let ya reconsider my offer.”

You nodded forcefully, tears forming at the corners of your eyes as he finally removed his bony fingers. You used a corner of the blanket to wipe away your excess saliva in disgust, before responding.

“What do you want?”

You felt his rumble of amusement behind you, before a familiar heat began pressing hard against your buttocks.

“you know what i want,” he murmured in his deep baritone, one hand fumbling forward to grip your breast hard. You flinched as he inadvertently scraped your freshly bandaged scratches, and you felt him loosen his hold slightly.

“Why do you care if I play along?” You meant it. He’d had no problem taking advantage before, when you’d been too drugged to fight back. If anything, you’d think he’d be the type of creature to enjoy it when his prey struggled.

“hmm, that would be part of the valuable information we’re bargaining for,” he responded, pressing his toothy grin against your throat before gently nipping at it.

“You’re lying.”

“could be. either way, it’s in your best interest to play along, right? i get what i want either way. besides, i’d never tell a *fibula* to my favorite human.”

You fell silent as he rubbed himself against you, his fingers delicately ghosting along your skin. When you felt his burning crimson tongue against your shoulder, you shuddered, and realized that if you waited much longer it wouldn’t matter what your “choice” was.

“Fine.”

“mmm, sorry, didn’t catch that,” Sans panted, pushing your hospital gown up to expose your rear. You shivered at the sensation of his bare cock pressed against you already. You hadn’t even seen it before, but you assumed it was something he conjured with his magic, much like the tongue he enjoyed using on you so much.

“I said fine. Do it.”

“heh, should’ve made you beg for it instead, little slut,” he growled, slipping himself between your thighs to rub against your pussy rhythmically, until you felt yourself beginning to grow damper from the stimulation.

“not good enough,” he smirked, flipping you to face him.

“when i fuck you, you’re gonna be wetter than Waterfall.”

...Waterfall? Was that a place?

Time seemed to crawl to a halt as you reacted to his words. You felt a strong sense of *deja vu* when he said it, but were quickly distracted by his tongue lathing your nipples. God it felt...amazing. And wrong. You hated him for making you feel this way.

“Just get it over with,” you begged, panting as he expertly toyed with your clit. He had what he wanted. You were slick with your body’s betrayal, and he was clearly pleased with himself.

“won’t go this easy on ya next time,” he warned, positioning himself at your entrance, “**l i t t l e h u m a n s l u t s** should beg for what they're given.”

His hand found your mouth again as he pushed in hard, muffling your groan of pain as he forced his girth in.

[You’re treading a dangerous line, little skeleton.]

Your body stiffened in shock as the static-laced voice rumbled through your head. Sans gave no sign of hearing, though, withdrawing only a little before shoving himself in deeper. His skeletal fingers gripped your hips hard enough to bruise, if you hadn’t been a mass of purple and yellow blooms there already.

You couldn’t think, not when he was grinding against you in such quick, short bursts. Fuck, he was hitting that spot. You began trembling and sweating, too caught up in sensation to care about the flash of possessive satisfaction that crossed Sans’ face as he angled his thrusts even more precisely. You were beginning to crest. Fuck. No. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK. You gave a muffled scream behind the skeleton’s hand as your back arched, pressing your heaving breasts against his

ribcage.

“mm yeah, that’s bein’ a *good girl* ,” Sans snarled softly, picking up his pace until you felt him end with one particularly violent thrust, flexing his hands on your bruised hips, as if he could somehow drag you even closer to his twitching pelvis, before letting out a deeply satisfied moan, and burying his face against your neck.

You turned away as much as you could, humiliated, angry, and sore.

“Get away from me,” you said coldly when you felt him trying to spoon against you after the fact.

“heh, don’t be like that babe. *throw me a bone,* here. we both know you enjoyed it,” he chuckled, before rolling off and away, pulling his shorts back up and adjusting his clothes.

You ignored him, using the rest of the soiled blanket to wipe his juices off of you as best you could, before wrapping yourself back up in the nest of clean linens.

“still, deal’s a deal,” he continued with obvious amusement, folding his arms behind his head and leaning against the wall once more. “we’ll just consider your enjoyment an added *bone-us*, since i’m such a generous guy.”

You refused to react, until finally, he gave in.

“anyway, here it is human. i’m a smart guy, and *no-body* knows souls like i do,” he began expansively, clearly in a good mood based on the number of terrible puns he was making right now.

“i didn’t pay much attention the first time i saw yours. it’s damaged, you’ve heard us say that a lot, right? not the first damaged soul i’ve seen. believe it or not, i’ve seen worse, although usually not until after i’d had my fun with ‘em,” he added in a cheerfully malevolent tone that sent chills down your spine.

“yours is unique in some ways, like how it doesn’t have a dominant color,” he continued seriously, pausing to confirm that you were still paying attention. “now *that* is something i haven’t seen before, but it’s just not that interesting. all it means is that you’ve never had a chance to discover your strongest personality trait, and to be perfectly honest, that kinda shit bores me.” He shrugged, leaning further back against the wall.

“humans are humans, regardless of the variables. some are more...entertaining....than others, but you could never be considered our equals,” he rambled derisively. Despite his condescending presentation (and the fact that he was an absolute dick), you were beginning to see why Doctor Gaster was working with Sans. It was clear that the stocky skeleton was intelligent and knowledgeable, even in areas that supposedly didn’t interest him.

“hah, you really got me talkin’ tonight, kiddo,” he interrupted himself suddenly, giving you a broad wink. “must be in a good mood or somethin’.” Rolling your eyes, you gestured impatiently for him to continue. So far what he’d said was interesting, but not the type of crucial information you’d sensed he was withholding.

“now we get to the good part,” he said pointedly, smirking as you perked up, trying not to seem too interested.

“i may be a lazy guy, but i *notice* things. i know what your soul looked like when the doc first found you, and it ain’t the same after your little adventure.”

Wait, what? Was he saying that something had happened to your soul while you'd been in that other world, with Blue Sans, Papyrus, and Frisk?

"H-how is it...not the same?" you inquired nervously, glancing up to make sure he wasn't just fucking with you. But no, this was the most serious you'd ever seen him.

"wish i could show ya, would be easier. but your soul would shatter if i tried."

Strange. Why did those words sound familiar?

"basically, there's something there that wasn't. something that shouldn't be there at all." Sans laughed nervously as you stared at him. "to be honest, it kinda freaks me out, kid."

"What's wrong with my soul?"

Sans lifted both hands in a placating gesture as your voice rose in panic, your hands gripping the front of your hospital gown.

"there's something...attached to it," he began slowly, frowning as he tried to find the words to describe it to you. "something dark. darker than dark. it's a color that most folks wouldn't recognize, even the doc."

"it's why he keeps me around, ya know," he digressed. "he's a smart guy, smarter than me, but i've got some, uh, abilities that even he

hasn’t figured out.”

“Sans,” you begged, desperately trying to make sense of what he was saying. “At least tell me, what color is it, this thing on my soul? What is this?”

He stared at you for a moment.

“like i said kid, don’t know what it is. gaster might. but the color is something i’ve only ever seen in one place. it’s something darker than anything that could exist in the physical world. there’s only one place a color like that could have come from. the void.”

Chapter End Notes

Sans is on guard duty, watching you. You have painful memories of your previous life with Alex, and Sans tells you to stop, because it's damaging your soul. Sans implies that something about your soul is different, but won't tell you unless you let him have sex with you. Dub-con doesn't happen until after Sans says he has to take what he wants. While Sans is fucking you, Voidster speaks in your mind, saying that the skeleton is treading a dangerous line by doing this to you. Dub-con ends after reader says "Get away from me." Sans tells you that there's something "darker than dark" attached to your soul, that he isn't sure what it is, but it's from the void.

GASTER OH MY GOD YOU HAVE A TERRIBLE SINGING VOICE. STOP IT. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR FUCKING 80'S KARAOKE! (inside joke with myself and like one commenter, lulz)

Author's Note

Okay, so I have another chapter almost finished, but I'm going to be spending the next day or two going back through the story and fixing typos and inconsistencies in the story. There are a few that are bugging me that make it hard to focus on writing right now, because I want to stay in character and consistent for everyone I write. And a few characters need to be tweaked just a little bit to better fit my plans for them. Don't worry, void Gaster will stay the same, lol. I will update with anything I change so that we're all on the same "page" afterward, so to speak. ;3

If you guys have any feedback on things so far, please share! I'm especially interested in ways to improve my characterization, and ways to make it more immersive so that you feel like you're in the story, not like you're just reading about an OC in the story. I'm also interested to hear if there are any situations or fetishes you guys would like me to cover while this story is still in a fluid state.

And no, we're not near the end yet. I guess we're sort of in the middle? I have a plan, but then wild subplots keep appearing. And I have to keep remembering that I can't write all of my ideas into one single story, because that would be really confusing. ^^;

Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, bookmarks, and views. I'm a sort of Sans-like person as far as motivation goes, but I get so excited to read your feedback! It makes everything worth it!

Also I'm not sure if this is allowed on this website or not, but I wanted to share my favorite Gaster fanart with you all. No I didn't draw it. Yes, it's very pornographic. His face is kinda a combination of void Gaster and regular Gaster, but mostly how I imagine regular/Underfell Gaster's face and body to be. Notice how it's pretty fleshed out instead of being skeletal like Sans or Papyrus?

THE FOLLOWING IMAGE IS PORNOGRAPHIC, DO NOT CLICK IT AT WORK OR IN FRONT OF YOUR MOM.

http://41.media.tumblr.com/139fbbb050f3451c286ade25d7825c60/tumblr_o1zsdpFcJ91rzczljo1_1280.jpg

(Accept my headcannon. Accept it all you filthy sinners.)

Progress - Underfell

Chapter Summary

Reader has nightmares, and Sans can't keep secrets from Gaster.

Chapter Notes

So yeah, that last chapter was a lie. I totally finished this chapter anyway because I was really excited about the idea of developing karaoke Underfell Gaster's character more. I get the sense that he really wants to be a good person, but there's a lot of pressure from...pretty much everyone for him to solve their problems. Sometimes pressure brings out the best in some people, and the worst in others.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You didn’t sleep well that night.

Sans eventually dragged a chair to his corner, falling asleep almost immediately upon sitting down. The limited conversation you’d engaged in after the discussion about your soul had led you to understand that Gaster was the one who’d assigned Sans to “guard” you at night, for the few hours that the royal scientist actually slept. He was apparently developing a video system to monitor you with while he was awake, which sounded kind of invasive, but you supposed you didn’t really have a say in the matter.

You weren’t even sure you liked it here, to be honest. Sure, the doctor was...nice...to you, in a distant, distracted sort of way, but living with Sans was both aggravating and humiliating, and you weren’t sure how many more nights of being molested by him you could handle. He treated you like some kind of toy for him to fuck and terrorize.

More and more you felt yourself struggling with surprising feelings of homesickness. Not for Alex, strangely. For that other world you’d

visited so briefly, the world that had Blue Sans, his incredibly loud brother, and another human for you to interact with. Even if Frisk was much, much younger than you, they had seemed sweet, and innocent in a way that brightened everything around them.

For what felt like hours, you'd lain in bed, tossing and turning, remembering the friends you'd made and lost. At times you'd sworn you could feel ghostly fingers running gently through your hair, a phantom touch tracing down your cheek, but when you turned to look at Sans, he was always deeply asleep. You wondered if this was what going really, truly, crazy felt like.

Eventually, you had fallen asleep. You had nightmares again. The phantasmal hands nudged or outright dragged you toward the featureless gray door. The distorted voice whispered threats and enticements in your head, and you struggled against your own feelings of fear and longing. You sensed that if only you could find the courage to approach the door, your fear would be resolved, but terror froze you in your tracks. Every instinct in your body screamed at you to run, but turning aside was as impossible as stepping forward. You had no determination.

A deep voice was rolling seductively through your mind, and you were still half-asleep as the words penetrated the haze of unconsciousness.

[So many games we could play, my pet, but while the time we have is infinite, my patience is not. I grow weary of waiting.]

You had startled awake, the voice already fading as you came to awareness. Tangled in the sheets, you had fallen off the bed in alarm, jolting upright to see if Sans was still in the room. Thankfully, he was not.

Groaning, you climbed back into the bed, running your hand through your disheveled hair in an attempt to tame it. God knew what you even looked like these days. Monsters rarely seemed to have any use for mirrors. Sans didn't seem to care what you looked like as much as he wanted what was between your legs, and Gaster was unreadable more often than not. You were pretty sure you were still an ugly mass of bruises and scabs, but you seemed to be healing okay. You sighed, and settled back against the blankets. Nothing to do but wait until the doctor came and got you for the morning examination.

***

Gaster raked one hand over his skull in an impatient gesture, glancing down at his apprentice in silent frustration.

The night staff had reported disturbing sounds coming from the human's room, and he knew better than Sans realized what sort of vices the skeleton indulged in. If the human had been damaged by his assistant's "attentions", he would be furious.

And yet, who else could he have watching this test subject? Alphys was already stretched thin, assisting with both his own experiments, and helping to manage the extensive staff that was required to run a facility as large as this one. Only she and Sans knew of his experimentation involving humans. He simply didn't trust the lower staff with the information that such a creature was being contained within the lab itself.

Was he to leave the human on her own, and merely *hope* that another strange timeline fluctuation didn't occur, tearing her out of his grasp for god knew how long, and returning her in worse shape than before? He was growing impatient with the necessary delays her injuries were causing.

Earlier that day he had received a terse letter from Asgore himself, reminding the royal scientist that everybody's hopes and dreams rested on his ability to follow through with the results he had promised from his research. Results that everyone was increasingly anxious to see. As if he needed reminding. The heavy burden of the Underground's fate was his constant companion, always on his thoughts. It wasn't enough that he had created the Core, the greatest invention that monsterkind had ever seen. The massive amounts of magical energy it generated still weren't enough. And the perfectionist in Gaster demanded that he be the one to finally bring the wall crumbling down, to finish the work he had begun.

He was close, so close to a solution for the barrier. He knew it. And the human was growing stronger, albeit slowly. Surely he could begin experimentation soon. Her soul would have limited use at best, but it still contained that vital ingredient, Determination.

“so uh, didya call me here for a reason, or are we just gonna stand here?”

He stared blankly at the other monster, before remembering himself.

“Do not place my test subject at risk, Sans.”

A few beads of sweat appeared on Sans’ skull, a sure sign that the skeleton knew *exactly* what he was talking about, and hadn’t been prepared for being found out.

“i uh, you know i’d never-”

“Do not waste my time with pointless deflections,” Gaster interjected irritably. “That I am forced to discuss this with you at all disgusts me.”

Sans said nothing, suddenly very focused on the wall behind the doctor's shoulder.

"This human is not a plaything for you. I let you have your fun with the ones I could find no use for, despite my reservations, but I have not even begun to explore the potential data this human has to offer. You will not compromise the integrity of the project with your carnal fascination for creatures that are not even monsterkind." His tone brooked no argument, arms folded behind his back as he stared intimidatingly down at Sans. He paused, letting the tension build briefly before continuing.

"There will be consequences if I am made aware of any further unauthorized interactions between you and the human. You may go."

With that, he turned, letting the skeleton maintain some manner of dignity as he escaped. Sans could be pushed and manipulated to useful ends, but only so far, before his rebellious nature caused him to lash out. Gaster knew those limits well, and he knew that he was walking a delicate line by so harshly reprimanding his assistant. However, it was... necessary.

As for the human, it was time he stopped being a sentimental fool. His interest was natural, a product of his fascination for organic science, and the research he had been doing on the species for...decades now. Yes, she- it was injured. Yes, it was fragile. But the Underground was depending on him to fix things, and pretending he hadn't done worse to humans in the past was hypocritical at best. How had he let himself forget the crucial fact that pain and sacrifice was what led to progress?

He couldn't fail them. Progress was what everyone need right now. More than anything.

***

You startled as the door to your room unlocked, then relaxed a little when Gaster stepped through. It was unlike him to wait so long after you'd woken up to approach you, but it had given you a few hours to lay in bed under the covers, just thinking, which was something you enjoyed doing from time to time.

You were going to need some new distractions soon though, having already finished the magazines on the bedstand a number of times. They were interesting, but monster science seemed to rely heavily on magic, and the magazines made the assumption that their subscribers were familiar with a number of concepts you couldn't begin to grasp. Maybe the scientist would be amenable to lending you some books.

The doctor approached you slowly, a clipboard in his hands. He was wearing rectangular reading glasses that looked surprisingly good on him. In fact, he was well-dressed in general. He tended to wear casual turtlenecks under his lab coat, along with crisp slacks and professional shoes. His broad shoulders filled the coat out nicely.

If you were honest, you found yourself mildly attracted to him, although you were tripped up by the whole undead monster thing. Clearly Sans had no trouble erm…"manifesting" the parts of human anatomy he wanted to have, but you couldn't really imagine Gaster doing something so lewd. Your face heated as your brain decided to try imagining it anyway, and you hastily averted your eyes, looking anywhere but the doctor.

"I apologize if my appearance has startled or upset you," Gaster said, his deep voice cool and professional. Oh god, he had noticed you blushing. Great.

“N-no, it’s fine,” you mumbled hastily, forcing yourself to meet his eyes. “I was just…my thoughts were somewhere else,” you continued, more or less truthfully.

He didn’t reply, instead taking a seat in the chair that Sans had occupied only a few hours ago. You were glad the other skeleton wasn’t with him. Gaster was already being much more distant and formal than usual, which wasn’t doing much for your chronic anxiety. Had you done something to offend him? Was he still upset about you freaking out when he’d picked you up the other day?

“You look improved,” he noted distractedly, as he jotted something down on his clipboard. His tone left you unsure if you were supposed to reply or not.

“I…suppose? Yes? I mean, thank you,” you finally managed, remembering that it was in fact thanks to the doctor that you were healing.

His smile was ironic, and didn’t quite reach his eyes. “There’s no need for thanks, human. I realize that I’ve made it easy to forget in my efforts to make you comfortable, but you are still here to further my research.”

“Oh.”

You couldn’t think of anything else to say. He was clearly reminding you of your place here. You were a test subject, you weren’t his equal or his friend. Then why did he look so conflicted as he continued?

“There have been unfortunate delays to your healing, believe me, I

understand. But I'd like to begin testing soon."

That was good, right? He was sounding you out to see if you were okay with-

"I'm letting you know that we'll likely begin tonight. Sans will be assisting."

Oh.

You didn't respond. It was clear that he was telling you, not asking. Your earlier thoughts about requesting more reading material disappeared along with a small measure of the trust you'd had for Gaster, as the tall skeleton stood, and meticulously straightened his coat.

"Try to rest and continue recovering. Your well-being is imperative for the research to move forward."

Chapter End Notes

> Papyrus: SANS YOU MUST HELP ME HALT THE DOCTOR'S CURRENT NOISE-MAKING. IT IS DISTRESSING THE READERS.
> Sans: ok.
> Papyrus: NO SERIOUSLY SANS, I THINK THAT LETTING GASTER CONSUME ALCOHOL WAS A BAD IDEA. IN FACT THIS ENTIRE NIGHT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A HORRIBLE MISTAKE.
> Sans: boy paps, you seem like you *karaoke* a lot about this.
>
> *insert laugh track*
>
> TBC

For Science - Underfell

Chapter Summary

Experimentation will begin shortly. Please ensure that you are wearing the appropriate laboratory safety gear.

Chapter Notes

So for Underfell Gaster I'm drawing some of my inspiration from this comic in particular (which I'm planning on writing a fanfic about at a later point).

http://zarla.deviantart.com/art/He-is-poison-sister-you-stay-away-from-him-586374665

I highly recommend that you check out the rest of this artist's comics, especially in the folder called "Handplates" because that is an awesome Gaster AU, I tell ya!

This chapter is kinda short because I'm just not feeling the creativity today. Updates will probably slow down to a few a week instead of like once or twice a day, lol. I'm sad that my determination has been drained, but hopefully it will come back soon!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That night, you learned what it meant to be a test subject for the prodigious royal scientist, Doctor W.D. Gaster.

He arrived late at night to carry you out of your room, wrapped up in one of the blankets from your bed. The lab was dim and almost silent, save for the whirring of machines, beeping, and other mechanical noises. The other monsters that worked there must have gone home. It made you uneasy that he had chosen to wait for this time, opposed to the usual daytime examinations. Not that any of the other monsters seemed to know you were here to begin with, but there was still something ominous about being truly alone with Gaster and Sans for this first experiment.

You were almost well enough to start walking on your own again, but the doctor had barely paused after entering your room before unceremoniously scooping you into his arms, keeping you firm against his chest in what felt like more of a restraining than protective manner. He was still mindful of your ankle, but your arms were kept pinned to your sides with one arm, the other clasping your legs firmly against him.

You said nothing. Gaster was starting to scare you, and when Sans appeared to begin silently unlocking doors and holding them open for the doctor, the skeleton's unusually subdued behavior scared you even more.

You tried reminding yourself that you had been told about this from the start. You had known and accepted that this would happen eventually. It was just that...the monster who had gently explained all of this to you at the start was not the same person now working in terse silence to fasten the restraints around your legs, arms, and throat on his examination table.

"Sans, the human is shaking. Prepare a sedative."

"Nnn, p-p-please," you gasped, trying to make yourself hold still. As terrified as you were, being drugged and unable to understand what was happening seemed so much worse.

Gaster paused, and looked at you. You thought you saw something like regret in his eyes before he locked it away behind a cold, unreadable expression.

"Some of these tests will be painful. It is why you are being restrained, and why you will be sedated. I prefer to work in silence. Do not force

me to gag you as well."

You felt the grip of Sans' bony fingers around one of your arms, before the needle slid smoothly into a vein. You stared at his face as the sedative burned up your arm, reaching your heart before moving rapidly into the rest of your body. He met your gaze steadily, expression empty of the mockery or hatred you had expected.

Your vision began to grow dim. Time seemed to slow, and you swore you could hear your own lethargic, steady heartbeat. But you were still awake.

"Good."

You felt Gaster's smooth, warm hands against your face, as he used a flashlight to examine your pupils. Tears leaked from your eyes, and you felt him hesitate, before using his thumbs to wipe them away. Then he released you, and your head lolled slightly to the side, still kept in place by the restraint around your throat.

You saw him pull out a recording device, clipping it to his lab coat before turning it on.

"W.D. Gaster. Record of experiment number one on the adult human subject. Subject is restrained and sedated."

***

A small part of him hated himself what he was about to do to you.

A much larger part knew it was necessary. This was the true burden he had accepted when he had agreed to become the royal scientist. The burden of guilt, the burden of blood on his hands for the sake of progress. The burden of doing things that nobody wanted to know about. That nobody could know about. It all fell on his shoulders, and he accepted it willingly. He was the only one who could do this. The only one who *would* do this.

And there were benefits to his position. It wasn't all guilt and ugly experiments and uglier decisions. There was still the rush of exhilaration he experienced when a theory proved correct. The satisfaction of expanding his knowledge and experience. The passion he felt for pursuing a work that was truly important.

And, even though he consciously denied the feeling, there was the thrill of knowing he had absolute control over something. Over someone. Seeing you, silent and subdued on his table, waiting for him to do whatever he wanted...that feeling of power could be intoxicating. Of course, he was far too professional to abuse his advantage over you. But the sheer potential at his fingertips, that was incredible.

You whimpered softly, but neither he or Sans noticed the creeping sense of darkness in the room, as though something otherworldly was in attendance, humming its approval as it subtly inspired the royal scientist to darker heights.

***

You watched as Gaster clicked the recorder off again, drumming his fingertips on the edge of the examination table as he gazed up and down your body.

"Sans," he finally said, "bring me the vial of A-D 01."

The stocky skeleton's eye sockets widened almost imperceptibly as he hesitated. "uh boss, you sure about that? it hasn't been tes-"

"Do as I say."

"uh, right. okay."

Your drugged mind struggled to understand what was happening. Was he going to inject you with some kind of chemical?

[This was inevitable,] the voice from your dreams suddenly murmured, still entirely in your head as far as you could tell. Great, now you were hearing it when you were awake, too.

Who are you?

[You can't remember, so don't bother trying,] the voice responded with dark amusement. The sensation of barely-there fingertips lazily trailing down your body underneath the gown made you quiver, the touch disappearing just before it reached the crease of your thigh.

[When we meet again, I may seem more familiar. For now, I'm merely here to observe. It's not the same as handling you myself...or is it? Pleasurable, regardless.]

You glanced blearily over at the doctor, but he showed no sign of hearing the eerie, menacing voice, waiting impatiently for Sans to return with...whatever it was he'd asked him to bring.

Within moments the skeleton returned, gingerly holding a glowing red vial. He set it down carefully on a silver tray, backing away as Gaster approached. The doctor was already wearing some sturdy-looking rubber gloves as he picked up the vial, handling it just as cautiously as Sans had. You weren't sure if it was something really valuable or something really dangerous. Maybe both.

The recorder clicked back on.

"Preparing the subject for injection of A-D 01, the first batch of Artificial Determination, which has not, until now, been tested on a living subject. My theory is that it will potentially stabilize the subject's damaged soul for closer examination. Possible side effects include high levels of pain, paranoia, and aggression, as well as further physical damage to the soul itself. There is roughly a 15% chance that the soul will shatter completely if dosages are not carefully monitored. Refer to notes on development of A-D 01 for further information."

Click.

The blanket you were wrapped in had been discarded before you were strapped to the table, but now the doctor removed your gown as well. The sensation of cold metal was uncomfortable on your bare skin, but it didn't bother you as much as it would have normally. Maybe it was better this way, numb and docile as he handled you.

Gaster's eyes flashed purple, and suddenly, a second set of hands materialized behind him. The hands picked up a bottle of clear fluid from the nearby table and dabbed some on a piece of cotton, before carefully swabbing the small area where your heart would be. Meanwhile, Gaster placed one primary hand on your shoulder to steady you, the other pressing two fingers against your throat, monitoring your pulse.

You flinched at the cool, tingling sensation the fluid left on your skin, only to feel the doctor's hand on your shoulder tighten warningly, holding you still as the ghostly hands completed their ministrations, returning to hover at shoulder height behind him.

"so, uh. that's new."

Gaster barely spared a glance at Sans, before picking up a sterile syringe and the bottle of determination.

"It's a magical ability I've been developing out of necessity, since my assistant has been so unreliable lately."

You saw a flash of anger cross Sans' face at being humiliated like that in front you. Then you saw him force himself to relax, shrugging it off as he buried his hands in his black and red hoodie. When the skeleton noticed you watching him, his face darkened, and he gave you a menacing grin.

[Meaningless posturing. He will be dealt with soon enough,] the static-filled voice scoffed.

You were distracted from both Sans and the voice, however, by the sound of Gaster carefully flicking the newly filled syringe with one finger, forcing tiny bubbles of air to the top to be ejected. Your breathing quickened, your muscles tensing despite the sedative he'd dosed you with. The doctor didn't seem to notice or care, as he approached you slowly.

You noticed a clipboard being held in the floating hands behind him, ready to take notes as he splayed one real hand against your chest,

pressing down hard to keep you still as the needle rested just below your breastplate, ready to puncture the skin.

***

Sans watched silently, sweat beading on his skull as he observed. This was dark stuff, darker than anything he'd witnessed from Gaster before, although he knew the doctor had performed some of his less ethical experiments in secret. He almost pitied your situation, although another, more spiteful part of him hoped that you died on the table, just to ruin the experiment. The scientist had gone too far today, acting like he was so much better, like Sans hadn't seen the way the head scientist looked at you when he thought nobody would notice. Sans was perceptive. It was part of what made him good at his job, and dangerous when others crossed him. It was what balanced out his laziness, and his occasional "lapses" in judgment.

Gaster was just jealous that he had gotten to you first, Sans thought with bitter amusement. He'd never seen a monster so pent up. The doctor was so focused on his "higher purpose" scientific bullshit that he ignored his own needs. Didn't get enough sleep, rarely ate or drank, and definitely never got laid. Wasn't healthy. And now he was going to destroy you by forcing the first experiment too quickly, wasting the only batch of artificial determination they had managed to create so far. What a shame. It had taken months and several souls to develop that one synthetic dose. And you were the most entertaining plaything that he'd found yet in the Underground.

He just hoped the doctor didn't expect him to clean up after your soul and body had been splattered all over the lab.

Chapter End Notes

Karaoke Gaster is a thing now, thanks to an amazing artist who goes by the name "GorillazObsessor." :B

https://i.imgur.com/8bOl27a.png

KG is currently taking requests for new songs to sing after he finishes his rendition of "Don't Stop Believing" by Journey, although Sans and Papyrus strongly recommend that you not encourage him. They're both a little too intimidated to try and make him go back to the lab just yet. He may or may not have threatened to fire them.

I Torture All My Friends - Underfell

Chapter Summary

It's how I show LOVE.

Chapter Notes

(Did you see how I took that Supernatural quote and made it an Undertale reference with Level Of Violence? And also relevant to the actual chapter? DID YOU SEE THAT?)

Sorry the chapter is short. Should I wait and post longer chapters less often instead of short chapters more often? Let me know in comments plz.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the needle pushed through the skin and bone of your sternum, you finally understood why Gaster had insisted on beginning these experiments at night, when the lab was practically empty. You understood why he was suddenly using his conjured hands to write notes instead of using the recorder.

You screamed. You screamed and you writhed and you screamed until you ran out of air and began to choke. The pain was a white-hot anguish that seemed to go through you, deep into your core, raking over every nerve ending at once. Your body strained against the straps holding it down.

“Sans, hold her injured leg before she damages it further.”

A broad skeletal hand gripped your leg firmly, holding it still.

In the extremity of your pain, you hadn’t realized that you’d pushed

your injured ankle until it was raw and bleeding from the friction of your struggles. You didn't care. You continued to thrash and moan, sobbing as the "determination" seeped through your veins, a burning agony throbbing in your chest with every beat of your heart.

It was several moments before you could see through the white haze of pain that had flooded your eyes, or hear from the hollow ringing in your ears. You almost fell unconscious, but some perverse side effect of the hell that Gaster had injected you with seemed to pump you full of adrenaline. You were trapped, awake, and shivering from the aftershocks of a level of pain you shouldn't have been able to handle.

As you sluggishly came to awareness, the first thing you saw was Gaster's face, looming above your own. The extra set of hands was furiously scribbling notes as he pinned your shoulder with little effort, withdrawing the syringe carefully.

His expression was remote, detached, as he set the syringe down and adjusted his glasses. He didn't meet your eyes, and briefly turned away.

You didn't want to look at your chest. You didn't want to see what damage he'd done. It felt like you'd been shredded and hollowed out, a flaming, electric coal where your heart should be.

[Look, precious creature,] the distorted voice urged.

[See how beautifully your suffering shines.]

You gave in, shaking as you cast your eyes downward.

A glowing red light was pulsing in your chest, matched perfectly with the beat of your heart. Streaks of crimson glow snaked out from your center, illuminating the veins in your chest with slightly lesser light, before fading out completely near the edges of your torso.

[The color of a determined soul doesn't suit you quite as well as blood, my dear, but such a rare opportunity still shouldn't be missed.]

You felt sick. Physically, emotionally, mentally. If this was what feeling "determined" was like, you wanted no part of it. You dry heaved, but were unable to vomit anything up. The sight of Gaster standing near, so calm and attentive, filled you with hatred. You found yourself snarling at him, a feral, inhuman sound, straining your neck to snap at the hand on your collarbone.

The satisfaction of seeing him startle and jerk away was momentary, as the alarm in his eyes hardened to anger, and he raised a hand to strike you. You flinched on instinct, panting as the determination continued to course through you, filling you to the brim with unbearable heat and energy. You wanted to kill him.

***

Almost too late, Gaster yanked his hand back, appalled that he had almost lost control and struck the test subject. He knew that increased aggression had been a risk, but had still reacted out of anger instead of remaining calm. How disappointing. He couldn't allow his objectivity to be compromised by such facile emotions.

Sighing in frustration, he rubbed hard at where the bridge of his nose would be, ignoring the way that Sans was smirking. He still needed the other skeleton's skills for the soul examination, which was going to be more difficult than predicted given the way the human was

reacting to the determination. At least she-it, hadn't died.

"Sans, are you still confident in your ability to extract the subject's soul for examination?"

The skeleton sweated, rubbing at the back of his skull nervously.

"yeah...it's just…."

"Just what?"

"she's not really holdin' still, ya know. soulwork is delicate, and hers is in worse shape than you...might be aware of."

"Why do you say that? Have you been withholding information from me about my subject?"

"no. well, sort of. i mean, i hadn't gotten around to telling you yet 'cause you were too busy bitchin' me out earlier."

Gaster pressed his elongated phallanges against his face harder. Surprisingly, it helped.

"Just tell me now. Be concise."

"she's got void residue on her soul. and for your information, what i've been doin' has nothing to do with it. there's no new damage, it's

just...sticky."

"When you say "void" residue, you're speaking about your teleportation abilities? The empty dimension you've described to me that exists between time and space?"

"right. at some point she's been in the void, and it left a mark. i dunno how it'll react when i pull her soul out."

It was too much. With a fury he'd never experienced before, Gaster lashed out, sweeping the instruments off of the table, glass shattering as it hit the floor.

"Leave." he managed in a strangled voice, as he wrestled to regain control. He could not fathom what was wrong with him tonight. It was as if some unknown factor was setting him on edge, ruining his focus and his control.

Sans wasted no time obeying, for once, and vanished immediately.

The examination room was silent, now, aside from the steady drip from fractured bottles, and the human muttering to herself. It was strange, almost like she was having a conversation with someone. He tuned in as he paced, catching bizarre, broken phrases.

"...not yours...never...don't want...don't want....not here...."

"...yes....yes....there. yes. now."

He stumbled back as the human suddenly flickered, gripping the edge of the counter in disbelief as she disappeared before his eyes, as if she had never existed.

Chapter End Notes

Gross, void Gaster made your soul sticky. That's gross, dude.

Now showing in a theater near you!

Gaster is actually wearing a black snuggie AU!

Gaster is goop egg princess AU!

Gaster makes everyone else at the lab wear turtleneck sweaters too, even though they work at the Core and it's hot as fuck. It's the dress code! AU!

Like a Moth to the Flame - The Void (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Reader is saved from further experimentation by the man who speaks in hands.

Chapter Notes

I spent all day writing this (the chapter, not the summary), because for the next couple of days I'll be gone watching a family member who has a blood clot, and writing smut while doing that feels...wrong. Also I don't want to use my parents' computer for porn. That feels more wrong.

If 50 Shades of Grey had been written by a temmie, this chapter would be, uh...Gaster's version.

Also I made an ask box on my tumblr (same name as here) if anyone wants questions about the fic or the universe or where babies come from.

*****Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was with no small amount of satisfaction that you watched the shock, disbelief, and frustration on the doctor's face as you vanished in front of him. The bastard couldn't get you now. His precious "experiment" was being put on hold indefinitely, until the "experiment" got to decide what SHE wanted. You hadn't signed up for any of this, and you didn't give a flying fuck what Gaster wanted. You were done.

Your chest still glowed that brilliant red, as you glanced around restlessly, ready for the next challenge to appear. The combination of the sedative and determination made you feel incredibly powerful, and utterly fearless. For the first time in years, you were in control.

You would destroy the next monster that tried to lay its filthy hands on you.

[Hmn.]

A deep, smooth chuckle rolled through the void like distant thunder.

Your head whipped around at the sound, unable to see anything but your own body illuminated in crimson. Your feet weren't touching the ground either, which was...normal for this place, you realized. Your memories were beginning to return.

[You never cease to amaze me, pet. The fragile butterfly with broken wings, transformed into such a fierce little creature. Albeit, temporarily.]

Him.

You snarled, still looking for a way out, an enemy to attack, anything, really, when abruptly, he materialized in front of you. Without thinking, you lunged forward, panting as you struck out with the intent to kill.

He caught you easily, twisting your outstretched arm behind you as he spun you around, against him. His broad chest was to your spine, pressing hard against you as he spoke.

[I will learn every facet of your being, stripping away the layers until you are bare before me. You are mine, and you will never belong to anyone else. Not my flawed, former self, and certainly not that pathetic creature I created.]

Created? Did he mean Sans? You paused, distracted.

[I do not wish to see them touch you, but my power in the physical realm is…limited… while I remain in this dimension.]

He nuzzled his face into your neck, inhaling your scent. Releasing your arm, he wrapped both of his own around your naked torso, holding you hard from behind as you strained to get away. He was impossibly strong, and seemed not to even notice your struggles.

[Your body, your heart, your…soul. They are mine. Your pain and suffering are mine, as is your pleasure. Even your determination…]

He trailed off, twisting you to face him as he splayed one elegant hand over your heart. Gasping, you tried to flinch away from his touch, but his other arm snaked behind you, twining in your hair as he wrenched your head back and held you in place.

[Will you struggle, even as I ease your suffering, little pet? I don't mind, of course. The sensation of your soft heat writhing against me is…exquisite.]

With a gasp, you realized that the burning, aching pain in your chest was dissipating, the light you emitted beginning to dim as Gaster somehow absorbed the determination from you. The air around you crackled with energy, a hissing static that flared and trailed off as he removed his hand.

Looking down, you saw that a faint glow still remained, barely visible beneath your skin. Gently, the monstrous apparition tipped your chin

up, searching your face as he spoke.

[Science cannot be inherently good or evil. It simply is. This is a concept my mortal self struggled to grasp until the end. Still, the first dose of determination we had developed was imperfect.]

[Sans would have successfully removed your soul. Soulwork is one of the few things he is truly gifted at, thanks to my…training. However, this version of him is damaged, warped by the energy of timelines reset too many times by the fallen human. He has been tainted by traces of void-infused determination left behind every time he was killed.]

He stopped suddenly, chuckling in genuine amusement.

[You cannot begin to understand what I am saying, little one. Yet after such long isolation, I find myself compelled to speak as if you do. I shall simplify it for you, so that we may make better use of our time before your soul fails. You remember.]

You did. He had told you that too long in the void would cause you to…stop existing? To dissolve? You wondered idly why you weren't fighting him. Why you simply lay still, letting him caress and speak to you like you were nothing more than a child to him. After your ordeal in… *other* Gaster's laboratory, you were exhausted, but that wasn't why you quieted under this monster's touch.

Some small, dark part of you craved the tender violence given here. He'd spoken of wanting to shatter you last time, and that dark part wanted to let him. You were so tired. Tired of trying, failing, being hurt for your failure. At least when the Gaster in the void hurt you, it wasn't a punishment. You pleased him. He hurt you because he enjoyed your pain, and that made everything different. Or so your exhausted mind was telling you.

He interrupted your thoughts by continuing, lightly dragging his claws against your bare skin as he came to the conclusion of his strange tale.

[The same forces that tainted Sans would have leeched into your damaged soul, feeding off the artificial determination, and fusing with you. Your body would remain unchanged, but your essence would be distorted. I am unsure if you would become like the fallen human, or if some other anomaly would occur. I confess, the theory fascinates me, but I prefer you as you are.]

His deep, smooth voice ended in a growl as he shifted, possessively grabbing your hips and pressing himself against you. You could feel his arousal beneath his clothing, and the fact that you were naked while he remained fully clothed only added to your sense of helplessness. You were nothing more than a toy in his hands, and even though you knew it was sick, and wrong, that small part of you still wanted it.

You quivered, overcome by your internal conflict, distracted by the way he dug his fingertips into your overly-sensitized skin as he lifted you effortlessly against him.

[This will not be easy, little human. But I will enjoy it immensely,] he murmured, drinking in the sight of your fear and arousal.

The conjured hands appeared in front of you, larger and more claw-like than his others, glowing faintly with magical energy. His real hands slid from your hips, one supporting your back as the other gripped your buttocks, keeping you against him as the claws drew nearer and began lightly toying with your nipples.

You arched, whimpering as they scratched and pinched the sensitive buds. The determination you'd been injected with still buzzed faintly under your skin, setting your nerve-endings ablaze with sensation. It was too much. You tried to squirm away, which only made his crooked smile grow wider as he effortlessly kept you in place.

[Even that disappointing assistant of mine never bothered to watch your soul while engaging in his crude rutting,] the former doctor breathed, eyes fixed on your chest.

You found yourself staring back, transfixed by the way his wider socket flared with deep purple light, the other as dark as the void around you. He had a surprisingly mobile face, and the flickers of fascination, arousal, and hunger that passed over it hypnotized you.

Then your eyes squeezed shut at a sudden surge of burning agony in your breasts, and you whimpered sharply, forcing yourself to look down. Your nipples were hard and flushed well beyond the point of tolerance, and his claws had suddenly clamped down, twisting the sensitive flesh cruelly.

[Mmm, I do enjoy that sound. But you can do better.]

He weighed your breasts in his claws, the hand supporting your buttocks moving forward to stroke lightly at your outer folds. You squirmed harder, and he chuckled.

[So sensitive to stimulation. Your arousal…well, let me show you.]

With that, you felt the tugging sensation on your soul again, the same sense of extreme vulnerability as the fractured heart that represented your innermost self was revealed. Instead of the muted, gray-tinted

color you were used to, the heart was flashing in dark rainbow-hued pulses. Deep purple, blue, and green, streaked with a brilliant ruby that seemed to gravitate toward the edges.

[Your pleasurable colors are darker jewel-tones. The red you see is a lingering trace of determination. Removing it all would be a delicate process, and while it's something I am capable of, I wished to spend more time doing…this.]

He leaned further against you, and then you were propped against…nothing, lying in an almost horizontal position beneath his long-limbed form. One clawed hand grasped your wrists tightly, dragging your arms above your head.

His own arms suddenly released you, letting you fall back against the solid piece of void energy he had summoned, as he pushed your legs apart, settling himself gracefully between them.

[If you have not yet realized it, pleasure is a small portion of the beauty your soul is capable of creating,] he crooned lovingly, one hand delicately caressing your soul, which flickered tellingly in response to his ministrations.

You felt the blood drain from your face as his other clawed hand began to lightly toy with the bandages around your injured ankle, still swollen and tender from your fall to the Underground. Your eyes fluttered shut, and your breathing turned shallow.

[Keep your eyes open for this demonstration, my dear. It would be a waste for me to have to repeat it. And I will, if I must.]

Your eyes flew open in fear, and you stared up imploringly at him. "P-please. I don't think I can-"

You broke off, screaming at the white hot agony that engulfed your leg as the bones fractured beneath his touch with an audible *crack*.

[Eyes open. Do not make me tell you again, little one.]

Gasping, you wrenched your tear-filled eyes open again, fighting against an overwhelming wave of nausea. Your soul was a prism of dancing color, primarily bright crimson, with flashes of orange and yellow.

[Note how the patterns have changed as well,] Gaster said in an almost clinical tone, as if he were explaining an interesting medical phenomenon to a student. **[Your pain patterns are smaller and faster, with greater variation in movement.]**

He shifted, bringing himself up onto his elbows to study your face again.

[It is not as badly broken as it was when you first arrived, my pet. And it will heal in time. What is important is how much you have pleased me, thus far. Do you not agree?]

His tone was tender as he idly traced the tracks of your tears with one hand, dipping his fingers in his mouth to taste the salt of your pain, waiting for your response.

“Y-yes,” you sobbed, hating yourself for a moment. Not for playing along, but because it wasn’t all a lie. Your leg throbbed in excruciating pain, but you still felt a small flicker of pleasure at his words. You had done well. It made you almost giddy.

[Ah, my dear. You cannot begin to comprehend how much you please me,] Gaster sighed in satisfaction.

He stroked your face, hair, and throat gently, murmuring words of comfort as the pain dulled to an almost bearable throb. When the kaleidoscope of your soul's pain had slowed as well, you felt him reach down, removing his length from the dark slacks he wore.

[Even the infliction of pain is only part of the formula,] he said gently, pressing a thumb against the nub between your legs as he began to stroke you.

[The true glory of your fragile, undefinable soul, is its ability to accept my gifts of pain and pleasure, and transform them, in one fleeting moment of splendor.]

You shook, overwhelmed by sensation as he slipped one long finger inside of you, still expertly toying with your clit. The scarlet of your newly fractured ankle throbbed deep in the center of your soul, but was soon joined by languid tendrils of fuchsia, deep violet, and ocean green. Around it all, the bright determination lingered at your edges, flashing brightly when it reflected through a crack in the surface.

You were ready, moaning as your head tossed back and forth, aching to be filled. When he removed his hand you whimpered at the loss of sensation, and felt him pause, as if in surprise. Then he resumed, and you felt the head of his cock against your entrance, pressing steadily forward as you tensed in anticipation.

[Such an enjoyable little creature,] he breathed as he slid between your thighs, his girth burning just a little as it stretched you. When fully sheathed, he paused again, and you felt his fingers pressing

against your lips. You opened your mouth obediently, tasting your own juices as he thrust his digits inside, encouraging you to suckle them as he began moving his hips.

He bent his head to your throat as he thrust, and bit down hard at the juncture of your shoulder, drawing blood as he sucked greedily at the wound. The sensations of agony and adulation were overwhelming, and before long, you felt your walls clamping down against his member as you drew near to the edge.

He too, seemed to be nearing completion, as he pushed harder into you, thrusts becoming sloppy, fingers digging into your clavicle hard, despite your lack of resistance. He began to angle his thrusts more precisely, and suddenly, you were coming.

As your walls seized and fluttered, you felt him joining you in orgasm, surprisingly hot spurts of seed filling you to the brim, spilling down your thighs as he filled you to overflowing. A deep snarl escaped his lips, and he grabbed at your throat, cutting off your air as he finished, releasing you only after the last spasms of pleasure had faded away.

Your breathing was raspy, and you choked a little as you tried to catch your breath. You felt his weight roll off you, and suddenly he was fading, disappearing from view even as you struggled to sit up.

[I kept you a little longer than I had intended, pet,] he whispered, voice rough with sated pleasure.

[Go now, before the void destroys you. And rest easy. The place I am sending you is safe... as safe as anywhere could be, for such a tempting, fragile soul.]

Chapter End Notes

Voidster pulls you into the void. Briefly implies that he created Sans. Says that you belong to him. Drains the artificial determination out of you. Says that UF!Sans is tainted by the void-infused determination of too many times being killed/having timeline reset. Says that Sans would have successfully removed your soul, but his corruption would have leeched into your damaged soul and distorted it. Non-con starts when he says [This will not be easy, little human. But I will enjoy it immensely.] Removes your soul so that you can see the colors it makes. Dark jewel tones for pleasure. Red/yellow for pain. He makes you watch while he breaks your ankle again, so that you can see how your soul looks. Says that it's most beautiful when pain and pleasure are combined. Your soul is unique to him because it's capable of creating colors like this because it's not defined by a single color like most souls are.

Karaoke Gaster: I found some music for my chapter! :D
Everyone: ....uh....
Karaoke Gaster: IT'S PERFECT. JUST WAIT.

https://youtu.be/izGwDsrQ1eQ

Uh. What. Gaster, no. This is...so wrong.

(Song name is George Michael - Careless Whisper for those on phones.)

BONUS CONVERSATION BETWEEN ME AND A FRIEND WHO WAS HIGH AS BALLS ABOUT THIS CHAPTER

Friend: I JUST FINISHED
That chapter

Me: Perfect music right

Friend: Too perfect

Me: I'm just imagining Gaster being like "wow" "such romance" "very sex"

Friend: LOL
Dude I can picture it playing quietly with an echo in the void

Me: Yeah, him setting the mood for breaking your bones and sexing you up
lmao

Me: "humans love this romantic shit. she gonna have good time"

Friend: PFFFFf
Dude

Even Deeper - Undertale/Underfell

Chapter Summary

> You wake up in the company of friends, hurt but alive. How much longer can you keep doing this? Back in his laboratory, Gaster struggles with regret.

Chapter Notes

> I started out hating this chapter. I like it a little better now, but it was honestly pretty hard to write. It's been an exhausting few days, so maybe that's why. Anyway.
>
> *throws feels confetti*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You slowly came to, and found that you were lying on a relativity soft, blue bed. You were still naked, but you weren't cold. In fact, you felt uncomfortably warm, chills flickering up your spine as you sweated. Curling in on yourself, you wrapped your arms around your chest. You did your best to ignore the nauseating throb of your ankle.

You remembered. Not all of it, but a lot. Gaster had done this to you. Much like Sans, the doctor had his own doppelganger, and both versions had recently tortured you. Neither seemed to be present right now, thankfully.

You whimpered as another fit of chills shook your frame. The lights here were too bright, and you hurt.

“___ . . .”

The shock in Sans’ voice as he said your name made you wince, struggling to sit up as you opened your eyes.

“how did this happen?!” He rushed to your side, an equally shocked-looking yellow monster in a lab coat trailing behind him. Sans knelt, ignoring your flush of embarrassment at being naked in front of him, his hands hovering anxiously above your freshly bleeding, vividly bruised leg. He was clearly torn between a desire to help and fear of hurting you even further with any action he might take.

You winced, trying to get your bearings. “Kinda a long story,” you began hesitantly, unsure if he would believe a word of it, even if you could figure out a way to explain yourself.

“not that,” he grimaced, gesturing at your wounds before focusing back on you. “how did you get into-” he cut off, voice pitched lower as he continued. “how did you get into the void again?”

“I...you *knew* about that?” Now it was your turn to look shocked, your face pale as you began to wonder just how much he knew about what was going on. He winced at your raised voice, furtively glancing at the small lizard monster that stood on the other side of the room, clearly trying to avoid eavesdropping on your reunion.

Then your words sunk in, and he flinched a little, avoiding your gaze.

“i uh...had a hunch.”

“You had a hunch,” you echoed flatly, torn between anger that he hadn’t said anything to you, and relief that someone you trusted (as much as you could, anyway) might be able to at least explain to you what the hell was going on.

He lowered his voice even more. “Please, trust me. this isn’t really the

time.” Sans glanced over his shoulder at the yellow lizard, who still seemed too shy to approach.

“i-i know you have questions. i don’t have all of the answers, but i promise i *will* tell you what i can. just not right now. not in front of alphys.”

His pleading expression melted the last of your resistance, and you sighed. “Alright, fine. You can tell that other monster to come over, I’m not gonna hurt her.”

“i know that,” he huffed out in annoyance, a dark expression passing fleetingly over his face before he rolled his eyes at you. You felt a warm glow at his confidence in your character, regardless.

“alphys, can you come take a look at her wounds?”

She walked briskly over the moment he invited her, glancing shyly at your face before focusing back on Sans, who she seemed more comfortable addressing.

“O-of course, Sans. I j-just didn’t w-want to to, um, intrude? S-sorry.” She blushed unnecessarily, seeming to direct the apology to you, though she still didn’t meet your eyes.

“Oh. It’s, um fine? Really. I appreciate anything you can do.” Alphys’ shyness was contagious, and you found yourself equally flustered, neither of you able to look the other in the face while speaking.

“you two are adorkable,” Sans interjected wryly. “normally i’d try to

lighten the mood with some of my incredible jokes, but she's in pretty rough shape, so it’s probably better if ya get her patched up first, alph.”

“O-o-oh right! I d-didn’t realize the human was so b-badly injured!”

At that, Sans’ eyes met yours briefly, a startling, feral, anger in his gaze, before he looked away.

“yeah, sorry about that alph. must've...forgotten how bad it was. what can i say, i'm not the most observant guy." He shrugged a little, smiling in a way that didn't quite reach his eyes.

What? How long had you been gone? On your side it had been days, you knew that, but had it really been so much less for Sans and Alphys?

"need me to carry her to the table, or are we gonna do this here?” The casual grin was back, but his posture was tense, and you could hear the concern in his voice.

“T-this should be fine. I’d r-rather not move her until I get a better look at her, um, a-ankle. B-but, uh...” the scientist trailed off, her face flushing bright pink as she stuttered into silence.

“what?” Sans looked at her blankly.

It took several moments before Alphys could compose herself enough to continue. “M-maybe we should put a b-blanket or something on her? She’s u-uh...not…s-she’s...”

“oh, gotcha.” There was a trace of genuine amusement on his face now, as he realized the lizard’s source of discomfort. “first human ya meet, and it’s naked. could’ve sworn you would've seen that before on some of that “anime” stuff you watch, though.”

If Alphys could have sunk into the floor and disappeared at that moment, you were pretty sure she would have. The small bits of her face that were visible behind the shield of her claws were beet red.

“S-sans! Please! T-those are h-historical records. I w-watch them for my research!”

“sure alph, no problem.” Sans said with a wink, clearly fighting the temptation to continue tormenting the humiliated monster. Thankfully, his concern for you won out. He shrugged, and draped his own jacket over your curled up form.

“better?”

Alphys peeked between her claws, and finally uncovered her face.

“T-thanks.”

She did her best to regain her professional demeanor, approaching your injured ankle first.

“Um,” she glanced between your face and the blood-soaked bandages, hesitating.

“I-I’m not sure how sensitive h-humans are to p-p-pain, but I’ll um, t-try to be careful?”

That didn’t sound incredibly reassuring, but it wasn’t like either of you had a choice. The bandages were slowly turning crimson, and you had no idea what the wound beneath would look like. At least she wasn’t trying to push a sedative on you, like Gaster would have been.

As she carefully began picking at the bandages to unwrap them, you felt Sans slip his hand into yours, squeezing it reassuringly. He shrugged when you glanced up at him questioningly, light blue dusting his face. Was that his version of...blushing? It was kind of adorable. Not wanting to make him feel embarrassed, you squeezed back in thanks, then harder as Alphys painfully tugged on the last of the sticky bandage to remove it.

It wasn't as bad as you expected. The new blood seemed to be from your struggles against the restraints back in Gaster's laboratory. You supposed that his darker alter ego had made things worse during that..."demonstration" in the void. You decided not to think about that last part too much.

Your fingers stayed comfortingly twined with Sans' until the little dinosaur finished cleaning and rewrapping the injury. When she looked up from her work and noticed you two holding hands, you both instantly released, trying to act casual, failing simply because you had reacted to her noticing at all. Sans had sweat slipping down his skull, and you felt yourself flush as she glanced from his face to yours, the tiniest of smiles on her lips.

After everything you’d been through, the ridiculousness of the situation made your lips twitch upward, despite your exhaustion and pain. Red Sans had raped and abused you without ever knowing your name. The warped, twisted version of Gaster that existed somewhere between worlds had purposefully left you with new injuries every time he fucked you.

And yet, despite everything, getting caught holding hands with *this* Sans, the closest monster you had to a friend in the Underground, made you blush like a schoolgirl? Not at all rational, you realized, trying hard not to start outright laughing when you caught Sans glancing down at you, perplexed by your amusement.

The thought of him finding out about the uglier parts of your adventures sobered you abruptly, the grin fading as you sighed, and let your eyes drift closed. It was nice to be back. You had no doubt it really was the safest place you could be, outside of returning to the surface. You knew it wouldn't last, and yet...you really wished it would.

***

Gaster sat alone in his study, door locked. It was unlikely that anyone would dare approach him right now, but the act of turning the key ensured that the one monster who might consider interrupting his solitude, wouldn't.

Sans had been avoiding him since that night, anyway. He knew the shorter skeleton was still nursing resentment against him for reprimanding his subordinate in front of the human.

The human.

He sighed deeply, resting his elbows against the desk as he cradled his skull in his hands, staring at nothing.

He didn't give a damn how irrational it was; he blamed himself for causing your disappearance that night. And to be perfectly honest, it might not even be an irrational way to think. After all, you had vanished only after he'd injected you with their one vial of determination, knowing, and not caring how much it would make you suffer.

What kind of monster am I becoming? he wondered silently, releasing his head to stare down at the holes in the palms of his hands. He closed his eyes in exhaustion, slumping.

Blindly, he groped for the bottle of liquor he'd been haphazardly drinking from that night, taking a long swallow before setting it down with more force than strictly necessary.

He just wished that he knew whether you were alright. Last time, you'd come back with new injuries, and now that he was no longer willfully misleading himself, he knew what had been bothering him about those wounds. The dark bruises on your throat and the corner of your mouth, the raking scratches on your breast and shoulders. The finger-shaped marks on your hips and thighs. He was a very intelligent person, quite possibly more intelligent than any other monster alive. He just hadn't *wanted* to think about what those injuries looked like. What they were undoubtedly from. He shook slightly, burying his face in his arms as he leaned into the desk.

Your vulnerability was an irresistible beacon in the Underground. It had attracted him to you first, drawing out the underlying cruelty he fought against every time he found himself immersed in research and experimentation. It had excited the predatory sex drive in a monster like Sans, and if the doctor was honest with himself, he wasn't as far removed from that feeling as he pretended to be.

And yet, even Sans hadn't dared harm you too badly while Gaster had a claim on you as his test subject. Wherever you had gone, whoever had found you...it had been so much worse than anything Sans had

done.

And this time, Gaster had been the one to push you there. In the extremity of your pain, returning to whatever had harmed- no, whatever had *violently raped* you, had seemed a better option to you than remaining in his lab. You had felt safer with that unknown assailant than you did with him, and that realization wounded him more deeply than he was prepared for.

It brought into painful relief the fact that he had done precious little to earn your trust, and that what little trust he *had* gained had been destroyed completely the moment he'd stopped willfully suppressing the part of himself that cared more about results than common decency.

He drank again from the bottle, seeking to quell the turmoil of emotion within him. Why did he even bother trying to be good? It was clear from this recent turn of events that he was no better than Sans, driven by reasons more complex, but hardly more noble. Sans sought to satisfy his lust, Gaster sought to satisfy his own curiosity. He could try to use Asgore as an excuse, try to delude himself into thinking that he'd done it in pursuit of his research to breach the barrier, but it didn't change what he had done, or the real reason he'd done it.

With motivations stripped away, the royal scientist suspected he had wounded you far more deeply than his assistant had, with no good way to justify the damage he'd done. Asgore's letter be damned.

He just wanted you back. He didn't understand how he had become so attached, but something in you roused feelings of protectiveness the doctor had never felt before. That first night he'd found you, you'd been so trusting. He remembered the wobbly smile you'd given him when you awoke from sedation, the way you'd tried your hardest to hold still while he dressed your wounds, despite how much he knew you were hurting.

He remembered the first time he'd realized that your fractured soul still held faint glimmers of color. The flickers of desire you had for hope, love, and acceptance. Desires that weren't so far in his past that he didn't remember feeling them himself.

His intelligence and drive to succeed at any cost had isolated him at a young age, his calculating mind dismissing the attempts other monsters made to befriend him. It was a waste of time to pursue such things when they only distracted from his work. By the time he'd become aware of any desire he had for closeness, his peers had already learned to stay away. He'd shrugged and let it be, ignoring the small twinge of rejection, locking it away with the other useless things in his heart.

Hope had been another thing entirely. After the Great War, after the barrier had been erected, he'd clung to hope just as fiercely as any monster. Hope that their species would survive. Hope that their descendants would be free. Hope that someday they would see the stars again. Even now, after the decades of bitterness and failure had taken their toll, he still hoped that the key to success lay within his reach. He'd hoped that maybe you had been that key.

Perhaps you were. He cared less about that now than he once had. Either way, his hope that you would survive this time, that you were even alive now, was rapidly beginning to fade.

Chapter End Notes

and in a dream I'm a different me
with a perfect you
we fit perfectly
and for once in my life I feel complete
and I still want to ruin it

Light in the Darkness - Undertale

Chapter Summary

You and Sans finally talk.

Chapter Notes

Aww. 20 chapters, over 35k words, 3,000 views, 29 bookmarks, 185 comments, and 187 kudos. I'm so proud of this little fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Later that day, you lay in Sans' bed, a veritable mountain of musty blankets piled on top of you...again. The skeleton brothers were...interesting caretakers, to say the least. After Alphys had graciously lent you a cute polka-dot dress that was really a little too short on you to be considered modest, Sans had wordlessly handed you his hoodie, his eyes averted until you tied it around your waist.

Then when you'd arrived back at the house (carried by him), he'd put you in his bed, ignoring your repeated protests that you felt well enough to stay up and watch...whatever it was that Papyrus was watching on TV. It looked like a cooking show?

Papyrus had decided to comfort you by offering to let you watch him cook spaghetti, but Sans refused to either let you out of bed, or let Papyrus cook in his bedroom (which was reasonable, you were pretty sure that Sans' room could be considered a health hazard, especially if food was involved).

Finally, after much arguing and a lot of unnecessary cooking puns that left both you and Papyrus groaning, the taller skeleton had agreed to simply make the spaghetti in the kitchen, and allow Sans to bring it to you when it was ready. You were a tiny bit nervous about what the resulting meal would taste like when Papyrus asked you whether you preferred the pasta with or without glitter (?!) but it had ended up

being surprisingly edible, despite the strange combination of both uncooked and soggy noodles in the concoction.

More importantly, Sans had mentioned that “monster food” was different than what humans ate. You hadn’t really thought about it, but since falling, you’d never had an appetite, nor had you eaten anything. Apparently, while food was still a comfort and a hobby to many, its real use in this world was in its healing properties.

After forcing yourself to finish the entire bowl of pasta, many of your bruises and shallower cuts had healed, and the swelling in your leg was significantly diminished. You were relieved, in large part because Sans had been silently eyeing the marks on your throat since you had appeared, and now they were almost entirely gone.

Despite his earlier comment about not being very perceptive, you knew the opposite to be true, and you knew that Sans had had some ideas about what kinds of things led to a human female having hand-shaped bruises around her throat, as well as a large bite mark on her shoulder. And that wasn’t even taking into consideration the marks in other places that he had undoubtedly seen as well.

Papyrus luckily seemed more or less oblivious to the reasons behind your injuries, and you got the sense that both you and Sans wanted to keep it that way. Despite how much he clearly enjoyed teasing his younger brother, Sans was surprisingly protective of him. He was also very protective of Frisk, and beginning to broaden that protectiveness to include you. Okay, if you were being honest he had already fully extended his informal guardianship over you, whether you wanted it or not. That much was obvious.

You suspected that his typically casual attitude was a front, disguising his tendency for emotions that ran strong, as well as a certain amount of pain and vulnerability that you recognized all too well. As he’d said once before, “it takes one to know one.”

You both had a good sense for when the conversation brushed too near the other's old scars, and tended to keep things light. But he'd promised you answers, and you knew from the look in his eyes that he had questions as well. You weren't looking forward to answering what you suspected some of them would be, and hoped he wouldn't push too hard.

***

After eating the monster food and spending most of the day in bed, Sans consented to letting you get up and join him on the couch, although he still insisted on carrying you everywhere. Papyrus had since gone to bed, having announced that he needed to wake up early to recalibrate his puzzles with Frisk.

Now you were sitting in silence, waiting for Sans to come back from wherever he'd gone in his head as he leaned back with his eyes closed. He had remained that way for so long that he almost seemed to be sleeping.

You fiddled impatiently with the string of the gym shorts he had given you to wear, picking at the sleeves of the oversized shirt he'd also lent you. At least the clothes were clean.

Wait... *was* he asleep?!

Unobtrusively, you scooted closer, peering down at his face. His chest was slowly rising and falling, which didn't make sense for a skeleton, but wasn't exactly the first strange thing you'd encountered. He wasn't snoring, but he wasn't moving either.

When you were just a few inches away, his eyes suddenly opened, startling you so badly that you would have fallen off the couch, if not for his surprisingly quick reflexes as he grabbed your wrist to stabilize you.

“heh, little soon to be *falling* for me, isn’t it, human?”

He smirked as you frowned at him.

“Seriously, I could get...teleported to that other place again at any moment, and you’re over there taking a nap?” You tried, but failed to keep the irritation out of your voice.

“wasn’t sleeping,” he said seriously, raising a brow at you, “this ain’t exactly an easy conversation to start, kiddo.”

You sighed, flopping dramatically back into your seat.

“Well, it’s not going to get started at all, this way. Can you at least tell me what’s going on? Why do I keep waking up in different places?”

Now it was his turn to sigh. He leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees as he stared forward.

“yeah...about that. could we maybe start with you telling me *where* exactly you went last time? besides...you know where?”

What? Oh, the void.

Seriously? How were you supposed to know that? Gah, this was frustrating. You tried to reign in your impatience, reminding yourself that Sans wasn't a mind reader, and you had to *try* to help him understand if you wanted his help.

"Okay, so… I'm just gonna start at the beginning. Because I don't really know how else to explain this," you began tentatively, glancing at him for approval. At his slight nod, you continued.

"So uh. I was...having a bad day, and I needed to get out of the house," you began lamely, ignoring the way he raised his brow bones at you.

"I...drove to Mount Ebott, because it's kind of a nice place to just get away for a bit, you know? Oh, sorry."

Whelp, that was absolutely tactless of you. Your face burned in embarrassment. You knew that monsterkind had been trapped under the mountain for centuries now, and here you were rambling on about what a nice picnic location it was. Awkward.

Sans made a sound that might have been a muffled laugh.

"don't worry about it, kid. go on."

"Uh, okay. Sorry. Anyway, I was...upset and didn't watch where I was going, and I fell. That's when my leg broke, the first time."

Oh, shit. Now he was *definitely* giving you a look.

“the *first* time?”

You stuttered, losing your composure.

“L-look, shit happens down here, right? It’s not exactly the safest place for humans, you said so yourself.”

He grumbled at your deflection, but let it slide. For now. From the look he was giving you, the reprieve was definitely temporary. He was going to ask about it later, that much was clear. Okay, mental note to censor this *a lot* more than you had originally intended.

“Anyway, it was a bad fall. I passed out afterward.” *Don’t mention hallucinating a talking flower, he’ll just get more pissed.*

“When I woke up, I was with Doctor Gaster.”

At this, he shot up, tension radiating through his body.

“that’s not possible.”

You glared, despite yourself. He was really making this difficult.

“Look, do you want me to tell you what happened or not?”

He said nothing, face expressionless. You wondered if he'd even heard you, and decided to keep going anyway.

"So he uh, fixed me up. And by the way, your alter ego is a dick," you growled, trying to distract him from your previous comment. It worked, but not in the way you'd hoped.

"you really were in a different timeline, then," he said blankly, shaking his head slowly in disbelief.

"I was...what?"

He laughed, but there was no humor in it.

"hate to say it, but now's probably not the time to get into quantum physics or time travel," he began slowly.

"suffice to say that before the uh...accident, gaster n' me had been monitoring an anomaly. i dunno how it works on the surface, but down here there are enough alternate timelines to drive the sanest person to drink. this is just one of 'em."

"Well shit, which one is the real one?" you blurted out in frustration. There were more than two? You were so fucked.

This time there was a little more feeling in the dry chuckle that ensued.

"doesn't quite work that way. every version of this universe is just as

real as the others. some of ‘em are older, some are more stable than others, but they’re all real. unfortunately.”

When you frowned, he continued.

“look, you’re a good example of how this works. i *know* you weren’t in such bad shape when i left ya to go get alph back at the lab earlier.”

He practically growled the last part. Ouch, busted. You winced, refusing to meet his eyes.

“the injuries you got...wherever...were still on you when you came back here,” he finished, daring you to disagree. You didn’t.

“what happened to you in that other place was real. as real as me and paps are, right here.”

There was a moment of silence as you struggled to take in all of the new information you'd been given. Sans just watched you, patiently waiting until you were on the same page.

“What about...in the void?” You hesitated, but you had to know. There was no way a place like that could be real, right? The injuries you’d gotten were evidence it was, but you were still having a hard time believing it. And your memories of being there were vague, surreal. Like trying to remember a dream.

Sans looked concerned now. Really, really concerned.

“there’s...nothing there. kinda why it’s got the name, you know? i mean, it’s real, but it’s not the same thing as a timeline.”

You were silent, still struggling to remember everything that had happened there. Sans was wrong, that much was certain. The void wasn’t empty.

[Do not speak to him about me.]

You jolted, hands gripping fistfuls of couch fabric at your sides.

“uh, hey? what’s up?”

“N-nothing!”

[I will have no choice but to remove you from the timeline again if you disobey. And I must warn you, I am not forgiving of disobedient pets,] the distorted voice growled in your head.

“that was...not remotely convincing,” Sans informed you flatly, folding his arms to stare intimidatingly at you.

“Sans, please.”

The desperate expression on your face made him pause, finally.

“It’s n-nothing. I just...got a really bad headache? I think maybe it’s

too soon for me to be out of bed after all."

Silence. You could feel the void beginning to tug at your soul. Then…

"right, sorry. i forgot how fragile humans can be, heh."

Thank god. You didn't dare glance at his face. His tone sounded forced, but if he was willing to pretend for now, that was all you needed.

"let's get you back upstairs."

***

Sans tucked you back under the pile of blankets.

"Don't you need to sleep eventually, too?" You weren't sure how you felt about sharing the bed, and somehow you doubted that Sans would just let you nap on the couch instead. He seemed to feel better about having you in his room, like he felt you were somehow safer there.

"nah, i sleep during my jobs."

He winked, and you giggled despite yourself. But as he turned to go, a shiver of fear made you catch hold of his sleeve.

"wha?"

He blinked down at you, confused at the way you clung to him.

“Nothing.” You blushed. Yeah, definitely nothing.

“It’s just...could you stay for a little bit? Just until I fall asleep?”

You could feel Gaster’s disapproval at your tactics, but he remained silent, observing. You really, really didn’t want to be alone right now, even if you couldn’t avoid seeing him in your dreams again.

“sure, buddy.”

To his credit, Sans didn’t question you, leaving only to return with a chair that he set beside the bed. After settling into it, he silently held out his hand, and you reached out to hold it, gripping tightly. He didn’t comment on that either, simply squeezing reassuringly as he leaned back in the chair.

***

Some time later, after you had fallen asleep, Sans spoke quietly, addressing the darkness around him.

“look pal, i’m not sure how you still exist, or what you want with her, but if you keep going the way you are…”

His eye sockets went dark, grin stretching menacingly wide as he

continued.

“you’re gonna have **a r e a l l y b a d t i m e.**”

Chapter End Notes

megalovania intensifies

Intermission - Underfell

Chapter Summary

As every chapter ends, another begins. Gaster starts work on a new project.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay, and how ridiculously short this "chapter" is.

I've been taking care of my dad who had a pulmonary embolism, and then my house flooded last night, thus the delays. I decided to post this short snippet cliffhanger and then finish up the rest of the chapter and post that tomorrow as a separate thing.

Get ready for a lot of backstory/plot tomorrow and then some lovely smut later, as a reward. <3

Also, there really is a plot that makes sense happening, I swear. It's gonna happen. And also make sense.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Where have you been?”

The doctor’s deep voice was haggard, and he didn’t look up as Sans entered the lab, peering instead through a microscope at something on a slide.

“uh, no offense, but what’s it to you, doc? last i heard, this is the first time you’ve left your office since the human disappeared.”

The scientist shrugged in response, and Sans raised a brow. Why had Gaster asked at all, if he didn’t care about the answer? The head scientist wasn’t prone to making small talk, despite how he seemed to love the sound of his own voice. Whatever.

“so, what're ya workin' on now that the broad's gone?”

Extended silence answered him. When Sans eventually gave up and turned to leave, Gaster stood, finally turning to face his assistant.

Damn, the guy looked like shit. The ever-present shadows beneath his sockets had darkened considerably, his normally smooth face lined with fatigue. The bright pinpricks of light that represented his eyes were dull and unfocused behind his glasses. The scientist’s broad shoulders were uncharacteristically slumped, the lab coat falling in concentrated wrinkles around his lean frame.

Gaster stared blankly down at Sans, a long moment passing before he appeared to remember that the shorter skeleton had asked him a question.

“On a way to get her back.”

Chapter End Notes

Please enjoy this never before seen footage of me writing a new chapter:

http://voidwish.tumblr.com/post/137121726760/same

A Theory - Undertale/Underfell

Chapter Summary

> Gaster continues work on his plan to get you back. Sans reveals new information about what's really going on here.

Chapter Notes

> Longer than average chapter with disgusting amounts of fluff, and probably way too much backstory and plot development, lol. Lots of perspective jumps, so I labeled them in a way that hopefully doesn't disrupt the flow too much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Undertale (You)

You woke up the next morning to find Sans fast asleep in his chair by the bed, precariously tipped back against the wall. You didn't have the heart to wake him. He was clearly exhausted, and looked so peaceful while he rested. The perpetual grin was relaxed, his features smooth from the worry that had clouded his face last night.

Carefully swinging your legs over the edge of the bed, you cautiously tested your weight on the injured ankle. *Wow* , okay. That still hurt. But you thought you could *probably* get away with walking on it if you were really careful. As long as Sans wasn't awake to see you doing it.

You paused by the sleeping skeleton, spontaneously pressing a small kiss to his forehead before draping one of the blankets over him. You smiled a little at how domestic it felt to do that, your heart warmed that he'd cared enough to stay the whole night.

You didn't notice the cold silence in your head as Sans sighed a little

in his sleep. You rubbed the top of his skull affectionately before carefully wobbling out of the room.

Underfell (Sans)

“I want you to force a reset.”

Sans grimaced, a red glow flickering deep in his left eye as he stared at the doctor.

“ya want me to reset the timeline? on purpose?”

Exhausting to say the least. Resets took a mental and physical toll on them both, and that was aside from the sheer tedium of reliving days they’d already gone through, having the same conversations over and over again with monsters that didn’t remember the first time.

“It’s the fastest way to get back the vial of determination we- I used on the human. I’ve already stored the other relevant supplies and samples in the safe room.”

Not that he didn’t enjoy fucking with Chara, but Sans knew what kind of decisions Gaster tended to make when he was emotionally invested in a project. Bad ones.

Normally, the head scientist thrived under pressure. It helped balance out his tendency to make impulsive choices that sometimes resulted in explosions, or small tears in the fabric of reality. But when the doctor let his occasional bouts of guilt and uncertainty eat at him, his work

suffered.

Gaster clearly hadn't slept since your disappearance, and just as clearly wasn't taking care of himself in any other way. The fact that he was *still* working on this was testament only to the older scientist's perverse sentimentality, Sans thought irritably. The doctor was wallowing in guilt over what had happened, even though you'd vanished without either of them present the first time. Gaster's conscience was going to get both him and Sans permanently killed someday.

Still...he could use the stress relief. He enjoyed Chara in different ways than he'd enjoyed you, but it all served the same purpose.

"fine. but i get to do it my way."

Underfell (Gaster)

Gaster didn't give a damn what Sans did to the former royal child to get them to reset. The little demon had proven itself beyond redemption in countless timelines. It was a disgusting aberration as far as he was concerned. If he could have, he would have captured it and drained every last drop of determination from its wretched, soulless body, until it ceased to exist. Attempting to do so had proven to be an exercise in futility, since it only laughed maniacally and reset after figuring out his plan.

That creature… the first human to fall after the barrier had been constructed... It had possessed a soul, once. But even then, Gaster had known there was something wrong with it.

Some humans, like you, internalized pain. You let it crack and fracture the surface of your soul until it either healed, or shattered from the abuse.

Not so with Chara. The child had been hurt before it fell, that much was obvious. But instead of enduring, they had lashed out, turning their pain outward, inflicting it on others. Their soul had never cracked, but something far worse had happened. It became perverted, twisted and ugly to behold. Gaster had never seen anything like it then, nor ever again afterward.

Perhaps it was understandable. They were only a child. But the scars on your heart had likely begun in childhood as well, and yet you showed no sign of becoming like... them.

The royal scientist frowned, a new thought occurring to him. Determination was a malleable sort of magic. Every human possessed it in some amount. It was what gave them the will to live, it was the glue that held their souls together. While every human soul (well, most of them) had a dominant character trait, they all also contained lesser amounts of the other aspects.

Souls dominated by determination were the most unique, and by far the most powerful. It granted them power in the Underground that most monsters could only dream of. The ability to return to life after being killed. The ability to gauge the weakness of the monsters they confronted. The ability to manipulate time itself.

They were also the only souls capable of performing acts of true evil. A determined soul was a purely neutral force, unlike the other types, which were all inherently good, although any soul could be twisted into something evil with enough time and effort. That had been an experiment that still haunted Gaster’s dreams, despite the invaluable insight it had lent to his study of humanity.

When he had injected you with determination, you had become aggressive, although that was likely a side effect that would have faded in time. But he wondered if perhaps he had been far too hasty in using it on you. He had always planned on using it eventually, but that plan may have been flawed from the start.

What if, instead of stabilizing your soul, the determination had asserted itself as your dominant personality trait? Would you become like Chara, a wounded, vicious animal? That seemed the most likely outcome. You had surprised him before, however. Perhaps you were capable of overcoming such a thing.

Either way, time was of the essence. He had to get you back before he could undo whatever damage he'd done.

Undertale (You)

"correct me if i'm wrong, but i seem to recall telling the injured human to stay in bed."

Caught.

"You're wrong?" You kept your voice casual, wincing as you turned from the refrigerator you'd been rummaging through.

"heh, nice try kid."

You rolled your eyes at him. "Don't call me kid."

“alright kiddo,” he smirked, “but the fact *re-names* that you’re not well enough to be up yet.”

“Sans…” you hesitated, but couldn’t sense any of the lingering darkness that had been present last night when Gaster was threatening you. “You know that’s not why I wanted to stop talking, right…?”

The skeleton gave you an indecipherable look, walking over to sling an arm around your waist in support, despite your protest.

“let’s just say that i’m not as much of a *bonehead* as i pretend to be, ki- uh, pal.”

You laughed despite yourself, at both the horrible pun and the fact that he was still teasing you about that nickname. “You do realize I’m taller than you are, right? If anything, I should be the one calling you - hey!”

He interrupted you by bringing his other arm around, sweeping your legs out from under you so that you fell neatly into his arms, returning your scowl with a cheeky grin.

“not taller any more,” he pointed out, ignoring your protests as he gently carried you over to the couch in the living room and set you down.

“there. now you can stay put, and i’ll get whatever it is you wanted from the fridge. you know that there’s only old spaghetti in there, right?”

“I know that *now,* ” you sighed. “I wasn’t hungry anyway, I was just kinda bored.”

“oh?” his brow furrowed. “why didn’t cha just wake me up?”

“Uh.” You blushed furiously, again. This new condition was becoming a problem. There was no way he wasn’t going to notice your reactions around him.

“You just looked really….” *cute,* your brain supplied helpfully, “Peaceful. I didn’t want to disturb your rest.”

From the way his eyebrow raised, you could tell he had noticed the blushing.

“well, i won’t make ya *patella* me the *real* reason, but just know that i’d rather get woken up than risk you injuring yourself again. really.” He added the last part for emphasis, his expression unusually serious.

“I’m really doing a lot better,” you muttered stubbornly, realizing as you spoke that this was not a battle you were going to win.

“it’s cute that ya still think you can change my mind on this,” he said at the same time.

Wha- did he just call you cute?! Your head shot up just in time to catch the faintest blush of blue on his cheeks, before he winked, shrugging it off in a casual way that you deeply envied.

“anyway, about last night…”

Oh. Right.

He sat down beside you, nudging your leg as you stared down at your lap.

“hey, no need to look so grim. i mean, i’m not sure yet how i’m gonna stop him from taking you again, but uh, i’ve got a few ideas? sorry, that’s probably not very reassuring,” He trailed off into a mumble as he noticed you staring at him.

“You...you know? B-but he said…” you stuttered into silence, remembering Gaster’s threat to pull you out of the timeline if you talked to Sans about him.

A dangerous expression crossed Sans’ face, his pupils disappearing entirely for a moment. “look, ___, i don’t know what he’s been telling you, but he’s not above lying to get what he wants, and even he has limitations. if it’s really him…” He paused, pupils returning. “if it’s really him, then i can guess what he’s trying to get. besides you.”

He seemed reluctant to continue, as if the thought alone disturbed him more than he had words for. You knew the feeling. And yet…

He doesn’t know that you enjoyed it, some tiny, ashamed part of yourself reminded you. *Just imagine how disgusted he would be. How much he would hate you. Don’t you hate **yourself** a little too? You let that sick...thing have its way with you, more than once now. You enjoyed it. Sure, you didn’t have a choice, but you enjoyed **that** too, didn’t you? Heh. One sick puppy, right here. You don’t deserve Sans’ help. You don’t even*

deserve to be near him.

“i s a i d s t o p i t.”

“What?!” you jolted out of your thoughts, startled by the terrifying tone in Sans’ voice as he grabbed your shoulders, shaking you once to get your attention.

“whatever you were thinking, just stop.” He was deadly serious, and you were more than a little frightened right now. He sighed, letting go of your shoulders to take one of your hands in his.

“you were hurting yourself. i could see the fractures on your soul getting bigger. you weren’t being threatened by an outside force, the cracks were being forced open from the inside. i won’t let you do that.”

“How could you-”

His expression turned a little sad as he answered the unspoken question.

“part of my magic. it’s...necessary...for one of my jobs. i have the ability to see souls. not just basic stuff, like most monsters can. i can see...uh, pretty much everything. it’s how i knew you were a good person, from the moment i first saw ya. it’s how i knew i could trust you around paps and frisk.”

He flushed blue suddenly, looking a little uncomfortable as he continued.

“it’s uh, how i noticed that ya might like me a little more than you’ve been letting on.”

“Oh my god.” You were going to die. You were dead. He knew. This was the worst, most embarrassing-

“i kinda like you too, by the way, so you can stop freaking out now.”

What? You stared at him speechlessly.

“your soul does this kinda cute, fluttery thing when you’re-”

“That’s not what I’m surprised about, you... you *bonehead!”* you shrieked a little more loudly than necessary, punching him hard in the arm. Ow. That hurt your hand.

Great, now he was just delighted that he’d made you mad enough to accidentally make a pun.

“I- stop laughing at me! No, seriously! Damn it, I’m serious!”

“nice to meet you serious, i’m sans.”

“I AM GOING TO MURDER YOU!”

“okay, but if you do that then we won’t be able to go on our date.”

“Our. What?”

He grinned even wider at your sudden discomfiture, stretching his arms over his head to casually put one around your shoulder, tugging you closer.

“Did you seriously just do that, that is the cheesiest thing ever.” You tried to regain lost footing by teasing his ridiculous methods, but he only smirked, holding you closer until you sighed in defeat.

“you’re even cuter when you’re being feisty. and way too much fun to tease.”

“Okay, so were you being serious about the date or not?” You tried to keep a neutral face as you pulled away, but he read you like a book.

“aww, c’mon. i wouldn’t play ya like that, kiddo. i was being serious, but right now we have a bigger problem.” He sighed, releasing you.

“What’s that?”

“well, i didn’t get to finish what i was saying earlier. about...him. i think i have a good idea of what his endgame might be, although there are still some things you need to fill me in on.”

His gaze raked over the healing bruises, and you flinched. You weren’t sure you *could* tell him about what had happened in the void, if that was what he was asking. It wasn’t just that it was too new, and too

painful to talk about. There were still disturbing gaps in your memory that left you unsure about the specifics.

“i didn’t figure it out until you showed up, although i had a few theories. knowing for sure that gaster is stuck in the void, unable to interact with those of us in real timelines, means that there’s probably one thing in particular he wants right now, more than anything.”

Sans’ grin was strained, a dark expression on his face as he continued.

“if you were a really smart guy, possibly the most intelligent monster that ever lived...ambitious, ruthless even, and one day it all got ripped away from you, leaving you with...eons to do nothing but think, and stew, and plan, what do you think you’d come up with? if it were me, i’d be working on a way to get my old body back.”

Chapter End Notes

What job does Sans need these special abilities for? The work he does at the Judgment Hall would be my guess...

Sadly, it still has not even occurred to Gaster that you might be happier wherever you are now, or that someone might have already undone what he did to you. He's kind of (really) arrogant, so he's assuming that wherever you are, it's worse than being with him and UF!Sans, and that nobody else could possibly undo what he's done.

Damage Control - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Sans wants to try something. Do you trust him?

Chapter Notes

This chapter was getting way too long, so I split it into two parts. This is the first part, second part is WAY LONGER and will likely be posted later tonight or early tomorrow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sans?”

You nudged the dozing skeleton with your foot, prompting a sleepy “hmm?” in response. You had both retired to the couch after a long day, and now he was sitting on one side, while you lay with your legs over his lap, your head propped up on one of the sofa arms.

“Look, my ankle is better. After the new spaghetti that Papyrus made, and that pie that Toriel sent with Frisk, I’m pretty much healed.”

Sans opened his eyes, peering groggily down at your wiggling toes. “huh, lookin’ good, kiddo.” He yawned, stretching his arms as he slumped further down in his seat.

Dinner with Frisk and the brothers had been really nice. It was the first group meal you’d had since you fell, and the laughter and jokes had felt as healing as the food.

You’d learned that Frisk was staying in a place called “The Ruins” with a female monster named Toriel, who was apparently the former queen of the monsters. Why Toriel chose to isolate herself and Frisk

away from all the other monsters remained unclear, but it seemed to suit them just fine. Frisk seemed happy and safe, so you were content.

"just 'cause they're gone doesn't mean i'll forget about the bruises, by the way," Sans muttered in your general direction.

You sighed, propping up on your elbows to look at him. He regarded you seriously, waiting to see what you would say.

"I'm fine."

His pupils rolled up into his skull as he echoed your sigh, folding his arms behind his head. "wrong answer."

"I am," you insisted, ignoring the way he was beginning to scowl at you, "I'm better than I've ever been since I fell. Hell, I'm better than I was *before* I fell."

It was true. It had been a few days since your discussion about Gaster's probable plans, and in that time you'd recovered both physically and emotionally. You had mixed feelings about the fact that in this time, your memories of the void had also grown fainter, to the point where you barely recalled being there at all.

Sans was...a really great guy. He'd been nothing but considerate, making you laugh with his terrible jokes, listening when you wanted to vent, bringing you fast food from a place called "Grillby's" when you started to lose your appetite for 24/7 spaghetti.

Papyrus was literally incapable of grasping why you weren't thrilled to have what he considered to be the "perfect food" for EVERY meal,

but he had accepted that Sans understood more about humans than he did. The fact that Frisk hadn't been too fond of it either helped further convince him that humans simply didn't possess the refined palate that he and Undyne (the one that had taught him to make spaghetti) shared.

More importantly, Sans was starting to help you see your own value. Living with Alex had created some long-lasting impressions in your mind, one of which was that other people really only tolerated you if you had something they wanted.

Simply put, it never even seemed to occur to Sans that you weren't worth spending time with. He appeared to genuinely enjoy being around you, making you laugh, and hearing your thoughts on any random subject. It didn't seem to matter that you didn't really share any hobbies or other common interests. You simply enjoyed each other, and it was enough.

Since your mutual confession, nothing had really happened, although you'd caught him giving you lingering glances when he thought nobody would notice.

When you returned to the present, you saw him staring at you in disapproval. Wrong answer again.

"Sans, I really appreciate that you're concerned about me, but really, *I'm fine.* "

You held up a hand to forestall his argument, swinging your legs down from the couch so that you could sit up properly.

"Honestly, I don't even remember the things that happened while I

was...there." You paused, realizing that you both tended to use euphemisms for anything related to the topic of the void.

"just because your brain can't remember doesn't mean that your soul forgot," he stated darkly, leaning over to tap your chest. "i can still see it. he marked you, the void is clinging to your soul like slime."

The disgust in his voice made you uneasy. That nagging voice in your head reminded you that whatever had happened, you had been at least partially complicit. Some part of you had enjoyed it. What would Sans think?

"shit, sorry. i didn't mean for that to sound so harsh."

Good, he had misunderstood the cause of your distress. Yeah, it was upsetting to hear him talk about your soul like that, but you already knew that it was cracked and ugly. Damaged.

"It's alright." You gave him a wobbly smile, and he reached over to tug you closer.

"there's something i've been wanting to try, but, uh…" he trailed off, and you glanced up to catch him blushing a dusky blue. He cleared his throat, and continued. "it's uh, kind of an intimate thing. and you don't really know me that well yet, and it would require some...trust, on your part."

You smiled, more at ease with this than the previous topic. "I do trust you, Sans." It was true, too. You had known each other for barely any time at all, but you already trusted him. Something about his sincerity, his protectiveness of you, and the obvious love he bore for Frisk and his brother made you feel safe around him.

He blushed more brightly at your comment, which made your mouth quirk up in a mischievous smile. “It’s cute when you blush,” you teased, taking a little revenge for that night when he’d been setting you off balance by making similar remarks.

That earned you a hard squeeze against his ribs, which set off your blushing as well. God, that was embarrassing.

“W-what was the thing you wanted to try?” You stuttered, hoping to distract him.

He sobered at that, the amusement fading as he regarded you solemnly.

“it’s something i’m hoping will give us a little bit of an edge next time the void comes calling. soul magic. i’ve uh, only ever used it with papyrus before.”

“Er…” you tried to come up with a tactful way to phrase your next question. “You uh, made it sound like...well, you literally used the word “intimate” a minute ago?”

He stared at you blankly before your implied meaning sank in. “oh. oh god no. i mean, it *is* an intimate thing, but uh. the type and level of intimacy changes depending on who you uh. do it with.”

Now you were both furiously blushing, each avoiding eye contact with the other. After a bit, he took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, chuckling a little.

“man, we can barely even talk about this stuff. it’s definitely too soon, but i don’t really have a choice, ya know? i want to keep you safe.”

His pleading tone nearly broke your heart.

“I understand,” you responded quietly, leaning against him. “Sans, I’m okay with it. If you think this will help, then let’s do it.”

Your response only seemed to magnify his distress, for some reason. He was silent for a long moment before speaking.

“god, i feel like i’m taking advantage. this is supposed to be...well, special. it’s supposed to be when we’re both ready, not because some manipulative bastard forced us into it.”

“Sans.”

“hmm?” He blinked down at you, startled out of his rant by the unusually decisive tone in your voice.

“You’re not taking advantage. I get that this soul magic is kind of a big deal, like...sex,” you grimaced, “is a big deal for humans? I like you, probably more than I should, all things considered. But I do. I want to do this, even though we’re not ready, even though it’s rushed.”

That prompted a surprisingly tender smile from Sans. He reached out and touched your face gently. “i promise i’ll be careful, and i’ll do whatever i can to make it a good experience for you.”

You smiled tentatively back, leaning into his touch. “I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes I am going to go into how it was different when Sans used soul magic on Papyrus, and more importantly, WHY he had to use it with Paps to begin with. It's a sad little subplot in the back of my mind. Just know that when Sans uses soul magic with you, it's very similar to a sexual experience, and that's gonna be next chapter. ;D

Touched - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Send your dreams
Where nobody hides
Give your tears
To the tide

Limitless undying love, which
Shines around me like a million suns,
It calls me on and on across the universe

Chapter Notes

Thanks to a friend that gave me the music that helped me pull through and finish writing this chapter. He knows who he is.

https://youtu.be/lAwYodrBr2Q

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“well...uh. i guess we’ll go up to my bedroom for this?” Sans shot you an apologetic look, clearly reluctant to ruin the moment.

“Oh. You meant now? Tonight? Now?” You were in a mild state of shock. You had not been prepared for that.

“uh. yeah, sorry. i mean. it’s been a few days, it’s longer than the last time you were here. i just don’t know how much time we’ll have to work with before it happens again.”

“Uh. I mean, that does make sense,” you reasoned out slowly, suddenly feeling much more apprehensive about this endeavor than you had a few minutes ago.

“you’re making me nervous now, kid. did ya change your mind already?” He laughed, but it sounded so forced that it made you both wince, and he stopped immediately.

“No, I’m... I mean... it’s fine. Let’s do it.” You tried to force your lips into a smile, but you were pretty sure it was more of an awkward grimace.

Sans sighed, shaking his head slowly at some thought he chose not to voice out loud. “alright, c’mon.” He took hold of your hand, carefully tugging you to your feet. You noticed that he was still watching to see how you handled walking on your own, and felt a small measure of your anxiety ease. It was going to be okay. He clearly cared about you.

You managed to make it up to the bedroom without any mishaps, hurrying guiltily past Papyrus’s open bedroom door. The younger brother was very deeply asleep, but it still felt like you were doing something you shouldn’t be, around him.

You seated yourself on the edge of the bed as Sans closed and locked the bedroom door, checking it twice to ensure there were no interruptions. Your hands nervously tangled themselves in the oversized t-shirt you wore, twisting the fabric anxiously as you waited.

“hey, it’s gonna be okay. look at me.” Sans’ deep baritone was pitched to a soothing murmur as he walked up to you, taking your hands in his larger ones.

Obediently you glanced up, a little reassured by the calm expression on his face. His left eye began glowing faintly blue as he held your gaze, rubbing his thumbs over the tops of your hands idly.

“i’m gonna take care of you, alright? just let me do this for you, babe.”

You felt a growing warmth in your chest at the new nickname. Sans was being so kind, and it sang to something deep inside you that had always yearned for such kindness, but never found it. Until now.

“Okay,” you responded, smiling up at him with all the courage you had.

“atta girl. you’re so beautiful,” he added almost as an afterthought. You couldn’t tell whether he was blushing in the shadowed room, but you were willing to bet he was. It seemed to be a perpetual crisis whenever you two were near each other.

“i’m ah, going to temporarily remove your soul from your body. it won’t hurt, but it’ll be...vulnerable in that state, more than it usually is. you’ll probably feel disoriented, but i’ll need you to try and stay calm.”

Wait, that sounded...not good. “Remove my soul from my body? I thought that it was too fragile for this. Won’t that hurt me?”

“not to brag, but like i said earlier, soulwork is kinda what i do. it’s true that it would shatter if any other monster tried this. you’re not strong enough for a confrontation yet. it’s not gonna be easy, but i wouldn’t have suggested this if i thought it wouldn’t work.”

You chewed at your lip. He sounded sure of himself, but you were still feeling nervous.

“close your eyes,” he said gently, and you did. You felt his skeletal phalanges trailing over your face, lingering on your lips until he moved down your throat, delicately tracing your collarbone. Then lower, lightly caressing your breasts through the fabric of the shirt.

“i’m gonna take this off now. trust me.”

You hummed affirmation, and felt him lift and tug until the shirt slipped easily from your much smaller frame. You weren’t wearing anything other than a spare pair of his gym shorts, drawstrings tied tight to keep them on your hips. He didn’t remove the shorts, placing his hands on your shoulders instead.

You noticed that he was keeping in persistent contact with your skin, as if you were an animal that might startle and flee if the fragile trust he’d forged was broken, even by loss of his touch, even for a moment. The observation was fleeting. You were too distracted by the soothing way he petted you.

The warmth in your chest grew, expanding and intensifying. Even through your closed eyes, you could see the light in the room growing stronger. You felt a strange tugging sensation against your ribs. It wasn’t painful, but it unnerved you. It felt like something was being pulled out through your skin.

“alright babe, go ahead and open your eyes.”

You were hesitant, but followed his directions.

When you saw your soul hovering a short distance above your chest, your instinctive reaction was panic. It was like seeing the bone poking through a deep wound in your flesh. This was something your mind had never been prepared to see.

Your soul reacted to your fear, flashing from gray to sickly yellow in an instant.

“hey, i need you to stay calm,” Sans interjected, one hand extended above your chest. His voice was unperturbed, but you could see beads of sweat appearing on his skull with the effort he was expending. Cyan-hued light flowed from his fingertips, surrounding and supporting the quivering heart above your breasts.

You felt the tension ease a little, your soul fading to a saffron-tinted neutral shade, closer to your usual colorless state.

“remember what i said. i’m not gonna hurt you.” His murmured reassuringly, extending his other hand to join the first above your chest.

Tendrils of pale blue magic flowed from his hands into the fractured little soul, further stabilizing it.

“this next part might feel a little intense,” he said, glancing down to meet your eyes. His right socket was completely black, the left contained a burning orb the same aqua hue as the magic he’d been transferring to you.

His hands were drifting lower and lower, drawing ever nearer to the glowing heart that represented your entire self. You trembled and closed your eyes, unable to help yourself. You felt beyond exposed, every part of yourself open and vulnerable to him. You were beginning to understand what he’d meant when he’d stressed the need for you to trust him.

But you do trust him, you reminded yourself firmly, forcing yourself to watch just as he came into contact with your soul.

You were so startled by the glittering dazzle of colors, you didn't immediately register the wave of pleasure that was sweeping through your body. An odd blend of tension and bliss overcame you, wringing a startled gasp from your lips.

Love. It was love, and desire, and fierce protectiveness. Desire not only for your body, but for your heart, for your soul. Desire to be the one that claimed ownership of all three. The intensity of Sans' feelings toward you was overwhelming, almost as much as the realization these *were* his emotions. This was how he felt. Somehow, through his touch, it was as if you had stepped beyond yourself, and were regarding yourself through his eyes. It was surreal.

"nnn..ah- this," Sans gasped for air, "this is the first part. w-when you touch somebody else's soul, your intentions determine the outcome. s'why i needed you to trust me. if...if i didn't have good intentions, it'd hurt. but you know now…" he trailed off with a shudder.

You did know now. You knew better than ever why he would never hurt you. Why he couldn't, even if he wanted to. He...loved you. It was new love, tender and uncertain, but it was love, all the same.

"Sans…" your eyes fluttered closed again. You let yourself ride the wave of sensation, prickling your skin, tugging teasingly between your legs.

"heh. you don't wanna miss out on the lightshow, do ya kiddo? i've never seen anything like it."

Oh. You glanced up, watching in wonder at the slow kaleidoscope of

pastels that flickered over San's face, casting paler reflections on the walls around you. You hadn't known your soul was capable of such a thing. It was...really beautiful. The pale rainbow danced like flames around you, like an aurora, and it was the most beautiful thing you'd ever seen.

Tears pricked your eyes. God, if you had realized this. If you had seen this in yourself before, would you have let people like Alex treat you the way that he had? Would you have let them hurt you and tell you how worthless you were?

"never doubt your worth again, sweetheart." Sans was looking at you with indescribable tenderness.

"I...I didn't know," you whispered, unconsciously turning back to study the softly glowing heart before you. Every fracture, every imperfection only reflected the colors more brightly back to you.

"sometimes we have to see ourselves through someone else's eyes to understand. i hope...i hope i get the chance to help you see yourself this way again. the way you truly are." His voice was soft, filled with the warmth that you could feel flowing from his hands. "you ready to keep going?"

Mutely, you nodded. Could it get any better than this? All of your fear, all the anxiety had melted away into indescribable peace. It was like nothing had ever been wrong, or would ever be wrong again. You were safe, you were wanted, you were loved.

A faint luminescence began to pulse in his chest, under his shirt. Slowly, a white-blue light emerged. It was similar in shape to your soul, but inverted.

Then you saw the fractures.

“Sans-”

“shh, i know. i uh, think it’s part of what drew me to you. damaged souls long for healing, for...completion. something to fill in the emptiness where the cracks are. but i think more than anything, we yearn for understanding.”

The tears that had blurred your vision began to flow in earnest now. Sans had experienced the same pain that you’d lived through? You weren’t sure you could bear knowing that someone you cared about so deeply had been through that.

“it’s okay. getting hurt is part of living, and not everything can be fixed, ya know? i like to think that the...damage...helps us to keep the ones we love safe from the things that hurt us. sometimes it helps remind me of why i keep trying, when life seems meaningless.”

“I’m so sorry.” You couldn’t think of anything else to say, and even that felt inadequate, but he seemed to understand.

“i know. i am too, sweetheart. but it doesn’t mean that people like us can’t find happiness.”

Sans’ upside-down heart began to shine brightly, shimmering like sunlight against a frozen lake. You realized that your souls were slowly drawing nearer each other, leaving their vessels behind to radiantly coalesce.

Pleasure burst through your body, mirrored in Sans’ face as he leaned

over you, pressing his face against your throat to leave sweet kisses on your skin, huffing warm breath against your ear. His skeletal hands tangled in your hair, turning your face so that your lips could meet.

Before the question of how he had lips could fully form, you'd shoved it aside, not caring, as he slipped a luminous blue tongue into your mouth. You tangled playfully, fighting for dominance of the kiss, gasping for breath when you parted.

"you're so soft," he moaned against you, grasping one breast and toying gently with the nipple. "so warm."

You arched your back, pressing into his touch, willing him not to stop. Distractedly, you noticed that your souls were nearly touching, the cyan light from his beginning to seep into the deepest cracks that marred yours.

"What's h-happening?" you gasped, as he bent his head to lave his tongue over your other breast.

"hmnn? oh. i'm using my magic to reinforce the damaged parts of your soul."

"W-won't that hurt...ahhh...won't it?" You panted, unable to finish the question you were trying to form.

"nah," he grinned up at you a little wickedly, clearly pleased by the way you responded to him. "actually the opposite. healing another soul like this makes mine a little stronger too."

Your arousal was reaching near intolerable levels, spurred on by the

waves of pleasure and bliss that radiated from the two souls, and the expert way that Sans played with your body. He slid his hands down your sides, glancing up at you questioningly.

“Yes, do it!” you begged, desperate for some form of physical stimulation where all that delicious tension had been building. Grinning, he tugged loose the drawstring of the shorts, sliding them down your hips and onto the floor. He was lying on top of you now. You hadn’t noticed when that had happened.

Of their own accord, your legs wrapped around his lower torso, pressing him down to your naked body. His clothed erection lay against the juncture of your thighs, as he reached down with one hand to tentatively stroke at your soaking folds.

“this is okay?” he asked breathlessly, and you almost laughed at the expression he wore, which suggested he was very much hoping it was okay.

“Mmm, yes. I...want you,” you murmured, a little surprised when you realized how true it was. It wasn’t just physical. You wanted him, all of him. You wanted his kindness, his love, his protection. You wanted this physical intimacy with him, right now, more than you had ever wanted anyone.

He slipped a finger inside you, and you hummed in pleasure, pressing up against him and peppering his face with kisses. He laughed a little at your display of affection, but it was a happy sort of laugh, like he was amazed that you could want him this much.

“this is for you,” he informed you gently, slipping a second finger in and curling them to hit your g-spot, dragging his thumb across your clit. “i want you to have a really good time. if you’re okay with it...we can go further than this. if that’s what you want.”

“Is...is that what you want?” It felt a little silly asking, since you could feel his arousal pressed up against your leg, but he wasn’t the only one having trouble believing how desirable he was. Did he really want you as badly as you wanted him right now? Was that even possible?

“yeah. oh yeah, babe,” he growled, pushing his erection against you for emphasis. “i just don’t wanna...pressure you into anything. i was more prepared for this than you were.”

His soul pulsed against yours, and your combined arousal washed over you both, sending you spiraling into mindless desire.

“Do it. Please.” You couldn’t wait any longer, you were at the brink, and you didn’t want to orgasm without having him inside you.

He said nothing, fumbling at his shorts to release his straining cock, rubbing it against your slickness to coat himself. Then he was pressing at your entrance with a girth that might have been painful if not for your terrible arousal. Your body accepted him eagerly, each inch sliding slowly in, pressing hard against your walls.

“god. so tight,” he moaned, searching for your mouth and sliding his tongue back inside. The sensation of his pelvis pressing against yours when he fully hilted hit you hard, and you cried out when it pushed you over the edge, clamping down on him as your climax rushed through you.

“S-sorry,” you gasped, embarrassed that you hadn’t even been able to hold back for him to start thrusting.

“mmm, nothing to apologize for,” you assured you, pulling out a little

to begin gently rocking his hips against yours. “let’s try for round two, yeah?”

“Sounds good,” you smiled up at him.

Later

You lay together in his bed, back spooned against Sans’ chest, his arms wrapped protectively around you, face nuzzled into your neck.

“Sans?”

“hmm?” He sounded exhausted, which he had every right to be after...that. You were both wrung limp from the intensity of your lovemaking, which had seemed to last for hours. You’d lost track of where he began and you ended, tangled in each other’s souls and bodies.

After you’d climaxed together and lay still for a while, he had separated your souls, showing you how faint lines of shimmering blue had begun to fill the deepest cracks in yours. To your surprise, there were traces of new magic left on his as well.

When you’d asked, he’d told you that being damaged hadn’t kept your soul from trying to heal another wounded heart. Your desire had been so strong that you’d transferred some of your own limited magic to him. Faint, glistening tracks of light were visible where you had unconsciously tried to heal him.

The affection in his eyes as he told you this had filled you with wonder. You hadn’t even realized you were doing anything, you’d just

been upset that someone so good and so kind could be wounded like you were.

You understood what he meant about wanting to keep the people you loved safe. You'd hold onto every mark on your soul if it meant keeping someone like Sans from suffering the same.

"What happens now?"

He'd been idly dragging his fingers through your hair as he waited, and they stilled for a moment as he contemplated your question.

"healing takes time. the important thing is that now i have a link to your soul. anyone that tries to take you out of this timeline will have a fight on their hands. i can't guarantee how well it'll work until we test it out. unfortunately the only way to do that is...you know."

"The next time I get pulled into another timeline," you murmured.

"right."

Sleepiness tugged at you, fuzzing your thoughts and pushing your concerns to a far corner of your mind.

"Hnn. 'Kay. Sleepy now, talk more in morning," you mumbled, earning an affectionate chuckle from Sans. He tugged you closer, pulling the blankets up around you both.

[Why wait?] Gaster's inhuman voice hissed in your head, snapping

you out of your relaxed state.

[It's been long enough, pet. Do you not agree? I'd hate to think that you'd forgotten all the special times we've shared, after spreading your legs for the first sentimental fool that claims to loves you.]

"babe? what is it?" Sans' voice was low and dangerous, releasing you to roll out of the bed, legs set in a fighting stance.

"It's him," you whispered back, beginning to shake as you sensed the void curling around you. "I think he's really angry."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long, guys. A variety of things have been interfering with my writing. Updates will probably be slower, but I'll hopefully still be able to do a couple of chapters a week.

Sacrifice - Undertale/Underfell

Chapter Notes

Short-ish chapter to help fill in the gaps before next chapter happens.

Go read this awesome fic, called "Thrown Amidst Monsters." It's one of my favorites. Features lots of Sans/Reader and Gaster/Reader. :3
http://archiveofourown.org/works/5820904?view_full_work=true

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans felt his eye socket flare to life as he observed the darkness tugging at your soul. Trying to take possession. Trying to take you away from him.

He strongly suspected that Gaster was not the cause of these timeline shifts, though he seemed to be taking advantage of them for his own reasons. He would only be able to keep you in the void for a limited amount of time, but judging from the new wounds you'd acquired during your last encounter, it was still more than enough time for him to do serious damage.

And that wasn't even taking into consideration the injuries that spoke of a more intimate kind of assault. Even if you had been able to remember, he doubted you would have told him about the apparent rape you'd been subjected to. Maybe it was better that you didn't have to think about it, but it might have given you an edge in defending yourself. He doubted that you would be able to overcome Gaster in the void; he would be far too powerful there. But anything could be an advantage.

Thrusting his arm out, Sans let his magic begin to build, snaking down his outstretched limb. He placed his hand delicately on your bare

chest, and began pushing back the tentacles that gripped your soul. Instead of letting go, they tightened their hold painfully, digging in with thorn-like protrusions. He saw you gasping in agony, trying to hold back tears. Seeing how brave you were trying to be, despite how terrified you were, filled him with determination.

“shhh babe, i won’t let him take you,” he whispered to you.

[Interesting. Then shall we play a game?]

Sans gasped in shock, almost losing his connection with you in the process. Based on your startled reaction, you had heard it too. That voice, warped and filled with static...it was still the same, despite the effects of the void. Deep, cultured, filled with bored malice. It brought back memories that Sans had never thought he’d have to face again.

[We each have a claim on her soul. Shall we see whose is stronger? That is, of course, assuming she doesn’t shatter under the strain, which is a possibility.]

“shit,” Sans muttered, tightening his hold on you. He doubted that he would be able to fight both Gaster, and whatever force was dragging you between timelines to begin with.

Dark laughter echoed through both your minds. The sick bastard was enjoying this. “don’t pretend like you don’t have a stake in this too,” Sans growled, hoping to distracted the other man long enough to strengthen his grip on you. “i know that you want her for your own warped reasons. if she shattered, she would be useless to you.”

[True…] the voice mused, seeming to consider his words. **[However, she’s of even less use if you are the one that holds her heart. A**

broken toy still has some appeal, depending on how much... *imagination* the owner of it possesses.]

Sans was distracted when you clutched at his shirt, leaning into him. "Don't let him take me Sans. I'd rather die," you whimpered desperately.

[Ah, but my dear, you don't really mean that.] Sans could almost hear the smirk in Gaster's voice as he continued. **[I've seen how you torment yourself for enjoying my attentions. You crave violence, you ache to be dominated. You think that Sans could never love the darkness in you, and you're right. I am the only one who can appreciate all the facets of your being. I am the only one that can pluck every string of your heart, bringing each emotion to the surface.]**

"shut up," Sans growled, tightening his grip on your shoulders as he felt you beginning to draw away.

"He's right," you muttered, almost too quietly for Sans to hear. "I don't remember it all, but I remember that I...enjoyed some of it. I didn't want you to find out." You shuddered and pulled back again, straining against his grip on you.

"___ …." Sans couldn't think of what to say, but he didn't let go. Regardless of how much (or how little) Gaster was saying was true, it didn't change how he felt about you. It hurt that you trusted him so little, you thought he would abandon you the moment he saw something he didn't like.

But now wasn't the time to correct any wrong assumptions you'd developed about Sans' feelings. He had to keep you here, in one piece, if he was ever going to have the chance to tell you how he really felt. You'd had a taste of his emotions when he had touched your soul, but

it was a pale reflection of what he wanted you to know.

He had never believed in “love at first sight,” dismissing it as hyperbole at best. But when he’d found you in the snow, when he’d seen the chips and fractures, the subtle rainbow of color that flowed through it, he had felt a stirring in his chest that couldn’t be described.

Now, beginning to know you, watching as your soul lit up with happiness, flashed with anger, or throbbed with passion...it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He wanted to help you heal. He wanted to care for you, protect you, he wanted to replace all of the old scars with his magic, until they no longer hurt. Until you forgot that you had ever been hurt.

Gaster wouldn’t let go. The tentacles writhed and flailed against the ultramarine ribbons of magic Sans had wrapped around your soul. Neither gave any ground, and beneath it all, your soul was pulsing in pain and fear. It tore at Sans’ heart. He was hurting you by trying to save you. Was it selfish of him to do this?

Then he saw the hairline fractures getting wider, his healing magic sinking into them, absorbed into the gray of your soul. The strain of the battle was too much. Your soul was still too fragile, and their warring magics were destroying it.

[You know what you must do,] the malevolent voice crooned. The semi-transparent tentacles wrapped harder around your soul, crawling over the shimmering ribbons of magic. **[The only way to save her is to let her go. Decide quickly, at this rate she’ll be destroyed within a matter of moments.]**

Sans grimaced in an agony of indecision, a few tears escaping his eye sockets as he held on. The bastard was right. Gaster knew that Sans

could see the damage this was causing to you, and he knew that Sans was too soft-hearted to let you die. He knew that Sans wouldn't be able to bear being an instrument in your destruction.

"i'm so sorry," he whispered, meeting your eyes for what he hoped wouldn't be the last time. At least Gaster could only keep you in the void for a short time. He just had to believe that you would be strong enough to endure it, strong enough to last until you were back in a timeline. At least in the other place, someone had cared enough to bandage your wounds. He would have to trust that if you didn't come back, someone somewhere else was caring for you.

"i'll find you again," he said, the words sounding empty even as he spoke them. How could he possibly traverse into another timeline, or figure out a way to bring you back? But he smiled all the same, reaching out to cradle you in his arms as he released the binding blue light around your soul.

***

"It's okay," you murmured, cuddling against the stocky skeleton even as you felt yourself begin to flicker in and out of reality. It was time.

You weren't sure when you would see him again. He looked so sad, tears sliding down his skull as he held you. You had never seen him cry before. There was one thing you could do, at least. Something that might help him when you were gone.

"Sans…" you leaned your head against his chest. "I love you." You felt his arms tighten, and he silently nuzzled his face into your hair. "Thank you for...everything. I'll come back somehow. I promise."

“I promise,” you repeated, watching as the world around you faded into darkness.

***

It was almost ready. Gaster had managed to develop a prototype machine that combined the technology he’d used to develop the reset-proofed room in the lab with the blood he had collected from you. Its purpose was to find and latch on to your biological signal, drawing you back from wherever you were.

He’d enlisted the help of Alphys, who had a certain talent for engineering. While he usually preferred to work alone, he wasn’t above asking for help from either of his assistants if the need arose. He wanted...he *needed* to get this right. It was of utmost importance that he find you.

He sighed, sinking into the chair at the desk in his study. His mind was hazy from sleeplessness, but every time he tried to rest, all he could see was your face, contorted in agony before you’d vanished right in front of him. Your screams haunted him even while he was awake. It was part of the reason he’d asked for Alphys’ assistance. She was thorough enough to catch any obvious mistakes he might have made during development.

What was he going to do with you once he had gotten you back? That was the real question. He was certain this new invention would work, but he couldn’t predict what kind of condition you’d be in once you were returned to him. For all he knew, you were damaged beyond reclamation, like Chara had been before their death. If that was the case, he’d have no choice but to hook you into the DT Extractor, and drain what he could before you died. You would still have a soul, unlike Chara, but he doubted it would be of any use if you had succumbed.

His hope was that you had overcome the effects of the determination, although that would leave him in an awkward situation. If you'd been overwhelmed by the determination and turned into a violent sociopath, he'd have no choice but to put you down.

If you were still yourself, he would have to find a way to repair his relationship with you. He had already prepared a neutralizing agent from the renewed vial of DT they had recovered after the reset. It would nullify the artificial determination, leaving only what you naturally produced yourself.

The other concern still nagged at him. How did one apologize for getting too carried away in their pursuit of scientific advancement? How could he convince you that he really *wasn't* going to harm you, the next time it became necessary to do further testing? He had already harmed you, and it didn't take a great deal of intelligence to draw the logical conclusion that he was likely to hurt you again, based on that alone.

The chance that you had recovered from that much DT was unlikely, he reasoned. It was more probable that he would have to euthanize you, despite the guilt and pain that still tore at him. He would at least make it as quick and painless as possible. He owed you that much.

Chapter End Notes

> In the end, Gaster couldn't find any cards at the store that said "sorry for experimenting too hard on you" so he made one out of macaroni and glitter instead. He's adjusted surprisingly well to the idea that he's going to have to kill you though, so the card is really just a backup in case he's wrong (which rarely happens).

In Space - The Void (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

In which Gaster fucks with your head.

Chapter Notes

I feel obligated to post some sort of warning here. If you've read this far, you know the story has had its darker moments (i.e. the ankle breaking scene). Is that as bad as it'll get? Nope, it will get worse. It will get darker and more disturbing, it will probably upset some people. This chapter isn't particularly violent, but it explores some unsettling ideas. Don't say I didn't warn ya.

¯_(ツ)_/¯

Music while writing this chapter: https://youtu.be/vwnLp67rrzY

***Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Do you recall what I said about disobedient pets?]

Gaster paced before you, hands clasped behind his back. You were kneeling, arms crossed over your breasts in some small attempt at modesty. Fury radiated from the looming monster, though his expression remained neutral. You wondered if he would kill you.

Then he stopped, turning slowly to face you. A calculating expression flickered across his face, so quickly you almost didn't register it.

[I was worried, my dear. You are such a vulnerable creature, after all. Did you really think that Sans wouldn't find out about our little games, and how much you enjoy them?]

You cringed in shame, avoiding his gaze.

“I don’t enjoy them,” you muttered defiantly, staring up at Gaster as you said it. His face twisted in amusement at your words, grinning menacingly down at you.

[No? I’ve felt the heat rippling through your core. The sounds you make, the way your body writhes under my touch. Do not lie to me.]

Your head spun. Everything he was saying was true, but…

“You broke my ankle,” you said slowly, bits and pieces of the encounter starting to return to you. “You hurt me just to see how my soul reacted to pain.”

Gaster gestured impatiently at your words, glancing scornfully in your direction.

[Pain is necessary. Surely you’ve learned that by now. Pain is a part of life that can never be escaped. And you desire it. Suffering for my pleasure is something you wanted. Something you still yearn for.]

A seed of doubt nestled deep in your heart. There was definitely something wrong with you, you couldn’t deny that. That part of yourself that you never wanted Sans to see...that was what Gaster was talking about. Had you really enjoyed it? Did some part of you still want to be hurt? Why would anyone want that?

[How does a human acquire such curious scars?] Gaster murmured, drawing near and kneeling down, though he still towered over you. **[The exquisite stripes on your arms, your legs, your breasts. You did that yourself. Even before you fell, you needed the pain.]**

He brushed the hair from your face with his long, elegant fingers, leaning close to your ear as he continued.

[I never pretended that I wasn't the villain, little one. The sins I have committed…] His warm breath against your ear. **[The sins I have yet to enact…]** He caressed your throat, following the path of his fingertips with his mouth. Despite yourself, you leaned into his touch.

[I will never reject the darkness in you. I find every part of you beautiful,] he murmured against your clavicle, sliding one hand around your back and up, to grip your hair and pull your head back. The other gripped your arm, pulling it away from your chest and rubbing against the ridges of scar tissue.

He raised his head, eyes glowing a faint purple as he captured your mouth with his own. You felt his hot, slick tongue sliding into you, helpless to resist as he explored your lips and teeth.

Sans….

The doctor pulled back, eyeing you sharply. **[Do not think of him. He could never love you as I do, and he cannot reach you here anyway. This is *my* domain.]**

He straightened, casually summoning a pair of spectral hands to grab

your wrists and pull your arms above your head. You stared at him, lost in a haze of confusion and desire. How did he do this to you? What was wrong with you that you *wanted* him to do it?

[And you are mine as well. Tell me,] he commanded, gripping your chin with one of his true hands, forcing you to meet his gaze. **[Who do you belong to?]**

You paused, trying to look away. He wouldn't let you. When you struggled against the conjured hands, they only painfully tightened around your wrists.

"I won't," you finally cried in frustration, writhing and kicking out at him. "I won't say it. You can't make me."

He stared down at you for a long, silent moment.

[Dangerous words, pet. I was the most accomplished royal scientist in the history of monsterkind. There is very little I cannot do.]

The hands around your wrists dragged you upward until you could just barely balance on the pads of your toes. Your legs strained under the stress of the position, feet aching to touch the ground. You were turned to face away from Gaster, and felt one graceful hand tracing down your spine, following the curve of your buttocks. Then he drew away.

[I do not blame you for your confusion. I have hardly begun to educate you. Know that what follows is not a punishment. Pain will make you malleable. It will make submission easier for you.]

As he finished speaking, you felt the kiss of leather against your skin. He was dragging some sort of whip slowly across your back. It didn't hurt, but then he pulled back, cracking it sharply against your shoulders. Now it hurt.

A line of stinging fire was left in its wake. You whimpered.

[Hush now. I am going to whip you hard, but it will be nothing you cannot bear. Remember, I do this for your benefit.]

He fell silent then, focusing on his work. The lashes overlapped perfectly. Just when you felt that you couldn't stand another blow, he would begin on a new area, pushing you to the brink, then repeating the process on fresh skin. If you cried out in pain, the next blow would be harder, and you learned to muffle yourself, biting down hard on your lower lip.

You heard him beginning to pant softly from the exertion, but he showed no sign of slowing, nor softening the blows. Something warm trickled down your spine, and you wondered if he'd broken the skin. The agony was beginning to fade, transforming into numb torpor.

Finally, you felt deep languor settling in your limbs. The rush of pain was replaced with deep, throbbing warmth, and a strange tranquility you couldn't begin to explain.

Gaster walked around to face you, trailing his hand over the new welts. He looked pleased.

[In spite of your weakness, you have always been such a good little pet,] he murmured, smiling down at you.

He lifted a hand to brush his thumb over your bloodied lower lip, bringing the finger back to his own mouth to taste the crimson stain.

[I think perhaps, you are ready.]

A hand tangled in your hair, pulling your head up to meet his gaze. The intensity with which he met your eyes made you shiver, but you couldn't find the will to turn away.

[Tell me to whom you belong.]

You shuddered, a combination of pleasure and defeat. Your back burned, your legs ached, and your bitten lip stung.

"I belong to you."

[Yes. You do.]

That familiar tugging sensation pulled at your soul, and you watched as it rose out of your chest, like warm taffy passing through the skin. It was sluggish, deep red and purple swirling in the depths. The magic that Sans had left to heal you was gone, absorbed in the earlier battle. No trace of him remained on your soul.

[This will be painful, but it will please me greatly. Do you consent?]

"Yes." You didn't hesitate. Something in you had broken during the beating, leaving you soft, and... *malleable* . Your mind was enveloped

in a welcome haze, your focus narrowed to one objective only. To please the man before you. You didn't question it. Your earlier resistance seemed petty and facile. This was what mattered. It was the only thing that mattered.

[Good girl.] His praise flowed through you like sunlight. You were good. You had pleased him. A small smile tugged at your lips as he glanced affectionately down at you.

One clawed hand reached up to rest a digit against your soul. Unlike Sans, you felt no emotion from Gaster. Just the overwhelming desire to continue being obedient. To make him happy. You were well and truly conquered.

A burning agony pressed against you then, his claw digging into the surface of the cracked heart. Slowly, he began carving some strange symbols into your soul. The trail his finger left crackled and burned like dying coals, fading to deep black within moments.

Somehow, even the pain of him branding you was less than it should be. Your body still blazed with the warmth of the earlier lashing, your endorphins dulling the edge of this new torment to a tolerable ache.

When he was finished, he cupped your face in his hands, leaning down to deliver another smoldering kiss.

[Such an obedient pet should be rewarded.]

You said nothing, gazing up at him with a curiously blank mind. All that you wanted was to please him. Your own needs and desires seemed distant and unimportant.

[You never cease to surprise me. I did not expect to find you so…receptive, this quickly. Submission suits you. It's as if you exist to be bent to my will.]

Tenderly, he gathered you into his arms, the spectral hands releasing your wrists as he picked you up.

[We were made for each other, my dear. Only remain loyal to me, and I will take care of the rest.]

Yes. Life was so complicated. So difficult, so painful and confusing. It would be so much easier to give in, and let someone else make the decisions. Some part of you felt a fleeting sense of loss as you remembered Sans, but even that was so far away. Gaster's hands distracted you, stroking over your welted back, running through your hair, soothing you.

He leaned back, turning you to face him, settling you gracefully into his lap. Your legs fell to either side of him, his erection pressing through his trousers against your wet mound. Tentatively, you brought your arms up to brace against his broad shoulders. You felt his hum of approval deep in his chest.

[Do you desire me, my darling? I want to hear you say it.]

"Y-yes," you whispered timidly, glancing shyly up to meet his face. His captivated expression stunned you. That you could have such an effect on such a powerful being…it intoxicated you. You were his, but he just as surely belonged to you.

He chuckled, tugging you down to meet his lips. His tongue lapped at the bleeding cut you'd inflicted on yourself in your efforts to stay quiet.

[You're not wrong, little one. I find myself…helpless to resist your charms. Oh, how you tempt me.]

He ended in a feral growl, pressing his teeth to your throat to bite down. You mewled as he suckled and licked at your neck, fingers unconsciously flexing against his chest.

"Please," you gasped, surprising yourself. He paused, slowly raising his head to meet your eyes.

[Please, what?]

"Want you…inside me…" You couldn't think of anything else. You were terribly aroused, rubbing yourself against him, driven out of your mind by his attentions.

[Mmm, very well. Take this as your reward.]

His cock was freed, pressed hard against your thigh. Seated as you were, you could finally see what it looked like. It was large, thick and long, a deep purple that bordered on black. He adjusted you in his lap, lifting your hips and pressing you down onto his length.

You moaned as it parted your nether lips, pushing into your tightness slowly and methodically. His fingers dug into your thighs, hard enough to bruise as he seated you fully against him, burying himself within you. He exhaled slowly, large hands holding you still as you whined and squirmed against him, willing him to move.

[Do not forget who is in control here,] he muttered distractedly at you, rolling his hips just enough to press firmly against your cervix.

You panted, forcing yourself to remain still as he gathered your buttocks in his hands. Then he was moving, lifting and dropping you against him, nudging his hips up to meet your pelvis in lazy thrusts. The pace he set was slow and deliberate, sending languid waves of pleasure shivering through you.

When you finally crested, you felt him shudder against you, pressing you into his lap and keeping you there, his hands on your hips. He bit down in earnest at the juncture of your neck and shoulder, muffling his groan of pleasure against your tender skin. His climax filled you, your commingled fluids spilling out against your thighs.

You lay limp against his chest, strong arms cradling you against him as you lay still conjoined. As the sexual haze faded, confusion mingled with shame began to overtake you. What was happening to you?

[It is understandable that you feel afraid. Your transformation is stunning, like watching a butterfly free itself from a cocoon. Remember my earlier words. You need only obey me, and the rest will fall into place.]

You sighed, letting him pick you up and set you on the ground, as he stood and adjusted himself.

[Let go your fear and distress, my dear. There is only one decision you must make. The choice to submit.]

He shrugged, smiling down at you fondly.

[My mark will help you remember. Mortal minds have difficulty recalling what occurs in the void. It's important that you not forget your choices here.]

He was beginning to fade again. You shivered, suddenly fearful and bereft.

[Do not be afraid,] he reminded you, his tone gently chiding.

[I will be watching.]

Chapter End Notes

Voidster is angry. Tells you that you enjoy what he does to you. Brings up your self-harm scars, says that you have always needed pain. Implies that Sans would reject you if he knew about the "darkness" in you, but that Voidster never would. Tells you to say that you belong to him, you refuse. Whips you to make you more "malleable" which sends you into subspace (see other notes) frame of mind. You tell him that you belong to him, and consent to letting him place a brand on your soul. Dub-con sex starts at [We were made for each other, my dear.] He tells you not to be afraid, to submit to him, and he will take care of the rest.

The phenomenon that you experience in this chapter is a variation of what is sometimes called "subspace" in the BDSM scene. It's a sort of state of hypnosis that can occur, and is described from my own experience. I know that the flip in your emotions toward Gaster might seem abrupt and unnatural, but hopefully I explained it in a way that makes sense.

No, this chapter does not AT ALL represent a healthy BDSM relationship. Gaster is a twisted motherfucker, and he is

absolutely taking advantage of your emotional fragility.

No regrets writing this. #yolo

Anywhere - Underfell/Undertale

Chapter Summary

Unnecessary plot development with worse puns than usual!

Chapter Notes

Why did I make Reader a cutter/self-harmer? Well, I did hesitate over it, because I feel like unnecessary details make it harder for you guys to self-insert into the story. But it helps make the dynamic with Void Gaster work a little better. And it's sort of a physical metaphor for the scars on her soul (which we all have, let's be honest).

Writing music this time. The lyrics have nothing to do with anything in this chapter.

https://youtu.be/Kw2Ic_2XdVQ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - Gaster

You made your appearance in a spectacular fashion, materializing suddenly in the middle of the lab, minutes before Gaster had planned to use his new invention. A somewhat irrational part of his mind was irked that you had returned before he could test the efficacy of the device. He silenced it, pausing to evaluate the situation before approaching you.

You were nothing like the raging, pain-filled creature you had become after the injection. You looked exhausted, limp and docile on the floor.

He hesitated, then rushed to you, hovering anxiously over your barely conscious form. Upon noticing the lash marks, he froze, taking a second, closer look at you. Something had happened again. You seemed less badly injured, but you had the same fingerprint bruises on

your hips and thighs, the same bites on your throat. The welts on your back were new.

He blinked. Your ankle was healed.

He remembered himself when you shivered, muttering something too low for him to hear. Grabbing the sheet from the examination table, he draped it over you, wrapping your limp form and carefully picking you up. The syringe of DT neutralizing agent lay forgotten on the table. He had prepared so carefully for your arrival as a potentially lethal sociopath, that he had failed to remember how little he really knew about what was happening when you disappeared. That would have to be remedied at a later time.

Pausing, he finally decided to lay you on the examination table. It was unlikely you would consent to being treated or even examined once you were fully aware. Now was an opportunity that shouldn't be wasted. Carefully, he unwrapped the thin sheet, laying your body bare once more.

You moaned, and he glanced briefly at the restraints, before dismissing them. The last thing he wanted was for you to wake up in a situation similar to the one you'd fled from almost a week ago. A mild sedative, however...yes, that would work nicely. He already had one prepared, but it was a little stronger than strictly necessary. He would give you half the dose.

As he slid the needle into the crook of your arm, he wondered for the first time about the scars. Earlier, he had dismissed them as being irrelevant, old wounds you'd gotten and healed from on the surface. They were strangely similar to the pattern of welts on your back, though. Obviously the welts were unlikely to scar, but the pattern was still there. Straight, deliberate lines against the flesh.

He filed it away as something to investigate at a later time. For now, he needed to treat your... injuries. The word *rape* tugged at the edges of his mind. He frowned, automatically glancing down toward the juncture of your thighs. He almost dropped the syringe when he saw the translucent black smudges on your skin. Blood? No, this was something else…

Cautiously, he bent toward the stains, adjusting his glasses. It was unlike anything he had seen before, but based on how it seeped from between your swollen folds, there was only one thing it could be. He had been right, then. Not only now, but the previous time you had appeared as well. For once, having a theory confirmed gave him no satisfaction.

It would probably be more appropriate to have a female perform this examination, but he felt oddly possessive of you. He didn't want to trust you to some assistant that might overlook an important detail. And there was really no way of ensuring whoever he found wouldn't go gossiping to the rest of the staff that he had another human in the facility. There was Alphys, but she didn't have nearly as much experience as he had in biology, especially human biology.

Shrugging, he slipped on a pair of oversized latex gloves. They barely fit over his elongated fingers, but well enough to be tolerable. He gathered his supplies. An analgesic would be unnecessary, since you had slipped well into unconsciousness shortly after the injection. Your breathing was slow and even; a good sign. Sterile cotton swabs. Antiseptic. A healing salve that he had developed shortly before you had fallen to the Underground. Clean bandages.

Dipping some cotton into the antiseptic, he began by carefully swabbing the bite wounds on your throat. The creature that had done this appeared to have teeth similar to his own, with longer, sharper canines. The skin around the wounds was reddened. Hopefully it wouldn't become infected. He smeared a generous amount of healing salve on them, before gently bandaging your throat.

Should he treat the welts on your back next, or get the most intimate part out of the way? He sighed, moving lower. There was nothing he could do for the dark bruises on your hips and thighs. Those would heal on their own, disturbing as they were to look at. He used some gauze to wipe at the excess fluid between your legs, setting it into a sample container for further analysis. At least pregnancy was unlikely.

There appeared to be no open wounds or lacerations on your vulva, although the dark fluid had caused some redness and swelling. No wounds on your legs or feet. That was good. He gently lifted and turned you, ensuring that your airway was clear before continuing.

For the most part, the injuries on your back were superficial. The skin had been breached twice, but the cuts were not deep. Once the swelling went down, you would likely develop severe bruising.

He carefully dabbed the antiseptic over the entire area. It was well that he had sedated you. From what he understood, the medicine tended to create an unpleasant stinging sensation. He then applied the salve over the wheals. Summoning an extra pair of hands, he used them to lift you into a sitting position, arms raised so that he could bandage your torso. The soft gauze would help protect your healing skin from further irritation.

Finally, he wrapped a new medical gown around your body. Dismissing the summoned hands, he caught your limp body in his arms, holding you carefully against him. You felt so warm and fragile. He was amazed by your apparent resilience to abuse.

Taking long strides, Gaster carried you through the empty hallways, back to your old room. It was advantageous that you had appeared so late at night. It was why he had been preparing to use the new machine he had developed, shortly before you arrived. Better to perform such experiments without an audience present.

He shifted you in his arms, freeing a hand to punch in the code on the new keypad he had installed. While the ability to create extra appendages was useful, it drained him, so he tried to use it only when necessary.

The door unlocked with a faint *click* , cracking enough that he could finish pushing it open with his knee. Carefully, he nudged it shut behind him, the lock automatically engaging once again. He gently placed you on the bed, mindful not to jostle or accidentally wake you. Drawing the blanket up, he tucked it around your recumbent form.

Your face was smooth and relaxed in sleep, an expression he didn't often see you wearing. He was certainly to blame for much of that, he reflected bitterly. The most accomplished mind in the Underground, and he had still managed to nearly destroy you in his haste to get results. Such ineptitude was unacceptable. When would he learn?

You sighed and murmured something. He knelt by your bedside, leaning closer to hear.

"...sorry...so sorry…"

A tear slipped down your cheek, glistening in the dim lamplight. Absently, the doctor reached to brush it away. So, even your peaceful countenance now was a facade. He wondered what dreams or visions tormented you so. You were wounded, assaulted by some unknown being, yet in the haze of unconsciousness, you were apologizing. He couldn't fathom why.

He sighed wearily. Your condition hadn't been as bad as he'd expected, and yet, in other ways it was so much worse. At least you were here again. He needed to find out why this was happening. Perhaps if he knew, the invention could be modified to prevent your disappearances entirely.

Turning away, he drew the single chair nearer the bed. Sans had disappeared again after forcing Chara to reset, but Gaster felt easier being near you, knowing you were safe. Knowing you were still here. He placed an elbow on the bedside table, resting his face in his palm as he watched you sleep. Before long, he had drifted off as well, soothed by your rhythmic breathing.

Undertale - Sans

Sans lay on the couch, heart aching at your absence. He hadn't even been able to finish Papyrus's bedtime story, too caught up in misery. His brother had been forgiving, albeit very concerned. Now, alone with his thoughts, it was worse. He could almost feel the warmth of you beside him, still.

Not knowing had been easier, the first time you vanished. You had reappeared before he had known you were gone. This time, watching it happen, knowing who was taking you…it was devastating. The resets, the nightmares, the memories...none of it compared to the grief he felt at failing you. At letting his creator rip you away from him.

Remembering his "childhood" with Papyrus only made it worse. The cold, calculating man that referred to them as "things." The excruciating tests, the worse pain of knowing that his younger brother was going through the same things. Being experimented on, tortured, manipulated.

Now the bastard had you. Sans had thought it was over, when Gaster finally "fell" into the Core. A tragic accident that left the Underground reeling. Alphys had been forced to take over, and Sans had been forced to start avoiding her, unable to keep up the pretense of being just another "assistant" to the twisted monster that had fooled everyone. Her grief at the loss of the doctor had grated on him. He wanted to shake her, force her to listen to what he and Papyrus had

endured at the hands of the “great” W.D. Gaster.

But it wouldn’t have done any good. The man had manipulated everyone with his charismatic charm. Alphys had loved and admired him. Ruining her memory of him would have been cruel and unnecessary, even though she’d lost even that after the first reset. Gaster was gone. And Sans had thought it was for good.

He rubbed at his eye sockets tiredly. He was sleeping even less now, and he doubted that was going to change any time soon. Depression was a funny thing. All he wanted was to get you back, but he was immobilized by pain. He’d spent hours in his workshop, staring blankly at the schematics for the broken time machine Gaster had been working on before his demise. Even translating the old doctor’s peculiar language tormented him.

He wanted to ask Alphys for help. She had always been a talented engineer. But doing so would require explanations he couldn’t give, or lies that he hadn’t come up with yet. For now, he was the only one that knew.

Papyrus had inquired about your absence. Despite his preoccupation with capturing humans, after befriending Frisk, the tall skeleton had developed a fondness for them that had been automatically extended to you. Sans couldn’t even remember the excuse he had come up with. It had been enough to stop his brother from asking questions, for now at least.

Frisk was another problem. The kid was convinced that resetting the timeline would somehow bring you back. Sans knew it wouldn’t. Something bigger was going on here. Likely it would only make everyone, aside from him and Frisk, forget you had ever existed. Basically what had happened with Gaster. Once a person fell out of the timeline, a simple reset wasn’t enough to bring them back.

He frowned as a new thought occurred to him. There was one other capable of remembering the resets. The disturbing yellow flower with a face that sometimes stalked Frisk as they traversed the Underground. Flowery? Flowey? He was pretty sure it was “Flowey.”

Come to think of it, that creature tended to hang around the ruins when it wasn’t harassing Frisk, waiting for more humans to fall. Was it possible that it had seen you fall? It might actually know something useful about all this.

He felt his apathy drain away as the new purpose ignited within him. He was going to locate that flower, and find out exactly what it knew.

Later

“*peony* for your thoughts?”

Sans kept to the shadows, letting the small golden flower search futilely for the source of his voice before stepping into the light.

Upon spotting him, Flowey sighed and rolled his eyes, smirking. “Go bother someone else, you smiley trashbag.”

“nah, i'd say you at least *oak* me this favor,” Sans responded sardonically, knowing how much his puns aggravated the plant.

Predictably, Flowey’s face twisted into a grimace, before he remembered himself and plastered a fake grin over the scowl. “How about you make like a tree, and *leave* , Sans.”

The skeleton chuckled. “good one, buddy. but before i go, got some questions for ya.”

Flowey glared in return. “Fuck off, I’m not helping you.”

“tsk, language.”

Too quickly to follow, Sans appeared directly in front of the flower, his usual easy-going grin menacingly illuminated by the glow of his magical eye. With blinding speed, he reached down, yanking the startled creature up by the roots before it could disappear.

“sorry pal, guess i wasn’t clear. **a n s w e r i n g i s n ’ t o p t i o n a l.**”

Crushing Flowey’s stem in one hand, he teleported back to his workshop.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the shorter than usual chapter. The story continues.

Empty Promises - Underfell

Chapter Summary

Gaster tries to apologize. UF!Sans persists in being a dick.

Chapter Notes

So I'm kinda drunk. And I was drunk while I finished this chapter and edited it. So hopefully everything makes sense. :D

Wait, I forgot to link my tumblr. It's basically just undertale/tail stuff I reblog. No original content whatsoever. Usually.

dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - You*

You woke up in pain, which was becoming an unpleasantly typical thing these days. Head throbbing, back on fire, your neck sore and a strange ache in your chest.

Blinking to clear the sleep from your eyes, you flinched when you noticed the doctor, sleeping mere inches away from you. You were back here, then. You sighed. Was it asking so much to hold on to the shreds of happiness you had discovered with Sans? Just when things were starting to look better, the universe ripped it out from under you.

You pulled back a little, tucking a hand under your cheek as you studied Gaster's sleeping face. His glasses had slid down a little, threatening to fall off entirely. He had terribly dark circles under his eyes, lines etched deeply in his skull. It reminded you a little of how Sans looked sometimes, when he thought you weren't watching. Tired. Like someone who had been pushed past the threshold of exhaustion, and still kept going.

You realized that he must have fallen asleep watching over you. You reached up to tentatively feel at the bandages around your throat and torso. So. He had patched you up, tucked you in, and stayed to make sure you were safe. It was a sweet gesture, if you ignored the fact that he had been torturing you the last time you'd been in the same room.

Gaster twitched a little in his sleep, and the glasses clattered to the table, startling him awake. He groped for the fallen spectacles, rubbing his face with his other hand. When he replaced them and noticed you watching him, a brief expression of relief crossed his face, faltering as he took note of the way you glowered.

"Ah, yes." He cleared his throat, glancing away from you as he collected his thoughts.

"I…am...sorry," he muttered, as though it pained him to say the words. Apparently he wasn't used to apologizing. He stole a quick look at your face, eyebrows drawing together as he realized that his words hadn't had their intended effect.

"What are you sorry for?" Your voice was hoarse, but you forced the words out, watching him the entire time.

He looked very uncomfortable, rubbing the back of his skull, avoiding your gaze.

"For treating me like an animal? For experimenting on me? For TORTURING me?" Your voice rose in pitch with each accusation, until you were practically shouting at him.

"Y-yes. I...I betrayed your trust, I know. I hurt you terribly. Believe me, I regret it." His tone was sincere, but your anger remained.

“You know what? I don’t want to hear it. Just leave me alone. I didn’t ask for any of this to happen.” You choked on a sob, turning away so that he wouldn’t see you crying. It was all just too much. Your confession to Sans. Being torn away into the void. The things that had happened there. Now the scientist was apologizing, as if words would somehow mend all that his actions had set in motion.

He hesitated, obviously conflicted about whether or not to leave, but eventually decided to respect your wishes, closing the door gently behind him. The click of the automatic lock only served to further remind you that you were a prisoner here, and finally you let loose, chest heaving as you cried out your pain.

Underfell - Gaster

He lingered outside the door for some time, listening to your wracking sobs, your labored gasps of breath. It seemed that even apologizing had only made you more unhappy, somehow. What was he to do?

Gaster rubbed at his forehead, lost in thought as he leaned back against the door. The few hours of sleep he had taken had helped, but they weren’t enough to make up for the week he had spent running on fumes.

“so i take it ya got the human back?”

He startled at the sound of Sans’ voice, lowering his hand to scowl at his assistant.

“Convenient how you decide to show up to work again now that she’s returned. I won’t tolerate any further... *behavior* from you toward her.”

“behavior?” Sans scoffed at the doctor’s delicate phrasing, leering at the doorway behind him. “what’s the matter, g? if you wanna go at her, be my guest. i can share.”

Appalled, Gaster stared down at the shorter skeleton. “I…you…this conversation is not happening. You are not to have any further interactions with her, have I made myself clear?”

“crystal,” Sans replied easily, his gold tooth flashing as he summoned up an insincere smile. “if ya don’t need me here, i’ll just…”

“No,” the scientist interrupted him. “You are to continue work on the liniarity lock project. With any luck, it can be modified to keep her here.”

“seriously? ya want me to work on keeping the human here when i can’t even have fun with it?” Sans sounded offended.

“Yes. Do not forget that you work for me, regardless of your personal opinions on the work in question.” Gaster raised his brows, staring down at his assistant intimidatingly.

“ugh, fine. i’ll be in the fuckin’ lab.” The skeleton shoved his hands into the pockets of his black and crimson hoodie, stalking away.

Gaster sighed. Sans was becoming more and more irascible. Forcing the reset had briefly put him in a better mood, but that had faded quickly. He needed to find better ways to channel that aggression, ways that didn’t involve allowing the other monster creep into your room at night, or covertly threaten you.

And the gall to suggest that he, the royal scientist, would indulge in such debauchery with his own test subject. Sans tried his limited patience with every passing day.

Yes, the doctor did find you...intriguing. Humans were unexpectedly soft, and your small body practically radiated heat when he touched it. He wondered how sensitive your skin was, how it would react to stimulation.

His own flesh was harder, more tough and leathery, caught somewhere between skeletal and ghoulish. Yours was smooth and silk-like by comparison. He usually wore gloves when he touched you, but wanted to test your body with his bare hands.

Unconsciously, he flexed them, imagining what it was like to hold your curved hips so tightly that they bruised, like that other one had. Some small, unprofessional part of himself *was* annoyed that Sans felt unrestrained by the same moral compass he tried to live by. Certainly, he felt...urges. It was natural for a man in his prime. But he was better than that. He didn't allow his own desires to interfere with his work, unlike his erstwhile assistant.

He sighed. Perhaps it was simply another thwarted dream, a sacrifice he had to make for the sake of his station, and the monsters that relied on his dedication to his work. Regardless, it did him no good standing outside your room, thinking of things that would never come to pass. Shaking his head irritably, he strode away, following Sans to the lab.

Underfell - You

A brief knock at the door jolted you from your fitful rest. It was hard

to get comfortable when your back was covered in tender wheals. You remembered a lot more of that than you wanted to. What was wrong with you? That persistent ache in your chest, the bruised bite marks on your neck… You were sick. You had let him violate you in every way imaginable, and you had wanted it.

[No regrets, my dear. You are far past the point of no return.]

You winced, the deep voice caressing your mind like quiet thunder. The static was gone. His link to you was stronger now. You didn't want to know what else he might be capable of after leaving his mark on your soul.

As if in answer to your question, you felt a phantasmal touch against your cheek. Shuddering, you brushed it away, ignoring the dark laughter that rippled against your ear.

The door opened, and the doctor appeared. This was something else that was starting to bother you. What was the scientist's relationship to the other creature who called himself Gaster? They were similar in appearance, but still very different. Was it related to how two different versions of Sans could exist?

[Do not trouble yourself with such things, pet. It's nothing that concerns you.]

His tone was vaguely threatening, and you did your best to put it out of your mind for now. The Gaster standing in front of you looked agitated about something, appraising you with a cold hardness that was unlike him.

"___." He spoke your name dispassionately, holding something out to

you. Was that…your backpack? You'd assumed it had been lost in the fall.

"I assumed you would want this returned to you." He spoke carefully, his tone giving nothing away. Why was he acting so standoffish now?

[Interesting…]

God, were you going to have a constant commentary in your head now? Eventually you would start reacting to him, and then everyone around you would know you'd lost it.

Amused silence answered you. Shrugging it off, you turned your attention back to the doctor standing before you.

"You used my name. You've never done that before."

He hesitated, depositing the backpack on the floor near the bed. "I did not know your name until I found it written on your bag."

He meant it had never occurred to him to ask, you thought irritably. He'd been perfectly content calling you "the human" until he'd looked at your backpack and realized you had a name.

Your aggravation must have shown on your face. He turned as if to leave, then paused. "I would like to examine your wounds to ensure they are healing properly, when you are ready."

"Not happening," you retorted. Just the thought of getting back on

that cold, metal examination table made your heart start spinning in your chest.

A flicker of irritation crossed his face. “I understand you are upset, but refusing to let me help you out of spite is childish.”

“ *Help* me? You mean like you helped me become a fucking experiment against my will? How you *helped me* get injected with that shit that almost killed me?” You were furious. How dare he accuse you of being childish, after what he’d done.

His expression was neutral again, ignoring your tirade. “I apologized for my actions, human. I will give you some time to yourself for now.” He turned and left, closing the door a bit harder than necessary.

Ugh. Still fuming, you reached over to grab the backpack. It was surprisingly light, considering what you usually packed. You peeked inside. It was empty.

“Are you fucking kidding me.”

Underfell - Gaster

He scowled at the floor, muttering to himself as he paced.

The human was forgetting herself. It was beneath him, a renowned scientist, to apologize to his test subjects, yet he had done it anyway. He had acknowledged that he had wronged you, yet you persisted in your stubborn refusal to cooperate.

Why were you so perversely resistant to him? Aside from his mistakes, he had treated you well, all things considered. His protection was the only thing keeping Sans and other monsters from getting to you, a fact that you seemed to have no appreciation for at all.

He had realized that you might not be immediately accepting of any further experimentation, but the least you could do was accept his apology. Or treat him with some respect. That would have to change, he was finished with tolerating insolence not only from Sans, but you as well, now.

He needed to sleep. His temper was getting the better of him. Abruptly, he turned on his heel, making his way to his quarters. Once he was more rested, he could address the apparently much-needed disciplinary actions he was to take.

Underfell - Sans

Sans sat in his chair, leaning dangerously far back as he considered his options.

You had returned. He had needs that weren't being met.

Showing Chara their own insides had been entertaining. The kid didn't care, it was a stolen body anyway, but they had to reset to keep having their own version of "fun" down here, after he'd broken them so thoroughly.

Sans had gotten by with the remembered violence of that night for some time now. Splintering Chara's bones, dragging his magically sharpened phalanges through their soft flesh. He had torn them to ribbons, relishing the blood and pain. Chara had seemed to get some enjoyment out of it too, the twisted little fuck. He suspected that he

and the kid would get along pretty well, if not for their aggravating tendency to reset at the most inconvenient times.

Playing with the former royal child was fun, but that ability to alter the timeline tended to dampen his enthusiasm for their games.

Now you, you were a human he could enjoy in refreshing new ways, without the unpleasant consequences. He even felt a smidgen of affection toward you, if he was being honest. Such a supple, needy little thing. So warm and wet inside.

He wanted to make you cum again. He wanted to hear you squeal his name while you were cumming. He'd always been proud of his prowess in that area, and it seemed that even humans weren't immune to his...skills. Your moans had been as gratifying as your resistance.

Gaster was being a prick again, per usual. But the doctor refusing to sully his hands didn't mean that Sans had to abstain. He just had to avoid getting caught.

Chapter End Notes

> Gaster, why would we want our empty backpack? It's not like we have anything to carry in it. Except for all these sins, maybe.
>
> *linear lock name credit goes to my friend, I couldn't think of anything for an invention like this.

Temptation - Underfell/Undertale

Chapter Summary

> You discover that Gaster actually has excellent taste in books. Sans drops in to say hi. Other Sans does background stuff.

Chapter Notes

> So I have a condition called "tendinitis" which basically translates to "horrible burning pain in my entire right arm that gets worse when I type and sticks around for about a week." Updates are a bit slower until my body stops deciding to be a little bitch, so that I can do important things like write skeleton porn.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - You

A few days had passed with Gaster inquiring tersely after your injuries, and you ignoring him. He seemed frustrated, but hadn't pushed, although you sometimes caught him staring at you with a strangely intense look in his eyes. He appeared to be on the brink of saying something to you, but always seemed to think better of it before he started.

You had discovered some new books in your room tonight. Well, technically they weren't "new", but they had been added recently. They were mostly comprised of dogeared science fiction novels from the surface. Another attempt by Gaster to mend things between you?

You couldn't imagine who else would have cared enough to leave them, and the titles strongly suggested they were from the scientist's personal collection. A lot of works by H.G. Wells, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and Arthur C. Clarke.

You were starting to feel a little badly about yelling at him. You really

didn't have the temperament to hold onto anger for long. It was why you had stayed with Alex, despite the way he treated you. You just kept forgiving him, even though you rarely received any sort of apology in return.

Really, was the doctor somehow less deserving of your forgiveness? That last time in the examination room had been terrifying and painful beyond words, but he had apologized, seemingly sincerely. That was more than Alex had ever done. Would Gaster hurt you again? Had it just been a mistake because he was new to working with humans?

He hadn't offered any sort of explanation for his behavior, but that didn't mean there wasn't one. You got the sense that despite his staggering intellect, he still struggled with his interpersonal skills, as well as understanding the thought processes of others. He seemed genuinely unable to comprehend why you would still be upset over what had happened, after he had apologized.

You pondered what to do, flipping the pages of one of the books back and forth in your hands as you sat cross-legged on the bed.

Underfell - Sans

He teleported into your room silently, appearing in the shadows behind the bed. It was a talent he had elevated to an art, being very useful for some of his preferred diversions.

You were seated on the bed, soft thighs peeking out from the edge of your hospital gown. The back was tied hastily, exposing parts of your bandaged torso. Looks like you'd gotten banged up again during your little adventures. He frowned. The bandages were probably covering

your breasts as well, but if he tore off the gauze, Gaster would know. Oh well, you had other fun parts to play with.

He began to step forward, one arm outstretched to tug at the strings of your gown, but became distracted as he drew nearer.

What the hell…

There was something on your soul. Not just the void residue, that had been there for a while now. Strange symbols had been inscribed on it. Someone had staked a claim, marking you as their own. Gaster. It was his weird fuckin' language that he only used for note-taking these days, scrawled in black across the crystalline exterior of your soul.

That arrogant fucker had done this, after pretending to be so morally superior? Sans knew the doctor was possessive of his test subjects, but this took the goddamn cake.

It didn't stop him from using you, but basically stood as a warning against it. Gaster hadn't been satisfied with just *telling* Sans to back off, apparently. He'd needed to use *magic* to carve his fuckin' initials onto you.

Never mind that doing something like that was typically considered immoral, even with the consent necessary for it to be possible. Apparently the doctor considered himself above the laws that governed "lesser" monsters. The ethical implications didn't really bother the skeleton, but he'd never been interested in the responsibility inherent in marking another person as his.

The symbols did make him angry, though. That Gaster would pretend to be so detached and professional, only to stamp you as his property... It made Sans want to fuck you even more, just to throw the

scientist's hypocrisy back in his face.

He would do what he wanted to you, and make you beg for it. He would make you squirm with pleasure beneath him, panting out his name as you whined for release. He didn't necessarily want to confront Gaster himself over it, but he had just as much a right to have you as the royal scientist did.

Grinning hungrily, he stepped forward once more.

Underfell - You

"human."

You let out a breathless gasp, dropping the book and scrambling off of the bed, away from the voice behind you. Turning, you saw it was Sans. Not your Sans, the bad one. The one you most definitely did not want to see right now.

"too good for me, but can't wait to give yourself up for him, huh? you let him fuckin' mark ya?"

Your heart constricted painfully in your chest. How did he know that? You vaguely remembered something about him being able to see your soul, but the specifics were lost in your panic. You felt humiliated. You hadn't been...right...when you'd let the Gaster in the void do that to you, but it had happened nonetheless.

Now you were marked, a permanent reminder of your shame for Sans to see. And if this one could see it, that meant the other...the Sans you

had truly grown to care about, could see it as well. You were suddenly far less eager to return to that world than you had been.

Cold stillness settled in your mind, observing the scene as it unfolded.

“most monsters wouldn’t even consent to somethin’ like that, girlie. figures a *filthy human* like you would be into it. what are ya now, like a *pet* to him or somethin’?”

You flinched at his choice of words. He couldn’t possibly know about what happened in the void, could he? About what that darker version of the doctor called you… No, it wasn’t possible.

“H-how did you get into my room?” You deflected awkwardly, unwilling to address this with him of all people.

He sneered at you. “doesn’t matter. i’m here, sweetcheeks, you gonna help me out or keep pretending ya don’t like it when i show up?”

You paled. He was seriously here for *that* ? You were feeling much too fragile to play along right now. You couldn’t do this. At least the bed was still between you.

“Please just go. I’m not... I’ll- I’ll scream if you try anything.” Your threat sounded pathetic even to you. What you weren’t expecting was Sans, appearing directly in front you.

“wouldn’t do that, love.” He clapped a hand over your mouth, muffling your startled yelp. Placing the other on your chest, he shoved hard, sending you onto the floor. He followed you down, pinning you beneath his heavy body.

You struggled, pushing futilely at him and the phalanges covering your mouth, until a deathly calm voice pierced your mind.

[Let him do as he wishes, pet.]

No! You said you would protect me!

[I told you to submit. And you will, whether you want to or not. It serves a purpose.]

An invisible force burst through your veins, filling you with warm heaviness that dragged you down into numb compliance.

“atta girl,” Sans muttered, feeling your struggles weaken as you grew slack against him.

No, you whimpered silently, unable to force the sound past your lips.

[Hush, darling. I am here.]

Phantom fingers ghosted across your face, stroking your cheek lovingly. Your soul felt heavy in your chest, cocooned in darkness. Sans was pushing his shorts down just enough to remove his luminescent red phallus, taking no notice.

Neither of you heard the lock on your door disengage, before Gaster burst into the room, cold fury radiating from his towering figure.

Underfell - Gaster

Sans was crouched over you, erection in hand, preparing to defile you once more. And you, you were lying passively beneath him, expression dreamy and unfocused, willingly consenting to the defilement.

“Sans,” he snarled, but the skeleton had already vanished, leaving you alone on the floor, gown pushed up around your waist.

He stared down at you, watching as you blinked sleepily, before struggling to prop yourself up on your elbows. He had thought… He had assumed that you were an unwilling participant in these activities, that Sans was taking advantage of your frailty, and forcing you. Clearly he had been wrong.

Finally, you tugged the garment down over yourself, covering those parts you had so willingly exposed for his assistant.

Gaster stood with his hands clasped firmly behind his back, mind racing as he considered the possibilities for dealing with this. Should he pursue Sans? Remain here, with you? Address the disturbing discovery that you had embraced the attentions of a violent sociopath, while shunning him, the one man in this godforsaken Underground that had placed your welfare above his own desires?

Seeing you, disheveled and panting on the ground, woke something violently primal within himself. He couldn’t be here. Not if he wanted to remain in control. Your flushed skin, the luminous sheen of sweat that glistened in the dim light…. No. He could not, *would not* succumb. Hands trembling slightly, he unlocked your door,

disappearing into the dark hallway without a word as the lock clicked quietly behind him.

Undertale - Sans

The flower had given him what he needed to know. It hadn't seemed to realize that the threats he'd made were more or less idle. Despite the crimes the twisted little anomaly had committed in the past, Sans didn't really have the heart to actually harm it. Right now it wasn't doing anything, just waiting for Frisk to reset, or another human to fall that was easier to manipulate. And something about it felt almost...childlike. Like a frightened little kid, putting on a tough front to protect himself. It disturbed Sans.

He had released the plant after realizing it'd told him everything it knew, which wasn't much. It had probably slunk back to the ruins after. He really ought to have a word with Toriel about that thing. He knew that she was aware of its existence, but couldn't think of how to phrase a warning that didn't involve revealing what he knew of the resets.

Something to worry about later. For now, he needed to focus on getting you back. Frisk could take care of themselves. With their strong, determined soul, that sniveling weed was no match for the kid. You were in far greater danger.

He was still trying to wrap his skull around the fact that you had fallen during a reset. If that wasn't the worst possible luck he'd ever heard of…

He shook his head. It explained a lot. Why you were flipping between two timelines, like a coin spinning end over end. Possibly why Gaster had been drawn to you, although that could have just as much to do

with your vulnerable soul drawing a natural predator from the shadows.

He wasn't sure on the specifics, such as why you only seemed to be falling in and out of two timelines, when he knew there were hundreds, possibly thousands out there, but it made his job easier.

It was time to finish the project he had started years ago, and blow the dust off the old machine sitting in his workshop.

Chapter End Notes

> "John Freeman got on his motorcycl and said "its time for me to live up to my family name and face full life consequences" so he had to go."
>
> https://youtu.be/OHxyZaZlaOs
>
> Yes, eventually UF!Gaster is going to crack. He is trying so hard to stay professional and in control, but I think he can only take so much before he finally loses it. It must be hard being one of the very few sane monsters in Underfell. :(
>
> And yes, Void!Gaster is doing this for a reason. He always has a reason, he is an evil mastermind after all. :)
>
> BONUS: Someone drew a comic about this chapter, and it is 100% accurate. Click Here

Timekiller - A Dream (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

In which the author experiments with writing new sins, and has mixed feelings about the result. Happy one month birthday/30th chapter, fic!

I'll probably come back and edit this chapter later, instead of before posting it like I'm supposed to, lol.

Chapter Notes

Oh hey look at this Gaster art I found. It's kinda like my version of UF!Gaster and Voidster! :D

http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/post/141130610313/stabatick-felt-like-its-been-a-while-again

And I have come to the realization that most people imagine Underfell Gaster as being some kind of evil dude, which I don't get, since he's probably already evil in the game. Flowey is nice in Underfell, so Gaster is too! At least in my fic. Well..."nice" is a relative term. He tries? A for effort, UF!Gaster. /pats

*****Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Luminescent blue flowers swayed gently against your legs, filling your ears with soft sighs, echoes of past conversations, too long ago to remember. Glittering crystals shone softly around you like melancholy stars, embedded in rock that had never seen the sky. The air was heavy with moisture and warmth, clinging to your bare face in tiny droplets.

You remembered this dream. You were in Waterfall. You knew now that the gray door was here, lost somewhere amidst the secrets the

echo flowers whispered to one another, and the timeless glow of the gem-studded cavern.

Again, you felt the call, the ghostly hands gently pressed against your back, urging you forward. This time you didn't resist. You let them pull and tug at your hospital gown, guiding you along faintly-illuminated paths, until you reached a long, abandoned tunnel.

The hands disappeared. You were alone. Strangely, for the first time, you no longer felt afraid. You progressed slowly forward, gleaming pink and blue crystals illuminating your way as you walked.

You came to the door. It had some detail now, but was still faded and dim, more like a half-forgotten memory of what it was supposed to be. Still, there was a handle. You reached out to touch it, and everything faded to black.

Lost in the darkness again. Spinning, twisting, falling, until suddenly, you weren't. You couldn't see anything. Deep silence pervaded, the kind of quiet you imagined would exist in outer space, without sound waves or anything to make them. You couldn't feel anything beneath your bare feet.

[Dark, darker, yet darker…] Gaster's deep voice mused.

[Have you ever thought of a world where everything is exactly the same…except you don't exist?]

You didn't have an answer, but he didn't seem to expect one, either.

[Time has no relevance here. I can see…everything. Every

timeline. Every outcome. And yet, I can affect none of it. This was all true…until you arrived, my dear.]

Elongated fingers came to rest on your bare shoulders. Where was your gown? Where were your bandages?

[It took aeons to recover myself after Sans…] he chuckled. **[After the 'accident.' Or perhaps it took no time at all.]**

He pulled your naked form against him, broad chest pressing into your back as he held you. You floated there, calm and focused in your dreamstate.

[Imagine my surprise, when I discovered a soul flickering in and out of this void. It was like finding one delicate flower blooming, in an impossibly dark prison. An ephemeral smudge of color contrasting against the absolute nothingness I had been condemned to.]

"Who are you?" you murmured softly, trying to turn to look at him. He merely held you tighter, arms crossing over your torso to pin you against him.

[I am the memory of the most ambitious monster who ever lived. I am the man who would have succeeded in freeing us all from the Underground.]

He nuzzled against your hair, warm breath tickling the back of your neck.

[I am the one who created that prodigal son who seduced you.

His 'brother' as well. In the end, they were both so…disappointing.] He sighed, relaxing his grip on you slightly.

"You mean Sans? Did you create…uh…both of them?"

He chuckled, sounding genuinely amused at the question.

[In a way, perhaps I did. These other timelines are all the product of humanity's DETERMINATION. I wonder if such a thing would have been possible without the invention that ultimately destroyed me. Time is not…linear. Who can say? Even my mind has difficulty grasping such a concept.]

You felt him shrug lightly, unconcerned.

[It is not of import. It is not why I have summoned you here.]

"But I'm dreaming." What could he possibly want from you while you were asleep? Despite the complacence of your sleep-hazed mind, you struggled to understand what was happening.

[Did I not tell you some time ago, the world of dreams and your waking reality are separated by a thin veil at best. Perhaps every dream is another timeline, and none of this is real. Perhaps I, myself, am not real…]

[We shall see, soon enough. It is nearly time, my pet. The vessel is succumbing. It won't take much to tip the balance now.]

His lips hungrily grazed your shoulder, sharp canines resting on the undamaged skin. He brought his arms down across your chest, gripping your breasts in his large hands, thumbs rubbing over your nipples.

[I desired this last, uninterrupted time with you, my pet. Soon everything will come crashing down, and such peaceful encounters will be a hard-won luxury.]

You shivered, and felt him absorb the movement. For a dream, the sensations you were experiencing were unusually intense. Then he bit down, sharp teeth piercing your flesh with ease. The pain you felt was muted, less than it would be if you'd been conscious. It was surprising that you felt it at all. Warm blood trickled over your shoulder, dripping against the side of your breast and down your ribs.

He held you there, jaws clamped against you, a predator holding his prey. You submitted to the hold, panting shallowly against the pressure from his teeth. It felt like he could crush your bones by biting down harder, if he wanted to.

Instead, you felt a warm, slick tendril wrap around your ankle. Glancing down, you saw what appeared to be a semi-transparent purple tentacle, slowly making its way up your leg. One of his hands released your breast, groping toward your mouth to slide three clawed digits against your lips, muffling your moans as he pressed down onto your tongue.

Another thick appendage slithered around your waist, dipping down to join the first at your swelling folds. You gasped as the slippery tendrils probed at your orifices, one rubbing slowly at your clitoris, while the other nudged against your puckered rear entrance.

You couldn't help but struggle against him. Even after everything else

he had done, even if this was some kind of strange dream, some part of you still protested, still knew it was wrong. You hated that he manipulated your body so expertly, dragging you to greater depths of depravity, always making you want it despite yourself. He found that sinful place within yourself and exploited it with consummate skill, bringing your darkest desires to the surface.

[Every creature, monster or human, has some hidden desire that they loathe. Some deep, secret longing that they do their best to forget or ignore,] he breathed against you.

[I have achieved much in my limited lifespan, but defiling you is one of the most satisfying experiences I have enjoyed. How you yearn for it. How you despise yourself for your yearning. The conflict within your soul is mesmerizing to watch.]

You choked on his fingers, growling in frustration. Curiously, he removed them to let you speak.

“Just because you can get me off, doesn’t mean that I belong to you,” you snarled, surprising yourself. Where had that come from?

He paused thoughtfully at your words, letting go your other breast to wrap his second hand around your throat.

[True. However…] His elegant fingers tightened against your neck, beginning to cut off your air.

[You *do* belong to me, child. Our games together may simply be amusing diversions, but you gave yourself to me some time ago. The brand on your soul is not easily given, even by one such as me. Your desire for ownership, your need to submit, allowed me to mark you in such a manner.]

You flushed, struggling to think as your vision clouded from lack of oxygen. He slightly loosened his hold, allowing you enough air to remain conscious.

“I…didn’t want…this…”

You felt his jagged grin pressed against your cheek, chuckling into your ear.

[Nonsense. You may choose to struggle against your true nature, but your uncertain soul craves domination.]

He released your throat to gesture gracefully outward, extracting your soul with almost no effort at all. You watched as the deep, jewel tones flared inside, glittering against the glassy, fractured surface.

When his wet purple tongue dragged over the bite wound, your soul reacted with pleasure. When his clawed hand returned to your bruised, tender throat, dazzles of pleasure and pain danced within you. His other digits trailed slowly down your torso, carving bleeding scratches into your skin. Again, you felt that strange sensation of dream-muted pain. Should you be able to feel pain at all, right now?

Still behind you, he ground his pelvis forward, rubbing himself against your buttocks. Despite his towering height, somehow in the void he was able to keep you at just the level he preferred. The lubricated tentacles began pushing into you, teasing your entrances as they slowly inserted themselves.

You squirmed and bucked against his hard chest, twisting and failing to escape the dual penetration. The girthy tendrils stretched and

violated you, beginning to thrust themselves into your orifices in tandem. Gaster gripped your hair in one hand, forcing your head back to meet his waiting mouth, lips brushing yours before he thrust his tongue hungrily into your mouth.

Releasing your hair, his hands roamed down your sides once more, claws delicately brushing your erect nipples, toying with them until it was too much, and you groaned against his mouth, quivering like an overdrawn bowstring.

He slid his fingers further down, smearing the dream-blood against your ribs and belly as he traced over the wounds he had inflicted earlier.

Withdrawing from your mouth, he lightly bit your kiss-swollen lips, trailing down your throat to lay small bites on the bruised, tender flesh.

[In that time, when I still possessed a physical body, I never fully appreciated these physical sensations. The pleasures of the flesh seemed a pointless waste of my time. I had all the stimulation I needed, working on complex projects and theories that other monsters could not begin to grasp. Only Sans ever came close...But even he could not truly appreciate the genius of some of my last works.]

One hand fell idly to your groin, his fingers brushing delicately over your swollen clit, as you moaned, mindless with pleasure.

[My dear, you cannot imagine how I long to despoil you 'in the flesh.' Feeling your tender skin bruise beneath my fingers, the slick heat of your lifeforce spilling from your wounds. Such power must be intoxicating.]

His other hand returned to your throat, squeezing experimentally as he continued to stimulate you. The appendage stretching your anus curled forward, falling still as the other rammed into your cervix, thicker and hotter than anything you'd ever experienced.

Your walls began to flutter, the fluids of your arousal mingling with the slickness of the semi-transparent violet tentacle that was fucking you. When he bit down again on your throat, harder, you could no longer hold back.

You clamped down on the tentacle, waves of heat and pleasure rippling through your entire body as he held you tightly in his jaws. In this position he could rip your throat out and kill you, you realized belatedly. But this was a dream. Right? Suddenly, that part seemed much less important, as the thick tendril forced itself in and out of your clenched walls, drawing your orgasm out in a dazzling swell of pure bliss.

He chuckled darkly, twisting a little as he unhooked his jaws and your orgasm faded. Warm blood gushed from the bite, trickling down your collarbone, over your breasts and belly. You were bleeding out. Somehow, you didn't feel pain, only a bit dazed and lightheaded as the tentacles withdrew, and Gaster released you, letting you slump onto the floor in a bloodied, battered heap.

Your vision was blurring, your gasps for air sounded distant and hollow. Even your body was falling numb, the wetness and heat of your blood fading with everything else.

[We will soon be reunited, pet. I fear there will be no time for such pleasant diversions when we meet again, so take this night as my parting gift to you, however temporary our farewells may be…]

Chapter End Notes

Safe to read until the [Soon everything will come crashing down] line. Voidster reminisces about how he never fully appreciated sexual experiences while he had a physical body. Talks about how he longs to despoil you in the flesh. Tells you that you will soon be reunited, but there won't be time for such "pleasant diversions," so this is his parting gift to you until then.

It's like these lyrics were written for this fic, for reals. I was going to copy/paste them but it's kind of a long song.

http://www.metrolyrics.com/timekiller-lyrics-project-pitchfork.html

I forgot to mention this earlier. So uh. We are starting to come to the end of the fic. Depending on how much people have enjoyed this fic, I have ideas for two sequels that would take place with the same characters, as well as additional characters that didn't get much love here, like Undyne, Alphys, and Papyrus. I also have some ideas for a prequel and/or some oneshots that take place BEFORE this story.

But I mean, it depends on whether people actually want that or not. I do spend a lot of time on this story, and I know it's not to everyone's taste because it's dark and morbid and weird, but I hope it has been enjoyable for a lot of people.

Sometimes - Undertale/Underfell

Chapter Summary

Daddy said that I'm a good boy
'Cause I always did his will
But I can't remember, was it me - how did I feel
I call'em family, but in the heart of hearts I know
There's something wrong with me, what can I do?

Chapter Notes

HAH, bet you didn't expect another chapter this soon, did ya, kiddos? Actually I love you guys, and all your comments on the last chapter filled me with inspiration, so this just kinda happened in one night. As it does. Plot progression is actually pretty fun to write.

Here's a more specific chapter summary:

UT!Sans remembers life with the doctor before the fateful 'accident' that tossed him into the void.

UF!Gaster broods.

UF!Sans takes his frustration out on someone else.

WARNING FOR BRIEFLY MENTIONED FONTCEST (because even though I didn't warn you about the brutal rapes, violence, and abuse, a single sentence about fontcest might be worse, idk)

Should I put fontcest in this story? Lol. What do you guys think? ¯_(ツ)_/¯ I'm not morally against it, it's just not a major kink for me. But I *can* write it if people want that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Undertale - Sans

Translating the blueprints for the Timeline Alternator was exhausting.

Not only had Gaster insisted on writing them in his own strange language instead of the commonly-used dialect that most monsters used, his handwriting was deplorable.

Sans and Papyrus had learned to read Wingdings as children, not that Pap could remember any of that. It was for the best. Gaster had never treated them as his children, despite how they'd longed for some sort of parental figure in their lives. They were clones, experiments, nothing more. Certainly he felt no emotional attachment toward them, despite Papyrus's efforts at reaching out.

Regardless, he had taught them as much as he could, especially anything related to the breaking of the barrier. One of the "wingdings" languages had been part of that education, so that any written communication between them remained indecipherable to other monsters. They had been his big secret, or, Sans amended, one of those secrets. Who knew what other crimes the doctor had committed in his pursuit of glory and power.

At least he and Papyrus had each other. There were times, in the bleak darkness of the lab, after enduring a particularly gruesome experiment, that he knew he would have lost hope entirely if not for his brother. Papyrus even knew a little healing magic, then. He hadn't had much use for it after Gaster had finally abandoned them, but it had helped with the pain in those early days.

He knew that the doctor had eventually come to regard them as failed experiments. Sans didn't have the stamina to maintain a strong enough attack to break the barrier, and Papyrus...well, he simply didn't have the temperament to be used as a weapon. Even refused to summon the set of blasters the doctor had given him.

After the first reset, Sans had let his brother's already fading memory of that particular attack disappear completely. The blasters upset Papyrus. He didn't need to know about 'em. He had Sans, and Sans would do whatever it took to ensure that Papyrus never had to hurt

anyone. Even if it meant sometimes letting Frisk...do bad things.

If he was honest with himself, the grief of losing his brother in an aborted timeline was nothing compared to the guilt of forcing Papyrus to use his magic to hurt, to kill another creature. Of all the nightmares he had, the ones where he had to see the increased Level of Violence on his brother's soul were the worst. They'd only recently been outdone by his nightmares of what Gaster must be doing to you in the void.

He shuddered, and pushed the thought out of his mind. You would be okay. You were stronger than you knew, he had seen it. And the machine was almost operational. Bringing it to this point brought back memories he'd never thought would matter again.

Assisting Gaster and Alphys in the creation of the Timeline Alternator had been an ugly, necessary choice to make. He needed a way to care for Papyrus after Gaster had turned them out, and while seeing the surprise in the royal scientist's face when his own creation appeared to interview for the position as an assistant had been rewarding, he'd still felt filthy doing it. Like he was selling his soul.

Gaster had accepted his application, of course. He knew what Sans was capable of, even if it wasn't what he'd been created for. The older 'clone' had learned everything from chemistry to string theory from the best, after all. Putting up with the doctor's condescension and sideways smirks was a small price to pay for the excellent wages and ability to provide a real home for Papyrus.

He'd even gotten them their own house, albeit, as far from Hotland as he could manage. Snowdin was a nice place, with friendly monsters that had never seen the royal scientist in person, and didn't think to comment on any awkward familial resemblances.

Gaster had never dropped any hint of his creations' existence to anyone, even the king, so to monsters like Alphys, Sans was simply another assistant that had recently been hired on.

He casually waved off any joking remarks that he and the head scientist could be related, although sometimes to entertain himself at work, he would imagine how much it'd fuck up Gaster's life to reveal everything, to everyone.

Every time some friendly intern told him not to take the scientist's cold manner personally, every time a well-meaning monster commented on how Sans was almost overqualified for this job, he was tempted.

Then the doctor would glance down at him, eyes narrowing as though he could see every rebellious thought that passed through his assistant's skull. Sans knew that Gaster was good at reading people, it was a skill the scientist considered useful for manipulation, but it still gave him the creeps. He became practiced at hiding his true feelings behind a casual grin.

The coldness in Gaster's gaze reminded Sans that even if he managed to ruin the royal scientist's career, the man himself was more than capable of hurting him and Papyrus. Sans had never seen anyone with a higher Level of Violence, and Gaster knew that he could see it, too. It had been a quirky side effect of his creation, a talent that had come in useful, particularly when reminding himself how dangerous the doctor could be.

At times, if Sans happened to be looking in Gaster's general direction, the scientist would smile a little, lightly tapping his own chest where his soul lay. An unspoken threat that only Sans understood. *You can't even imagine the crimes I committed to come this far. Look at my LV. You know the pain that I caused you as children, innocents who had done nothing wrong. Imagine what I would be capable of now, without anything holding me back. Don't give me a reason.*

Tears stung his eyes. God. That was the sadistic monster he'd let take you away. He needed to focus. Glancing down at the list he had made, he realized that some parts would need to come from the Core itself. That should be fun. He wasn't necessarily a destructive kind of guy, but vandalizing his creator's greatest invention sounded kinda therapeutic.

Underfell - Gaster

The image of your glazed eyes, flushed face, and needily spread legs tormented him. He hadn't even bothered to locate the skeleton after the fact, which was probably for the best. The violence within him was lightly chained, straining at the leash whenever he thought of the monster that had once been his trusted associate. If he saw Sans again, anywhere in the Core...he wasn't sure what he would do. He didn't trust himself not to lash out with lethal intent.

As for you...He shuddered. It was becoming clearer by the day that something had to be done. His formidable self control was beginning to crack, the fractures seeming to grow every time he saw you. It was frustrating, and perversely ironic.

He had a wide array of lab assistants, ripe for the taking, if ever he felt the need to quell such urges. Monsters of every gender were attracted to him; his broad-shouldered height, his deep, cultured voice, the charming facade he used when dealing with underlings. The fact that he wielded a considerable amount of power as the king's foremost scientist was no small part of his allure.

And yet…

He found them all intolerably dull. Shallow, vapid creatures that cared

more about advancing their careers than the truly great mysteries of life. Too meek and cowardly to take real risks, to perform truly great scientific advancement. Even the ones that seemed to care only for him, not the influence he wielded, bored him with their clumsy sexual advances.

He had experimented occasionally, with ones that stood out from the rest. He'd hazard that they had all enjoyed themselves, based on the sounds they made whilst lying beneath him. Despite achieving sexual gratification, he had found the experiences tedious at best. Even frustrating at times.

He had to restrain himself to avoid potentially frightening his sexual partners, since they were usually so much...smaller…than him. And so timid. He'd had his fill of shy, young monsters, eager to seduce him out of curiosity or a misplaced sense of admiration.

Why then, was he filled with such a driving need to fuck you? He could admit it easily now, having pictured you spread on his desk, his table, or his lap in a variety of ways. Was it knowing that Sans had taken you? He knew that his assistant was sexually active with a wide variety of monsters, anything that moved really, yet the skeleton kept returning to your room. Why?

The idea that sex with a human might be *that good* was intriguing. He let one of his hands drift toward his groin, rubbing idly at the growing bulge in his pants. He was beginning to suspect that he had to find something scientifically interesting to feel sexually inspired, which was an intriguing dilemma.

Certainly, you were *fascinating* in a multitude of ways. A battered, drifting creature, shrouded in pain. The scars from old wounds on your body, mirrored on the heart-shaped essence of your spirit. The deliberate patterns made him suspect self-injury. What would cause you to do such a thing? Had the physical wounding caused the soul-scars, or had your damaged soul pushed you to injure your own flesh

in gruesome mimicry?

The fact that you were an adult human with no prevalent color attribute was possibly the most interesting thing about you. Even monster souls were strongly tinted, despite being predominantly white in appearance. Yours remained enigmatic; swirling shades of gray that changed only in response to your strongest emotions.

Sans would be able to tell him more. He sighed. Perhaps bursting in on the two of you had not been the most pragmatic course of action. He had never gotten full documentation on your soul from his assistant.

It seemed doubtful that you would have accumulated any LV, given how passively you behaved thus far, but it would have been nice to know more about the mysterious “void residue” Sans had mentioned earlier, as well as whether any other magical effects had occurred during your misadventures in other worlds. Certainly, your vulnerable soul seemed to attract monsters like predators to a wounded animal, driven mad by the scent of blood.

It was, admittedly, part of his attraction to you, although he couldn’t discern whether he wanted to hurt or to heal you, just yet. The fact that you had given yourself to Sans disgusted him. It made him want to punish you for betraying his trust, for insulting the protection he had offered you.

And yet, he also saw the damage, both physical and spiritual. Perhaps offering your body was all that you had left to defend yourself with, in the face of such threats. Perhaps his kindness had been his undoing, and you did not see the doctor as dangerous enough to require the same placation you used with Sans.

The young skeleton did not possess nearly the amount of combat

experience and finesse that Gaster himself had accumulated in his time, so that was laughable, if true. But did he *want* you to feel coerced into sexual behavior with him, if that *was* what was happening with Sans? The fact that he was allowing himself to objectify a test subject in such a way was disturbing enough, without the added implications of...rape?

He stewed silently, pouring himself a glass of scotch. He rarely indulged his drinking habit, but had a good sense of when the time to do so was at hand. If he could not discover a suitable solution whilst sober, perhaps the alcohol would at least help quench the flames of desire that grew ever faster within him.

Underfell - Sans

“don’t wanna hold still, huh?” he huffed, left hand raised as he threw blazing red bone attacks at Chara.

The kid just clutched their knife and dodged, grinning that creepy, soulless smile that still unnerved him after all this time. What had to happen to a human child to make be like...this? It both disturbed and excited him to imagine it.

“s’ matter, pal? don’tcha remember how much fun we had last time? i thought the part where i ripped off your skin was particularly ‘ *appealing* .’” He grinned sadistically, chuckling as Chara rolled their eyes and lunged at him.

The kid had gotten him before, he’d give ‘em that. Eventually he was too slow, or too careless, and they knocked him out with one hit. He didn’t give a shit what happened right now. Gaster was *really* pissed, undoubtedly keeping close watch on that stupid slut of his. At worst, the fallen child would land a fatal blow, and Sans would eventually wake up, back in his bed in Snowdin.

If he was lucky, Papyrus would only kick the shit out of him before leaving to patrol for humans. If he wasn't...well, getting dry-fucked by his own brother wasn't his favorite way to start the week, but he had stopped caring a long, long time ago. "Same shit, different day," was a saying he was particularly fond of. It emblazoned the front of his favorite t-shirt, a treasure from the surface that he'd found at the garbage dump.

His distraction almost cost him dearly, as Chara's knife sliced through the sleeve of his black hoodie.

"hey," he scowled in annoyance, "easy on the merchandise. this's my favorite coat."

Chara replied for the first time in many resets, smirking as they ran the blade of the knife against their fingers, drawing blood. "It's your only coat, dumbass." Their high, childish voice was at odds with the bored, sarcastic tone in which they spoke.

Sans raised a brow, playing at being offended. "'zactly. not like i gotta spare to wear until the next reset, ya little shit."

The kid only smiled devilishly in return, cheeks rosy as they let out a high-pitched giggle. "Well then, it'd be a shame if you **got dust on it,** wouldn't it, Sansy?"

He shrugged casually, dodging another strike without any effort. "nah, as long as you didn't try to ' *jacket'* afterward, doubt i'd care. theft is one crime i just can't see you ' *pulling off.'* "

"Enough with the jokes, smiley trashbag," Chara growled, annoyance

marring their doll-like features for the first time.

Sans said nothing, his grin widening as the kid’s irritation allowed him an opening. He summoned a blaster, the enormous canine skull opening its maw wide as a beam of crimson energy gathered between its jaws.

Chapter End Notes

No Gaster, you're a scientist. You should know that alcohol makes fires WORSE, not better. Seriously, third grade science FAIL for you. /smacks with ruler

Uh, I feel like I should add some background information here just in case I can't figure out a way to put it in the actual story.

So in Undertale, Sans and Papyrus are Gaster's clones. And Gaster was well on his way to becoming the dick that we all know and love now.

In Underfell, Sans and Papyrus are NOT RELATED to Gaster. At least, not in any way that any of them is aware of. They're just two brothers and a science guy that know each other. Really, nobody in Underfell completely remembers how things got to be this way, so it's entirely possible that certain familial connections were lost along the way as well. Poor beebs. ;w;

I think I'm gonna call this universe Skellytale. Or maybe Skellytail. It sounds pretty cute and harmless, which is hilariously at odds with what it actually is.

Here We Are (Pt. 1) - Underfell

Chapter Summary

Something is terribly wrong.

Chapter Notes

This is not the second to last chapter, it's just something I really struggled/stressed/obsessed over to the point that I just have to post this part now, and finish the rest in a day or two. Still normal chapter length (5 pages), just kinda ends on a cliffhanger, sorry!

Chapter music: https://youtu.be/Ekx-WUSVp78

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - You

You woke up slowly, body aching, limbs strangely heavy. You were in your room at Gaster's lab, but something wasn't right. Your head pounded mercilessly, and you raised a hand to it, recoiling when you touched something sticky. Looking at your hand, you saw the tips of your fingers stained crimson. Blood?

Moaning softly, you forced yourself to sit up and take stock of the damage. Dark bruises on your wrists. You tentatively touched your throat, and hissed at the tender pain you found. Likely bruised there as well.

You glanced down. No injuries on your lower body. Hesitantly, you felt at the parts between your legs. No sign of...that...either. What had happened? Your whole body hurt, and you shook as if with fever. God, it felt like you'd gotten hit by a truck.

Your soul felt heavy, almost swollen within you. You felt like you

couldn't catch your breath, like every movement, even the rise and fall of your ribs, brushed painfully against your oversensitized essence.

A full day had passed since your dream...or nightmare...had occurred. Somehow you couldn't play it off as just a product of your imagination. It stuck with you, haunted you. It felt real. But when you'd woken up that time, your skin had been unmarked. No trace of your violation remained.

Where, then, had these injuries come from? If you had somehow been dragged into the void again, wouldn't you have ended up back with the blue version of Sans? Wouldn't you at least remember *something* happening?

You considered getting off the bed and going to find help, then remembered that you were effectively locked in. Cold fear nestled in your heart, dragging you back down to curl up on your side. Your only option was to wait, and hope that Gaster thought to check on you soon.

Underfell - Gaster

The scientist groaned, waking to find his rangy form hunched uncomfortably over his desk, head pillow on his folded arms. The light from the room's only lamp glared harshly against his eyes from just a foot away.

He stood shakily, pushing himself up from the desk. Pausing, he braced one arm against the wall. Perhaps he'd gone a bit too far with the scotch. A quick glance at the clock confirmed that he'd fallen asleep for a few hours, although the slight buzz in his veins alerted him to the fact that it hadn't been quite long enough to burn off the effects of the alcohol.

He stifled a yawn, glancing around the dim office blearily. Ah. His glasses had fallen off again. Strictly speaking, he didn't *need* to wear them all the time, but he did so much reading that it was more efficient than constantly removing (and misplacing) them.

Returning the spectacles to their proper place, he gazed down at himself. His lab coat was deeply creased, sweater askew, revealing one pale, sinewy shoulder. His trousers were wrinkled. He sighed. Shouldn't have fallen asleep in his work clothes, again. He would need to make himself presentable before going to check on you. Being seen like this by one of his employees would be unacceptable.

Later

Gaster leaned into the pounding water, letting the shower caress and relax his tensed muscles. This was a luxury he truly enjoyed, an advancement in technology that was admittedly rather frivolous, but still brought him great enjoyment.

He stared at his hands as moisture dripped through the holes in his palms. It was strange, how similar humans were to one another, when monsters were all so different. At times he had wondered whether he might not be distantly related to the skeleton brothers, Sans and Papyrus, though the thought made him shudder.

The tall one was militant at best, violent and authoritative. Good traits for his place in the royal guard, but not much subtlety in that one, and certainly not any mercy. Sans...was Sans. A perverse nihilist whose only purpose in life seemed to be enjoying himself or harming others to the fullest extent possible, preferably at the same time.

Gaster had, of course, heard the idle speculation and rumors that

drifted about the lab when Sans had first come to work for him. He could agree that many of his features were skeletal in appearance, but there, the physical similarities ended.

Where Sans and his brother possessed no physique beyond their bones, Gaster was a more fully-fleshed monster. His skin was rough and scarred, in large part due to his more hazardous experiments, but he possessed skin, nonetheless. His hands were less complex than a true skeleton's would be, fused in some places, but still more than adequate for the delicate tasks he sometimes performed.

His magical abilities were close to what Sans and Papyrus were capable of, from what he'd seen. He had even been able to share the "blaster" skulls he had developed with Sans, although he regretted it now. The skeleton was dangerous enough without an enormous skull that could expel highly focused beams of energy.

He grimaced, flexing his broad shoulders and rubbing with one hand to ease the tightness there. It was a chronic condition for someone who spent so much time bent over a microscope or assembling delicate circuitry.

Gaster had educated himself in every aspect of the scientific field, and while Alphys and Sans did outshine him in some areas, he was still highly proficient, and took many responsibilities upon himself, particularly in the development of his favorite projects. Some might see it as a flaw, wasting his valuable time on tasks that could easily be delegated, but he preferred to oversee such details personally.

The water dripped down his lean frame, trickling over his narrow hips and down his improbably long legs. He stayed like that a little longer, letting his mind go blank, focused only on the warm wetness against his skin. Steam rose beneath his feet, curling in tendrils around his body as he turned off the water, groping blindly for a cloth to dry himself with.

A little more relaxed and clear-headed, he wrapped the oversized towel around his waist, padding silently from the shower to don fresh clothing.

Underfell - You

You glanced up from where you lay as the lock on your door clicked, admitting the doctor into your room.

Inexplicable anxiety fluttered in your chest at the sight of the towering, immaculately-dressed monster. He wasn't looking directly at you, glancing instead at the clipboard in his hands as he entered. A thoughtful frown marred his otherwise smooth face, brows drawn together in contemplation.

He seemed about to speak as he raised his eyes to yours, then stopped, staring wordlessly as his gaze flicked from your wrists to your throat, then to your face. Silently, he strode toward you, the speed of his approach causing you to flinch away fearfully.

"What...how did this happen?" he demanded, dropping the clipboard and reaching out to delicately grasp one of your arms as he scrutinized the dark bruises on your wrist. Without waiting for an answer, he grasped your chin, holding your head still as his other hand brushed your hair away from what you presumed was the source of the blood.

Then he was kneeling beside you, tilting your face upward to better inspect the marks that must be on your throat. When he finally released you, his violet-hued eyes were dark with concern, inches away as you flushed and tried to recall something, anything.

“I...I don’t know. I can’t remember…” Your voice shook. His nearness, and the harsh tone in his typically calm voice were overwhelming. You saw him glance down at your hands, and released that they, too, had begun to tremble.

Gaster frowned, voice canted low and soothing as he responded. “Human, I realize that matters between us have been...difficult recently. However, I must insist that you allow me to examine these new injuries, and prepare a mild sedative to help calm you. You are experiencing what appears to be an acute stress reaction.” His voice was calm and deliberate, fingertips resting gently on your arm as he let you absorb his words.

You shook your head automatically, pulling away without really hearing what he’d said. You understood his intent, and that was enough. You wouldn’t-couldn’t go back into that room. Your breathing came fast and shallow, and you couldn’t find your voice to respond.

Underfell - Gaster

The scientist bit back a sigh of frustration.

Clearly you were hysterical, unable to make decisions right now. It wasn’t your fault. He had no choice but to take control of the situation, even if it meant doing so against your will.

Moving carefully, he drew nearer, effortlessly preventing your escape by gathering you and the blankets into his arms. He carried you rapidly to the examination room, ignoring the way you clawed at his white coat, futilely pounding the flat of your hand against his hard chest as you struggled against him.

Upon reaching his destination, the doctor laid you carefully upon the

table, casually summoning a spare hand to lock the door behind him. It was early yet, but he couldn't risk an employee barging in and frightening you even further. Too much was at stake.

You had ceased your struggles, and were lying in a pathetic heap where he'd deposited you, tangled in your blankets. It worried him. He couldn't afford to waste any time.

He grabbed for your shoulder, pressing you flat against the table as he pressed two fingers to your throat, reading your pulse. Too high, much too high. Your skin was clammy beneath his touch. At least the head wound was superficial and had already clotted. He doubted you had a concussion; you seemed to be responding purely to some emotional trauma.

He turned to his cabinets, withdrawing the necessary components for a sedative injection. It would be easier for him and safer for you to conduct the examination after you were calmer. He disliked sedating you without your consent, as he remembered how vehemently you had rejected it before, but he really couldn't see any other way to keep you still, other than physically restraining you, which would be worse.

Underfell - You

You moaned and twisted in the blankets, shoving them off your body as a wave of heat rippled through you. Despite the harshness of the lights in the room, everything was dark and distant. You felt as if you were deep under water, struggling to reach the surface.

Dark tendrils curled around your mind and soul, dragging you deeper the more that you fought. It was like being caught in a rapidly tightening snare, but you couldn't help the instinct to try and escape, even though it made your situation worse.

Your soul burned and throbbed within you, causing you to clutch at your chest, scratching the skin until it bled.

"Stop that." Gaster yanked your arms away, holding them still with one of his summoned hands.

"NO!" you screamed, panicking at the too-familiar sense of restraint. You turned your face toward his, and shuddered as he seemed to twist and warp into the malevolent being you knew from the void. Your body thrashed, forcing him to hold you down with one arm as you struggled.

"I'm sorry," you begged, still caught up in the nightmarish vision before you, "Please don't punish me, I won't do it again."

You didn't see the shock and concern in his eyes, twisting away with your own closed as you sagged against him.

"Just let me go back to Sans. I'll do whatever you say."

The grip on your already-bruised wrists tightened slightly at your words, before the phantasmal hand dragged you around to face him once more.

"How can you say that?" The hurt and anger in his voice jolted you back to reality. "After everything I've done. After everything *he's* done. Why do you still want *him*?" The doctor ended in a snarl, pain evident on his face as he continued, gesturing with his hands. "You are *my* test subject. *I* am the one that rescued you. *I* am the one continually being forced to repair the damage that *others* have done to you."

He grimaced, violet eyes meeting yours for the first time. “Why are you incapable of seeing that? Why...” He hesitated, glancing briefly away before turning back to you. “Why are you incapable of seeing how much I have come to care for you?”

Chapter End Notes

Writing this chapter made me kind of sad for UF!Gaster. He ended up being so upset that he actually showed emotions. :(And yes the shower scene was completely necessary, I don't know what you're talking about.

...

On a lighter note, did I ever tell you guys that I made up a headcanon where Gaster just screams wingdings at everyone? Like instead of using sign language or speaking in a language nobody understands, he just yells "MAILBOX FROWNY-FACE LIPSTICK FLAG!"

Here We Are (Pt. 2) - Underfell (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

You react to Gaster expressing his feelings.

Chapter Notes

This chapter ain't the only thing that's long. (°ʖ°)

Happy Monday, my little herd of sinners.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - You

“Why are you incapable of seeing that? Why...” He hesitated, glancing briefly away before turning back to you. “Why are you incapable of seeing how much I have come to care for you?”

Your fear and confusion retreated a little at his words. Stunned, you looked up at him from the table.

“I...I don’t understand,” you said huskily, speaking past the tightness in your throat. “You only ever seemed to think of me as a test subject.”

He frowned, releasing your arms from the grip of his summoned hand. They fell limply to your sides, instinctively curling to your chest. You felt wrung out, exhausted. Your soul still throbbed painfully within you, and your body ached. Yet, there was a lingering warmth on your cheeks from what he’d said.

Unconsciously, he reached out to touch apologetically at your bruised wrists. “Human...I mean, ___.” He spoke your name gently, almost reverently. “I confess that such feelings are... new to me. I did not

know how to respond to them. I still have reservations about feeling such a way toward you. I'm…"

Now he trailed off, removing his hand and stepping back slightly. You felt a surprising sense of loss as he did. You hadn't realized how much you had yearned for some sign of affection from the habitually distant man. His next words sent a chill down your spine.

"The king intends for me to use your soul to break the barrier. It was my plan, initially, to do so."

He paused, the neutrality in his voice wavering as he continued. "But not only is your soul not...powerful enough, I find it difficult to imagine how I would feel if you were to be destroyed in the process."

"What do you mean?" You had a sense of what he was saying, but wanted to be sure.

"I mean to say... you have grown dear to me. I find you...beautiful, despite your frailty. Or perhaps, in part, because of it." He sounded uncomfortable, but sincere.

You struggled to sit up, and he rushed to assist you, hands lingering on your back as he helped support you. You blushed. He was very close to you now. His hands were slightly cool, but the rest of him radiated warmth. You remembered how you had thought of him being attractive, some time ago. You still did, the feeling had simply been forgotten in the midst of your pain and anger towards him.

Tilting your head up, you found him regarding you intently, violet eyes warmer and brighter than usual. Impulsively, you leaned forward, hesitantly brushing your lips against his own. He blinked in

surprise, seeming about to draw away.Then his fingers flexed against your hospital gown, drawing you even closer as he bent toward you.

You found yourself gripping the edges of his lab coat tightly for support as his lips met yours, coaxing your mouth open to slide his tongue inside, kissing you passionately in return. One of his hands slid from your back to your hair, tangling gently to hold you against him. He broke the kiss, planting a smaller one on the corner of your mouth before leaning back to observe your response.

“I’ve just...been through so much,” you said unexpectedly, still holding onto his coat. Tears stung your eyes, and you fought them back. Great, now he’d think that kissing you back had upset you.

He removed his hands carefully, straightening up. “I understand,” he said softly, clasping his hands behind his back as though to restrain himself from further action. “Hu- I mean, ____.” He caught himself, making you smile a little, despite yourself.

“It is not my intention to take advantage of you while you are in such a vulnerable state.”

You winced at his words, rushing to correct him. “Gaster- uh, is it alright if I call you that, by the way?”

He looked surprised, then a little pleased. “Yes, of course.”

“You’re not taking advantage. I kissed you first.”

The look he gave you was doubtful. “Just moments ago, you were hysterical and appeared to be hallucinating.”

Fair enough. You took a moment to mull over his words. “I know, but, uh.” You averted your eyes. “I’ve found you attractive for a while now. It’s not just me being, er, hysterical right now.”

“I see.”

You waited, but no more was forthcoming. You were startled when you felt his hand behind your neck, supporting it as he placed the other on your throat to feel your pulse. Wordlessly, he released you, searching your face as he spoke. “Your heart rate is slightly elevated, but much lower than it was. Is this truly what you want?”

Your agitated soul pulsed against your chest, a wave of desire erasing the last of your doubts.

“Yes,” you whispered, repeating yourself so that he could hear you. “Yes, I want…you.”

The smile that graced his lips at your reply felt like the first you’d ever seen. He looked so…tender, suddenly, desire and affection mingled in his gaze.

“We still have much to talk about,” he said, reaching out to brush his knuckles gently against your cheek. “But I believe it can be postponed.”

You smiled up at him as he leaned down to gather you in his arms. Despite the fact that your ankle had long since healed, carrying you seemed to be something he preferred, and you had to admit that it was a charming gesture. He was exceptionally careful, handling you as though you were made of glass.

“Where are we going?” you asked a bit breathlessly, once he had you cuddled up against his chest. He favored you with a crooked smile, a faint lavender blush rising on his face.

“It didn’t seem terribly…romantic, to proceed as such in the examination room,” he explained apologetically.

“Oh. Right.” Did he just say *romantic?* The fact that the typically cold, reserved, scientist cared about such things was astonishing.

When he exited through the door you had never seen him use before, your curiosity was piqued, and you found yourself glancing around at the new scenery. The long corridors were only dimly lit, machines gently whirring and beeping as they ran on automatic. Nobody seemed to be here, yet. You wondered what time it was.

“It’s still quite early in the morning,” Gaster mentioned, as if he’d read your thoughts. “My employees will not be arriving for a few hours.”

Nodding absently, you rested back against him. He moved swiftly, not only because of his long legs. He was hurrying a little, you noted, trying not to feel too pleased about that little detail. It still amazed you that he seemed to want this so much. You hadn’t felt this desirable since…oh. You winced. Since that night with Sans.

Was doing this a betrayal? You’d told the skeleton that you loved him, before you’d been ripped away into the void. Was it fair to Gaster, telling him that you wanted him, after what you had shared with Sans?

Both things were still true, you reasoned out. You did want the doctor.

And you did love Sans. The skeleton had been nothing but kind to you, caring for you, listening to you, and generally being a wonderful friend. And Gaster, despite being far more calculating and aloof, was just starting to reveal a tender side that both startled and intrigued you.

Eventually you would have to choose, you realized. Assuming you ever saw Sans again. But for now...for now you wanted, needed, the comfort of physical intimacy. You wanted to know the scientist better, you wanted this closeness with him, after everything that you'd been through together.

Your thoughts were interrupted as he stopped at a particular door, at the end of a short, private hallway. Shifting you slightly, he freed one arm to unlock and open it, carrying you inside and turning to close it behind him. He locked it once more, then stepped further inside, stopping at a large bed and laying you down on it.

Was this his bedroom? He gave you a moment to look around, taking stock of your surroundings. It was sparsely appointed, containing only the bare essentials. The king-sized bed was quite a bit longer than average, probably to accommodate his unusual height. Lamplight cast gentle shadows over the walls, illuminating a second closed door that must lead to a bathroom, as well as a desk, which was bare except for a few small trinkets. He probably didn't use this place very often, you realized.

"Is this...acceptable?" he asked hesitantly. Belatedly you realized that he had been waiting for your approval.

"Oh, uh, yes! Yeah, it's good. Much better than the examination room." You felt awkward and shy suddenly, remembering why you had come here. You were never really confident in situations like these, preferring to let your partner take charge of things.

“I’m glad.” He seated himself beside you on the bed, shrugging out of the crisp white coat. The turtleneck sweater beneath it looked temptingly soft, the fabric smooth and of expensive quality.

“Afterward, I really must examine those new injuries,” he reminded you gently, reaching out to tilt your face toward his when you looked away. “For now…” He bent to kiss you again, long tongue swiping against your lips. “You must let me know if anything I do causes you pain,” he murmured against you, still close enough that his lips brushed yours as he spoke.

You almost forgot to respond, so caught up in the warmth and closeness of him. “R-right,” you mumbled, leaning forward to catch his mouth again. The way he kissed you made it hard to think. Swells of pleasure rippled through your body. The man was full of surprises. You’d never been with anyone so experienced, yet so considerate.

Nibbling gently on your lower lip, he slid one hand behind you, untying your gown in swift, practiced motions. He showered delicate kisses like flower petals on your upturned face as he undressed you, the heat of his body keeping you comfortable despite the cool temperature of the room.

He pulled briefly away to remove his ribbed sweater, sliding it easily over his head. You startled a bit at the sight of his pale, well-muscled torso. Not a skeleton after all, at least, not completely. He didn’t notice your preoccupation, too absorbed in the sight of your own softly rounded figure.

You each had scars, you realized suddenly, hesitantly reaching out to touch one of his. He let you, leaning back a little as you slowly explored his chest with your fingertips. He trembled a little as you neared his belt, and you withdrew, embarrassed that you had gotten so absorbed in touching his strange, tough skin.

A low chuckle rumbled in his throat, and he easily caught your hand, pressing it back where it had been. “Do not be shy. I enjoy being touched by you,” he murmured with amusement, leaning forward to nuzzle your face as he spoke.

Reassured, you reached out with both hands, running them softly over his broad shoulders, down his lean frame. You let your fingertips rest just below his belt, glancing at him inquiringly. He smiled a little, guiding you to lie back on the bed instead. “No rush, my dear.”

He climbed onto the bed, nudging your legs apart to kneel between them. Then he settled himself over you, chest brushing your breasts as he braced himself on one elbow. WIth his free hand, he lightly caressed your taut nipples, drawing a faint moan from you as he brushed his thumb over each in turn.

“Mmm, so sensitive,” he whispered, bending to lave his tongue over the sensitive buds. He suckled your breasts, grazing them carefully with his teeth as he withdrew each time. His hand caressed your ribs, slowly trailing lower until he was exploring the curve of your hips. When you growled a little and nudged your pelvis toward him, he smiled with wicked amusement, raising his lips to your ear.

“Oh no, I will not rush this. I have waited too long.” He withdrew with a heated breath, fastening his lips against the juncture of your shoulder to leave a faint love bite. You moaned, forgetting your momentary frustration, until he slipped his hand down to your sex, swiping against your wetness with two fingers.

As if by their own volition, your hips jerked up against him, desperate for further stimulation. He obliged, using his thumb to rhythmically stroke your swollen clit. When he inserted two long digits within you and curled them, you bucked against his hand, the delicious itch in your belly building and building until you cried out in relief, unable to stop the embarrassingly loud sounds you were making.

He seemed to enjoy the noises you made, based on his half-lidded eyes and pleased smirk. He bent to kiss you again. It was like he couldn't get enough of tasting you, his tongue exploring your mouth as he pressed his clothed bulge against you. Finally relinquishing your mouth, he sat up, moving backward on the bed until his face was level with your slick folds.

He placed one hand on each of your thighs, pressing them gently apart until you were spread to his satisfaction. The feeling of his smooth, hot tongue against your quivering sex was almost too much, but you didn't want him to stop. He licked long strokes against your labia, touching every part of you with his mouth. Then he slipped his tongue inside of you, humming with pleasure as you twisted your hands in the sheets.

Your second orgasm was gentler, but no less enjoyable, your walls fluttering against his long tongue as he withdrew, licking his lips in enjoyment. He climbed back over you, a gleam in his eyes as he panted softly.

"I cannot wait any longer. I trust you are ready?" he inquired seriously, as if he hadn't just made you cum twice in a row.

Unable to speak, you simply nodded, holding your breath as he reached down to free the massive length straining against his pants. Was that going to fit? Your apprehension must have shown on your face, because he stroked your face reassuringly as he used his other hand to guide the tip of his shaft to your soaked vulva.

"I will go slowly," he murmured distractedly, glancing back up at you once he had aligned. He brought his hands up to caress your face, slowly running each thumb against your cheekbones as he stroked and petted you.

Then he firmly nudged his hips forward, burying the head of his shaft within your tight folds. You moaned wordlessly. It felt amazing, despite the slight burning stretch against your walls. He had already driven you mindless with pleasure, but the intimacy of this moment brought you even higher.

You heard his breath catch in his throat as he drove into your wet heat. He grunted, thrusting just a little further in, before stopping himself. He clearly wanted to sheath himself fully, but withheld for your sake. His elegant hands trailed up and down your sides urgently, and he met your mouth again, panting into it as he withdrew a little, then slid even further inside.

You couldn't help yourself. Your hands flew up to his back, digging your nails into the flesh. "Do it," you gasped, overcome with lust. Your pussy ached to be filled. You needed him, all of him, now.

He smirked a little, bracing himself on his forearms to partially withdraw.

"As you wish."

He drove his hips forward, hilting just as you felt your cervix couldn't handle anything more. Tears pricked your eyes at the overwhelming surge of pleasure and pain. You felt so tight around him, despite your arousal. He filled every part of you, pressing hard against your most pleasurable spots. Quietly, he groaned your name, nuzzling his face into your throat as he slowly began to thrust.

He suckled and kissed your throat as he rode you, taking his time to expertly angle each thrust. Then he shoved his pelvis against your buttocks, beginning to quicken the pace. Each time he drove into you,

he sparked against your cervix and g-spot. It was too much. It was just right.

Suddenly, he slowed. Your eyes flew open, clutching at his back desperately. You were so close. He withdrew slowly, ignoring the needy whine that escaped your throat. Grabbing your hips, he flipped you onto your stomach, pulling your rear up as he conjured a hand to press down on your upper back. You were pinned down, face in the sheets, ass pushed up against him as he rolled his hips, pressing back into your dripping heat.

Your were both nearing the edge now, stilted gasps and the wet sound of thrusting filling the silence. He clutched at your hips harder, driving in deeper, until you cried out his name, grabbing at the sheets as you milked him with your climax. He pinned you against him, going rigid as he followed you into post-coital bliss.

Groaning, he collapsed on top of you, propping up just a little to avoid crushing you with his weight. You both lay still for several moments, exhausted and sated, floating on the sensations that filled your bodies.

Then you felt his weight lifted, climbing off of your limp form to seat himself on the edge of the bed. Your soul felt lighter, easeful and calm. A small smile curled at your lips, but you kept your eyes closed, content to rest here in his bed, burrowing a little deeper into the tangled bedding.

You didn't see the way his broad shoulders trembled, hands coming up suddenly to clutch at the sides of his head. His weight disappeared from the mattress entirely as he stood, walking over to brace his hands against the desk for a long, silent moment.

Underfell - Gaster?

He straightened, turning to gaze at your recumbent form on the bed. You dozed in innocent oblivion, no doubt feeling much better now, with only one soul nestled beneath your soft breasts. A twisted, sinister smile grew as he watched you. That had been even easier than he had expected.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like you guys should know that I believe in happy endings. No, not that kind you perverts (also that kind). No matter how grim and hopeless things may seem, there will still be hope!

In case it isn't obvious by now, Voidster possessed you! (Oh no!)
That's why you were so beat up and traumatized at the beginning of last chapter! (OH NO!)
You also have PTSD now, congrats! (OH NOOO!)
But it's okay, because now he's possessing Tsund- uh, I mean UF! Gaster.

I ended up being pretty impressed by UF!Gaster's uh "performance" before he got possessed though. I honestly didn't expect such a shy nerd to be a masterful stud in bed, and now I've completely ruined my own expectations for men that actually exist.

Control - Underfell

Chapter Summary

"God damn right, you should be scared of me
Who is in control?"

https://youtu.be/so8V5dAli-Q

Chapter Notes

labors over the mountain of writer's block

...Just...take...it....*dies*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - Gaster

It wasn't difficult to subdue you, given your understandable level of fatigue. Soon after taking control of his new vessel, the scientist had dragged you out of the bed, back to your room, throwing you inside and locking the door. You didn't need to be healed or examined. He knew intimately just how much damage had been inflicted during the process of invading your fragile body.

Gaster smirked. While this version of himself lacked the appreciation or knowledge for some of the darker pleasures of the flesh, it was a lack he looked forward to remedying. Speaking of which…

[Quite a performance, I must say,] he goaded the doctor.
[Although she screams a bit louder for me.]

"How dare you," his vessel seethed, a wave of fury battering futilely against him. *"You are an abomination. I don't know by what dark magic you accomplished this, but I will find a way to undo it."*

Gaster smirked. **[You haven't figured it out yet? Perhaps if you had spent more time perfecting your soulwork instead of pandering to a human you could have taken by force a dozen times over, you would have seen the mark I left upon her soul.]**

Stunned silence met this revelation. He scoffed at the doctor's horror. **[I suggest that you acclimate yourself to the notion. I will be doing much worse to your beloved test subject. She responds so well to it, after all.]**

First, however, he needed to obtain power over this timeline. Chara had the highest amount of Determination, which gave them the power to reset. The solution was elegantly simple. He had to surpass their Determination with his own.

In the past, high levels of DT had proven fatal to monsters, if not worse. The amalgamates that had occurred in his native timeline were all that remained of Alphys' failure to follow in his footsteps as the royal scientist. Melted, deformed atrocities. Overloaded with DT, lacking the strength in their souls to balance it out.

This would not be a problem for the doctor. His physical form was now comprised of two monster souls. It made him immeasurably powerful, and already his vessel had changed to accommodate its new inhabitant. Cracks ran down either side of his face, mirroring the injuries he had sustained when he had fallen into the void. They forced his right eye socket to droop slightly, running through his jagged, malevolent smile. He stood at a towering eight feet of height, his body lean and muscular, broad at the shoulder and narrow at the hip.

The changes weren't just physical. Within, he retained enormous stamina for magical attacks, as well as a large amount of HP to withstand the attacks of others. It was, in every sense, ideal, aside from his inability to rid himself of the original owner of the body.

He sensed the timeline beginning to shudder and twist. Perfect timing. It seemed that even the maudlin confrontation between Sans and his younger self had worked to his advantage. With the skeleton tormenting the former royal child into resetting, the artificial DT they had developed would once again be regenerated. Then things would become truly interesting.

Underfell - You

You paced unsteadily back and forth, wrapped in a blanket. You weren't sure what had caused Gaster to snap and drag you, naked, back in here, but you had an idea.

The pain of your body and soul had largely abated, leaving you clear-minded for the first time since *he* had crawled inside you. You vaguely remembered him telling you that the black brand on your soul had made this possible.

Apparently even a creature like him needed permission to take control of another being. The artificial determination that he'd drained from your splintering soul had given him the power necessary to create the brand. And you had given the consent.

The click of the lock startled you out of your reverie. Automatically, you retreated to a shadowed corner. You weren't truly safe there, but it was better than being out in the open.

The man that strode into the room was terrifyingly familiar. The gruesome cracks that distorted his face, the suit of full black, overlaid by a knee-length black laboratory coat, sleeves rolled to his elbows. Polished black shoes clicked against the tile, echoing crisply in the silent halls.

You cringed back, watching as he slowly turned, eyes drifting from your empty bed to the surrounding area. The cold, deliberate way he scanned the room was terrifying. He knew you were still in here. He knew you had no way to get out. His patience was that of an apex predator; certain of its all-encompassing power and invulnerability.

When his eyes lit upon your hiding spot, a slow, cruel smile bloomed, prompting a whimper from your cracked lips. He approached, stalking forward at a measured pace and stopping a few feet away from your huddled form.

Long, elegant fingers began signing impatiently, his warped and crackling voice frightening you even more. It was the sound from your nightmares all over again, given a horrifying physical form. As he signed, the deep, cultured voice you had come to recognize rolled through your mind.

[Hiding, my dear? You should know by now that such actions are pointless.]

Reaching deep within yourself, you found the courage to stand. It didn't make a lot of difference; he still loomed far above you, but at least you weren't cowering beneath him like you usually did.

He raised a brow, leaning still nearer.

[I'm glad to find you still whole. I had worried our time together would deny me the pleasure of breaking you…in the flesh, so to speak.]

"H-how did y-you do this to him?" you demanded, unable to halt the

quiver in your voice as he leered down at you. A brief look of annoyance crossed his face, before he realized what you meant.

[This?] He gestured at himself in one fluid motion. When you nodded, he chuckled, a sound unnervingly similar to the monster whose body he had stolen.

[It is far too complex for you to understand, my dear,] he began condescendingly, humming in amusement. **[Let us say simply that when this fool spilled his magic into your ever-so-willing body, he forged a temporary link through which I could take control. So naive.]**

"Did you *plan* this?!" You couldn't stop the disgust in your voice, disturbed by the thought that he had orchestrated your intimacy with the doctor simply to further his own goals.

His manic smile faded a little as he glanced disapprovingly down at you. **[Not entirely. You have a disappointing preference for romantic fools. I simply helped suppress your natural inhibitions, as well as your attachment to that pathetic skeleton in the other timeline. Although it didn't take as much effort as it should have.]** He smirked knowingly at you. **[Loyalty is a trait of yours we will have to work on improving.]**

He was standing very near you now, one arm braced on the wall to his side, effectively trapping you in the corner. You could feel his body radiating heat and darkness, one oppressing your body while the other strangled your soul. He reached out with his free hand, pressing the index finger lightly against your chest before withdrawing.

Your mind stuttered. He was leaving you unmolested? Then you felt the tug at your chest, a searing agony that jerked you forward a few steps. Glancing up, you saw the wicked smile on his lips as he

watched you. His hand made a grasping motion in midair, closing into a fist as he pulled it toward himself, and you felt the tug again, dragging you closer. He had attached some kind of invisible leash to your soul.

[There's no time like the present to begin training, my dear.] He crooned malevolently. **[This timeline will soon reset, and I want you somewhere a little more…permanent. I have yet to observe what happens to a human who does not possess the Determination to reset, and I'm not of a mind to use you for such experiments.]**

Pulling you along behind him, he made his way to the reset-proofed room.

Underfell - Sans

Chara was bleeding from too many injuries to count. The skin on their legs hung in tattered shreds, sliced while dodging the sharp bones he threw at them. His attack with the blaster had missed, and he didn't have the energy for a second try. That was okay though, this was more fun.

"s'matter pal? you look frustrated about something," he smirked.

They panted and glared at him, too breathless to respond to his taunting. That was one advantage of his low HP. Even though one solid hit would dust him, until that point was reached, he was more or less untouched by the battle. Sure, he was tired, but he wasn't bleeding out onto the dirt, either.

The kid's frustration at their inability to land a hit was usually what undid them. Seeing him standing there, unmarked and seemingly

unaffected, sent them into a blind rage. It was no different this time. They never seemed to learn.

With an inarticulate cry, the child launched themselves at Sans. The sharp knife caught on his hoodie, dragging through the fabric, scraping just barely against his bone. He caught his breath, but it wasn't enough. They hadn't wounded him.

Laughing maniacally, he thrust his arm out, catching their throat in one large, skeletal hand. He pushed his phalanges into the soft flesh, piercing the skin, blood welling up beneath his bones. He cocked his head, grinning down at the pain and frustration in Chara's brilliant red eyes.

"see ya on the other side, kiddo."

With a sickening crunch, he snapped their neck, the small body going limp as its spine was crushed. Shrugging, he tossed it aside, watching as it flopped like a lifeless doll, sliding down into a drift of snow.

The woods around him began to glitch and waver, flickering in and out of his vision. The last thing he saw before the reset was the kid's blood, staining the snow like fresh crimson ink on wet paper.

Chapter End Notes

LONG LIVE THE KING

Second Author's Note Yey

Chapter Summary

> In which author has REAL AND VALID REASONS for not updating the fic?

THIS FIC IS NOT ABANDONED.

I'm just sick right now, and it's surprisingly hard to write and be creative when you have a fever. Like actually surprisingly hard, even to form sentences? After spending forever + days to get two pages written, I realized that maybe I should rest instead of trying to keep going. I am hoping I will recover enough in a few days to start writing for real again.

Don't worry my dears, I would never abandon my carefully crafted skeleton porn, or all of you awesome readers.

And this story is nowhere near over. I have some very specific goals in mind for what is to come, I just need the energy and focus to write them. Haven't decided if I will split up the fic yet or not, either way, there are so many plots I have yet to even introduce.

My tumblr is dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com if you have any questions about the fic or wanna chat. :3 I SHALL RETURN.

Echo - Undertale/Underfell

Chapter Summary

Your rescue is underway. Somebody should really stop Gaster.

Chapter Notes

We are nearing the end of this story arc. :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Undertale - Sans

It was finished. The Timeline Alternator already had a long, gruesome history, being responsible for the deaths of half the monsters who had worked at the Core, besides scattering its creator across time and space. Sans had been too late to prevent those deaths, but he'd still managed to ensure the one that really mattered had happened.

The casual shove that had sent Gaster tumbling into his creation, torn apart in a hurricane of time energy, hadn't been quite as permanent as he had hoped.

Sans had been opposed to the project to begin with. It was pure ambition on the part of the royal scientist. A desire for godlike power over time itself. Gaster had reasoned that such power would allow him to prevent the construction of the barrier, or at the very least, discover how to bring it down.

What had begun as an earnest attempt to free monsterkind had quickly transformed into a project that had consumed every resource the Underground had to offer. Gaster had interns working day and night on the intricate machine, which contained innumerable separate components, while his two assistants were assigned the more delicate circuitry and programming. Still, certain aspects of the project were unknown, even to them.

What made Sans more uneasy than anything was that the scientist refused to discuss or even reveal what he was using to power his creation. An invention with such devastating potential would require a power source beyond anything Sans was aware of. When he had asked Alphys, she had admitted that it was concerning to her as well, but neither of them pushed the doctor. He had little tolerance for questions, especially those regarding matters he had no desire to speak about.

It had been years before Sans could bring himself to return to the site of the accident, which had long since been abandoned by everyone else in the underground. Even Alphys no longer remembered how or why parts of the Core had been destroyed. Every memory directly related to W.D. Gaster and his death had vanished along with the man, as if he had never existed.

Sans wasn't sure precisely why he alone was burdened with the knowledge, but he was willing to bet it had something to do with his abilities, as well as the fact that he was technically a part of Gaster himself. The thought was beyond disturbing to the skeleton, but he couldn't change the circumstances of his creation any more than any other monster could. He could only try to be better, to use what power and knowledge he had to do good, instead of pursuing his own selfish desires.

Admittedly, rescuing you from wherever you were wasn't an entirely selfless goal for him. He missed you. His soul ached at your absence, and he was burdened with the guilt of letting you go, and fear for your safety.

You had seemed happy here, with him. He could only assume that your situation in that other timeline was less than ideal, when you were so grateful for his small kindnesses, and what meager company he had offered. It wasn't much, but it seemed like it had meant a lot to you.

Taking a deep breath, Sans pulled the dust cloth from the machine, revealing it in its entirety for the first time since the accident. The design was almost archaic in appearance, wires and tubing worked into an enormous, animalistic skull shape. It resembled Gaster's DT extractor in some ways, and in others he could see the influence of the Core.

The man had been a genius, even if his invention designs gave Sans the creeps. He wasn't sure what had gone wrong the first time the Timeline Alternator had been used, and could only hope that his less experienced touch was enough to fix things.

Tersely, he flipped the switch on the machine. With a gentle hum it began to glow, deep red illuminating the empty sockets of the skull on top. *Even creepier,* Sans thought with a shudder. At least it seemed to be working.

At this point, the endeavor would either fail or succeed in a spectacular fashion. At best, he would find you in one piece and bring you back, without running the theoretical "battery" dead. At worst, he would likely be erased from existence, much as Gaster had been. He only hoped that if the latter happened, Paps wouldn't remember him. It broke his heart to think of, but he knew his younger brother would be better off that way.

Gritting his teeth, Sans opened the door of the machine, stepping inside. It slid noiselessly shut behind him, closing him in the gently illuminated interior. He straightened his shoulders, and typed some commands into the console attached to the wall. The machine shuddered, screeched alarmingly, then lurched, throwing him sideways as it launched into the timestream.

Underfell - Sans

“WAKE UP, LAZYBONES!”

Sans jolted awake, tangled up in the sheets on his bed in their house. Fuck, he had the worst headache. A reset hangover was worse than anything else. It took days for the painful, slightly nauseating sensation to finally fade. But he needed to get up now, if he wanted to avoid things getting a whole lot worse.

“kay,” he muttered groggily, swinging his legs over the edge of the mattress. “sorry, bro.”

“THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS NO WISH TO HEAR YOUR PATHETIC APOLOGIES,” the tall skeleton screeched down at him, casually buffeting his brother across the skull with a hard fist.

Grunting, Sans went down, falling off of the bed and onto the floor in a clattering heap.

“I MUST REPORT TO MY STATION. DO NOT FORCE ME TO RETURN FOR YOU, BROTHER. YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE MOST UNPLEASANT IF I DO.”

Sans didn’t respond. It never went well for him if he did. Satisfied, Papyrus stalked out of his room, leather boots creaking on the wood planks as he left. Sans didn’t move until he heard the front door slam shut. After that, he breathed a little easier. He had some time to wake up now, before heading back to the lab.

He didn’t doubt that Gaster would be furious with him for provoking another reset without warning, but facing the doctor’s wrath was better than whatever Papyrus had in mind.

Underfell - Gaster

With little else to keep him occupied, his thoughts kept returning to you. His body had become a prison, sensation dulled and distant, unable to control even his smallest movement. The intruder remained, frustratingly, in control.

This darker, distorted self had a surprising amount of determination, effortlessly seizing his body at his moment of weakness. He couldn't forgive himself for failing to notice that searing, ugly brand on your soul. Through the impostor's eyes he saw it clearly enough; a disturbing parody of his own signature scrawled across the fragile heart.

He shouldn't have let his desire blind him. Even as he railed at his own ineptitude, his heart ached at your predicament. The monster that controlled his body now was filled with a terrifying, carnal lust. Violence and pleasure mingled as one in this creature, who drank in the sight of your fear like burning nectar.

It nauseated him. The thoughts and desires that flickered across his mind were like insects crawling over his soul, and he longed to stamp them out. All he could do was throw himself at the walls of his prison, fighting impotently against the being that had so thoughtlessly conquered him.

Underfell - Voidster

You were locked in the reset-proofed room, amidst the notes and inventions that could potentially be lost, depending on how far back Chara went. The thought of joining you was tempting, but he had much to accomplish before he would have time for such pleasant

diversions. In the abyss, there had been nothing better to do. Now, he could finally put his long-delayed plans into motion.

Based on his observations, he had known that his vessel would reset within the Core. His other self rarely left the massive facility, being too involved in his research, and having no reason to set foot outside of Hotland.

Sure enough, he had woken back in the underused, undecorated area that served as a bedroom. Without wasting time, he had returned to the laboratory, finding the artificial DT replenished as he had hoped.

With just the contents of this syringe, he would easily gain control over the timeline. Then he would be free to pursue whatever projects he chose, without interruption. He had no doubt the child would try to interfere once they learned that he had stolen their power from them, but they were only a warped anomaly, feeding like a leech on the determination of the body they possessed. They could never hope to match him in battle.

He felt the original soul within his vessel scratching away, trying wrest control from him. Pitiful.

[Do you truly believe that fighting will accomplish anything?] he asked with amusement, slamming the other soul back down into its cage. **[The girl fought me too. It only made taming her that much more amusing. Shall I give you a taste of it? The discipline that brought her to her knees?]**

The soul paced within him, silent and furious. He smirked. **[Perhaps another time, then.]**

Turning his attention outward once more, he gripped the syringe,

drawing back the plunger. Deftly, he maneuvered it into the crook of his arm, hissing at the slight sting of the needle. It was large, to accommodate the viscous fluid within. He depressed the plunger slowly, watching as the glowing red liquid entered his flesh. The scientist tracked the progress of the DT as it crawled slowly up his arm, before reaching his soul in a sudden burst of light and pain.

He fell to his knees, panting heavily as agony wove through his cells, changing his very essence. He felt the other soul reacting too; pressed up against his ribcage in anguish. Pain was not a new experience for him. Even this intensity was...bearable. Snarling, he fought his way back to his feet, bracing one arm on the table as he stood.

He shuddered, forcing himself to remain standing as the last vestiges of Determination ripped through him. The aftershocks were not terribly different from the ripples of pleasure he felt after using your body.

Straightening, he glanced down at himself. Even the glow beneath his skin had faded, rendering him no different from before, visually. Within, he felt tremendous energy. A new awareness of the world pricked at his consciousness, subtly bringing attention to his ability to interact with, and now, manipulate the fabric of reality.

Oh, this was going to be fun.

Chapter End Notes

Kinda channeling your inner Mewtwo earlier there, huh Sans? (°ʖ°)

WHAT IS HE USING TO POWER THE TIME MACHINE TIMELINE ALTERNATOR? HM. CREEPY, CREEPIER YET CREEPIER.

This song is interesting and Gaster-related.

https://youtu.be/c5fYDG4HN5c

Creepy, Creepier yet Creepier (April 1st)

Chapter Summary

Voidster got so powerful that he broke the fourth wall! OH NO!

Chapter Notes

Happy April 1st

See the end of the chapter for more notes

BAM!

The door to your home was flung open, crashing into the wall and splintering.

You jolted awake, having drifted off on your couch after falling asleep watching Netflix. Your heart pounded in your ears as you groggily tried to clear the sleep from your eyes.

A dark figure slowly came into focus. He was standing in your living room, arms folded behind his back, one brow raised as he surveyed your home.

This wasn't possible. He wasn't real. He was a character in a fanfiction you'd read, not an actual living person.

"V-Voidster?!"

A wicked smile bloomed as he turned to face you.

[In the flesh, my dear. I have come to fuck bitches and do drugs, and I'm all out of drugs.]

"I...you…" Your voice caught in your throat. You could only stare as he approached, mind racing. He was so goddamn tall. You'd read it plenty of times, but in person, he was terrifying.

He bent toward your reclining figure, reaching out to gently brush your cheek with his fingers.

[You humans are so fascinating. You know what I am capable of, yet you do not flee.]

Oh, fuck. Scrambling backward, you fell off of your couch, retreating in terror. He was really goddamn attractive, but there was no way this was going to end well for you. Glancing around, you laid eyes on a small table lamp. You picked it up, wielding it like a weapon as he watched in amusement.

[What will you do, I wonder?] he purred, advancing slowly. **[I know that you want me, will you pretend that you do not? Will you fight, so that I can feel you writhing beneath me?]**

Yelling a battle-cry, you lunged, smashing the lamp against his face. A dark trickle of blood dripped down his temple, and he paused, momentarily distracted. Reaching one hand up, he touched the spreading wetness, bringing it back down and staring at it.

[You made me bleed my own blood.]

You winced, wondering if there was any way you were going to survive this. Then he glanced up, sharp canines poking out as he grinned maniacally down at you.

[Your resistance only makes my void dick harder.]

With a wink, he closed the gap between you, drawing you up into your arms. You shivered, fear and pleasure commingling as he kissed you deeply. You were fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Allocatealoe and I are really bad influences on each other. You should definitely check out her fics; Thrown Amidst Monsters, and the sequel, Living with a Lich. She also made my new icon, which was based on a fantastic discussion about her G and my Voidster becoming pals.

http://allocatealoe.tumblr.com/post/141999924791/rule-one-about-reform-club-dont-talk-about

Harley, I couldn't make myself finish that horrible Papyrus sex scene, so have this instead?

But Nobody Came - Underfell (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Voidster does new and terrible things.

(And also accidentally takes over Aloe's sketch page: http://allocatealoe.tumblr.com/post/142141557006/dirtyskellylover-fuckin-voidster-appeared-in-my)

Chapter Notes

dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

*****Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - Asgore

“What are you doing here, Gaster? Has your testing on the human finally produced results?”

The scientist didn’t respond, didn’t react, staring back as though he were sizing the other monster up. *Laughable,* the king thought to himself. The royal scientist had always been rather arrogant, and foolishly sentimental when it came to humankind. Asgore tolerated the man’s experiments on the fallen human only because he was still the most likely person to finally end their imprisonment.

Human souls were hard to come by. The few that escaped the clutches of his former wife, Toriel, never reached the castle. His subjects tore apart the survivors with a ferocity bordering on madness. Even Undyne, his captain of the guard, had failed to successfully retrieve a single, undamaged soul.

The king longed to finally destroy the barrier, unleashing his vengeance on the race that had destroyed his family. After the deaths of their children at the hands of the humans, his wife had lost her grip on reality. She had abandoned their home at the castle, accusing Dr. Gaster of stealing the corpse of Chara, the human child they had adopted as their own.

Asriel's dust had been scattered over the throne room, but humans left behind an empty shell when they Fell Down. When he had checked, Chara's coffin was empty, but there were other explanations. He had killed many humans in the war, but none of them knew how long after death a human body persisted. Gaster had denied having anything to do with the child's missing body, and Asgore had let it drop. It didn't matter.

The other man's silence distracted him.

"Why are you here?" An edge crept into his voice. The scientist rarely came to the castle, and when he did, it was with a purpose. There was a malevolence in the quiet way he observed the king, hands clasped behind his back. Still, he did not speak.

If not for the unnerving stillness in the throne room, Asgore might have missed the gentle hum of magical energy being summoned. A blinding flash of light filled the room, vanishing as quickly as it had come. He stumbled back a step, hand guarding his eyes.

A pair of monstrous canine skulls had appeared behind the doctor, eye sockets glowing as their massive jaws parted, light spilling out from behind the large, sharp teeth. Asgore tensed. Gaster was summoning an attack. He couldn't fathom why the scientist was doing this, but he was never unprepared for battle.

“You will regret this decision, Dr. Gaster,” he growled at the other monster.

The doctor reacted for the first time, an amused smile interrupting the stoic, almost bored expression on his face. Raising one arm, he beckoned to the king, inclining his head in mocking challenge.

Asgore gritted his teeth, raising the trident that was never far from reach. The razor sharp points of his weapon glinted in the cold glow of the summoned skulls. The king gripped it easily in his large paws, balancing his weight on the balls of feet. He felt confident in his ability to best the royal scientist, who was so averse to physical violence.

Too late, he saw the cruel excitement in those once-familiar violet eyes, the barely contained lust for bloodshed. The creature behind the doctor’s face was alien, detached and curious. Dread wrapped icy claws around his spine.

Underfell - Voidster

The king put up a valiant fight. He expected nothing less, considering Asgore’s experience in the great war that had doomed them all. The monarch had become corrupted along with this timeline, but if anything, it made him a more formidable adversary.

Gaster didn’t think that the Asgore of his own timeline would have the heart to fight an old “friend,” if he remembered the former royal scientist at all. Instead of letting his rage at humanity crystallize, letting it shape him into a weapon, the king had grown weak in his isolation.

The scientist effortlessly dodged a fierce thrust of the trident, striking

out with the jagged femur he held in one hand. The bone was purposefully shattered and splintered, sharp edges transforming it into a brutally effective weapon.

It slashed against the king's arm, wounding him. Undeterred, the goat monster snarled, gripping his trident more tightly in defiance of his injury. He feinted, attempting to throw the doctor off balance. Gaster's eyes narrowed, and he ruthlessly parried, nearly knocking the weapon from the monarch's hands with the strength of his blow.

He felt pleasure at the growing fear in his king's eyes. Asgore was quickly beginning to realize how badly he was outmatched. The blasters were effective enough, but impersonal. He wanted to destroy the king with his own hands. He wanted to watch the light fade from the monarch's eyes as he struck a killing blow.

Besides, the blasters were what he had used the first time he killed Asgore.

Underfell - Sans

Something was wrong. Sans had gone to the lab, only to find Gaster missing, which had never occurred before. The doctor was *always* at the lab, or somewhere within the Core itself. Now he was gone, and nobody knew where he was.

That wasn't the only strange thing that had happened. Resets were occurring without rhyme or reason, within hours of each other. And every time, monsters were dying, turned to dust before they could call for help, before anyone could witness what had happened.

Was Gaster doing this? Provoking the kid into resetting the timeline for some reason? While the doctor was certainly capable of such a

thing, it wasn't his style. He didn't enjoy dealing with resets any more than Sans did. It interrupted his work, and if he wasn't prepared, he sometimes lost days of progress. And why was Chara killing monsters that had never interested them before?

Sans snarled. None of this made any sense. He needed answers. He may not be able to find Gaster, but finding the kid would be easy enough.

Underfell - You

The room was dimly lit, but you couldn't complain. You were sure that if you'd been left in pitch darkness for so long, you would have gone insane.

You were surrounded by meticulously labeled boxes, most containing stacks of notes written in a language you couldn't begin to decipher. A few had held small trinkets, half-finished inventions that looked too fragile to touch.

You weren't sure what a "reset" was, but it seemed the doctor had created this room as a sort of safe storage for what might otherwise be lost. Remembering him tugged painfully at your heart. It was your fault that this had happened. If only you'd been stronger, if only you hadn't let that dark creature in the void mark you, if only you hadn't fallen down here to begin with.

You had escaped from Alex, the man who had caused you so much pain, but you'd ended up causing pain to how many others in the process? Sans had cared for you and lost you. Gaster had shown you tenderness, an emotion you suspected didn't come easily to him, and now was enduring the same agony you had experienced. Or worse. You weren't sure if he was even still alive. It was possible that the evil you'd released from the abyss had consumed or destroyed him in the

process of taking his body.

You kept wishing that you would feel that unsettling pull that meant you were about to get plucked from this timeline, but perversely, nothing happened. It seemed you were well and truly trapped here, along with the eldritch horror who now had a physical form.

The sound of footsteps outside the door disrupted your musing, and you retreated behind a large shelving unit. There was only one person it could be. The Sans in this world didn't know where you were. The room was in an out-of-the-way location, so it was unlikely any of the staff even knew it existed.

Your heard the click of multiple locks being disengaged, and shivered. It couldn't be anyone else.

The light spilling into the room was interrupted by a tall figure, his broad-shouldered frame filling the small doorway.

Gaster noticed your hiding spot immediately, and smirked, a vicious light filling his eyes as he drew nearer.

He loomed over you, arms folded behind his back. The static-filled warbling filled your ears, his smooth psychic voice translating as he talked.

[I regret that I kept you waiting for so long, my dear. Unfortunately, it was unavoidable.]

He gazed down at you, expressionless except for the burning gaze that raked over your trembling body. You had only the blanket covering

you, not that it mattered.

Reaching down, he took hold of your arm, dragging you to your feet. You grabbed at the shelves, groping around for something, anything to defend yourself with. Fear and anger drove you, as your hand closed around what felt like some kind of metal pipe.

You pulled back a little, resisting him and giving yourself room to strike. He let you, eyeing you curiously as you sagged, still keeping your dominant hand hidden behind the folds of the blanket. As he leaned toward you, you tilted your face up, meeting his eyes with grim determination.

You lunged, swinging the pipe with all your strength until it connected with the side of his face with a sickening crack. Startled, he let go your other arm, automatically bringing a hand up to brush his injured face. Something like blood, red and wet, trickled down from the wound. He drew his hand away, studying the fluid, before using his long purple tongue to lick at his stained fingers.

A vicious smile curved his lips, and he dropped his hand, stalking slowly toward you as you backed against the wall.

[A little fight in you, hmm? Perhaps I should leave you alone more often.]

There was nowhere left to go. You couldn't stand to give in to him, again. Seeing his cruelty in the eyes of the man you had grown to care about filled you with rage. Snarling, you lunged forward again, attempting to push past him and to the open door.

He watched your efforts with interest, catching you effortlessly with one long, muscular arm, and throwing you back against the wall.

Stunned, you felt the pipe slide from your nerveless fingers, landing with a clatter on the floor.

[If you manage to get past me, I'll let you go,] he said suddenly, a challenging glint in his eyes. There was no kindness in this offer. You knew that he just wanted to watch you struggle, batting you down again and again like a cat toying with a mouse, but you couldn't help yourself. If you could just get out, maybe you could find a way to leave, to really leave, to get back to Sans somehow.

Panting, you glanced around the room. It was small, lined with shelves and boxes. There was almost no room to maneuver. It didn't matter. You had to keep trying. Maybe if you kept him distracted for long enough, somebody would come.

Stooping to pick up the pipe, you bared your teeth at him, flinging the metal at his face as you rushed forward once more. A summoned hand batted the obstacle away. He shoved you hard, sending you sprawling onto the floor, and followed you down.

Pinned beneath him, you kicked your legs up at his groin. With a growl, he thrust them apart, forcing himself between your thighs. Shimmering dust fell from his black coat, scattering on the floor around you.

[That's enough foreplay. This body has…needs. And you are mine,] he ground out, violet eyes piercing and hungry as his jaws parted, revealing sharp canines.

One pale hand pressed hard against your mouth, muffling any reply you might have made. His fingers thrust into your mouth, effectively gagging you as his other hand unbuttoned his pants. Two faintly glowing hands appeared, ripping the blanket from your body, then gripping your arms with bruising force as they held you down.

Positioning his length between your legs, he braced himself above you on one arm, still stifling the sounds you made with his other hand. You cried out as he pushed into you, the slight dampness between your legs not enough to ease the burning pain as he forced his cock into you.

He buried his face against your neck, groaning at the tight heat that enveloped him. **[I can feel you,]** he murmured, his voice catching as he spoke. **[This is better than I had imagined.]**

You struggled against him, your screams still muffled by his hand. Desperately, you bit down, but his fingers were as hard as bone. He chuckled against your throat. **[Humans…so determined. Even now, after everything I have done… you maintain the illusion of hope.]**

As he spoke, a tear trickled down the side of his face. He noticed your distracted glance, and raised his head, irritably touching his hand to his cheek. His surprise swiftly transformed into anger, then to amused malice. **[It seems my vessel is responding to your distress.]**

Rocking his hips back, he slammed his pelvis against yours, dragging a pained moan from your throat. **[Neither of you should forget who is in control here. This body is mine now.]**

Underfell - Gaster

You screamed beneath him, hurting and afraid. He couldn't bear this. Numb despair had settled over his soul after being forced to destroy innocent monsters, murdering them with a casual cruelty that sickened him. Now the numbness was replaced with impotent rage, and staggering pain at being forced to harm you like this.

It was a parody of the tender intimacy he had shared with you earlier, twisted and perverted by the creature that raped you now. The intruder's pleasure infuriated him. Your pain and fear aroused this being, drove him to greater depths of depravity. Gaster had never known a creature so thoroughly evil.

A sudden wave of fury, not his own, washed over him. What…? Then he saw. You lay unconscious beneath him. The stress on your soul had been too great, and you had fainted. He felt grim satisfaction at the creature's frustration, even as he winced at the rough way his body thrust into your unresisting form.

He had to be stopped, but there was nobody who could stand against him now. The soul that had taken over his body was able to tap into his power as well. Combined, they were stronger than anything in the Underground.

The monster finished, going rigid as he flooded your limp body with his seed. You looked as bad as when you had appeared back in your room after your first "disappearance." No, you looked worse. The bite marks. The bruises. None of your injuries were fatal, but you would be hurting for days, possibly weeks after this, without a proper healing.

Gaster felt exhausted. Hopeless. He wanted nothing more than to gather you in his arms, your warm, trusting body soft against his chest. You had been through too much pain in your life, and now he was one of the causes. Now, ironically, he was the monster that you feared above all else.

He watched tiredly as the creature gathered you up, bringing you back to your room in the lab. At least this meant the resets were over, for now.

Chapter End Notes

Safe to read until Voidster enters the room you are in. Voidster rapes you, Gaster's pain at hurting you becomes evident when you notice a tear rolling down his cheek. You pass out. Gaster struggles with the fact that he can't control his own body, and that he's hurting you when he wants to protect you.

Well, Voidster came. But he usually does. >:)

...Gaster, did you seriously steal a dead child's body? :|

Going Under - Underfell

Chapter Summary

Voidster returns to Underfell after a journey to another timeline. UF!Sans looks for answers, while UT!Sans continues his search for you.

Chapter Notes

SO. My fellow sinner/dear friend AllocateAloe (author of Thrown Amidst Monsters and Living with a Lich) has started work on a glorious new ship that we created together. I recommend reading the crossover fic that she wrote before reading this chapter, although it's not strictly necessary. I consider it canon to my story, but it's not essential to the plot, so think of it more as bonus reading material.

Voidster accidentally ended up in her timeline, and created a little mayhem and voidcest rape while he was there. It is a rape/non-con fic, so consider yourselves warned!

Read the story here: http://archiveofourown.org/chapters/14766412

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - Voidster

For the first time since leaving the void, he felt pleasantly tired. Blood and his own seed were smeared over his bare, bruised skin. He was battered, sore, and exhilarated. He wasn't sure how exactly he had accomplished the journey to another timeline, but the results had been...satisfying. His throat ached and burned, and he wondered if this was how you felt after his hands had been around your delicate neck.

Certainly, you didn't have nearly the stamina to withstand rough treatment that he did. He would have to explore alternative options, ways to make you more resilient to his attentions. For now, it was enough to have sated his violence on a creature that could actually

withstand the full force of his desire.

He had not slept since acquiring his new body. He had simply never felt the need. Determination surged through his veins like liquid heat. He brimmed with magical energy, but for now, the sharp edge of his lust had been blunted. He would let you rest, let you recover your strength, for today at least.

Underfell - Red Sans

“finally got bored of resetting, huh?”

Chara turned to Sans, amusement in their voice as they mimicked him. “Finally got bored of letting your brother fuck you, huh?”

Sans gritted his teeth. He didn’t know or care to know how the kid knew about that, and it wasn’t why he was here. The dampness of the cool air clung to his bones, perspiration beading on his skull. The smell of ancient death pervaded the air, heavy with dust and decay.

“what’re you doin’ in the ruins anyway? haven’t seen ya here in a long time, kiddo.”

Frustration flickered across their face, there and gone in an instant. “What do you care, smiley trashbag?”

He shifted, his red sneakers crunching on dried leaves and dead vines. “normally, i wouldn’t. you know why i’m here,” he growled, annoyed by the act. “quit fuckin’ around and tell me why you’re doing this.”

The child scowled, idly toying with the knife they always held. “Why don’t you go ask your boss? This is his fault.” They delicately ran the sharp blade over their fingertips, smiling unnervingly as they watched him.

So. Gaster had been involved after all. But *why* ? It didn’t make any sense. The scientist was an intense man, focused and driven by his work, but he didn’t enjoy violence. He never had. And Sans knew, intimately, just how damaged Chara’s body had to be to force a reset. The doctor didn’t have that in him. Never had.

It was clear that the kid wasn’t going to talk. Normally he wouldn’t be averse to taking the answers he wanted by force, but he had a bitch of a hangover from all the time distortion. He didn’t have the energy, nor the desire, to subject himself to another reset. Not right now.

Ignoring the way that Chara smirked at him, he turned, teleporting himself out of the Ruins and back to Snowdin. Gaster had the answers, and he wasn’t anywhere to be found. It would be better to wait, to see if any new developments occurred while he rested. Something wasn’t right. This didn’t fit Chara’s pattern. This didn’t fit the years of data they had collected. Whatever that elusive *something* was, it bothered him, and he had learned to trust that feeling.

Whatever was happening, he’d wait and let events play out before he interfered.

Underfell - Gaster

The disturbing blankness lifted, and Gaster tentatively reestablished the connection to his body. Something had happened, something he couldn’t explain. Whatever it was, it was gone now.

The fiend never slept. Even the doctor found himself forced to rest for a few hours at a time, but the creature within him was brimming with manic energy. At times the monster inhabiting his body would forget that he wasn't alone, and snippets of thought would seep through the barrier between them. Many of the thoughts were disturbing, fantasies of violence, rape, murder.

Gaster forced himself to listen, anyway. It occupied his mind, and there was always the hope, no matter how slim, that this darker self would let slip something that he could use against it. There was a keen intelligence beneath those primal desires that frightened him, an ability to sacrifice instant gratification for a more long-term goal.

And the creature did have ideas for the future. He'd caught glimpses of its plan to destroy the barrier once and for all, freeing monsterkind. His own dream, now in the claws of a monster far more ruthless and willing to kill in order to realize that goal. Perhaps this being would succeed where he had failed, although the thought of it being unleashed on the rest of humanity made him shudder.

During the quiet times, where the beast willfully shut him out of its head, his own thoughts drifted to you.

He wondered if you hated him. He wondered if the scars he'd left on your body and soul could ever heal enough to salvage what he'd almost had with you. Your vulnerability, your trust. The soft sounds of pleasure you made in his bed. The feeling of wonder within him, the stirrings of something greater than passion or desire.

He worried about you. You were safe, while you slept. But he sensed the unrelenting tension in his other self. When you woke, it would be bad. Your fragility frustrated this man as much as it enticed him. He delighted in pushing your boundaries, seeing how much damage he could do without causing permanent injury, yet he struggled to rein in his craving for destruction while he played with you.

Slowly, painfully slowly, he was beginning to understand the demon within him. Discovering a way to use this knowledge would be a challenge. However, he owed it to you to try. You had both paid a terrible price for that one night of passion, but you were the one still in danger. The worst had already happened to the doctor. The creature couldn't kill him without destroying the body it had taken.

He was safe, for the time being. As safe as anyone could be around the horror that inhabited him. It would allow him to focus on the tasks at hand. Primarily, finding a way to protect you, or at least get you far away from him. The further out of his reach you were, the safer you would be. It felt almost impossible, but he couldn't give up.

Underfell - Blue Sans

He couldn't tell whether seconds or an eternity had passed, before the Timeline Alternator came to a screeching halt, crashing into the ground with enough force to throw him off his feet. He slammed against the cold metallic wall, thrown to the floor before he could react. Groaning, he struggled to his feet, one hand braced against the door to help himself stand.

The traces of magic you'd left on his soul tingled, and he knew immediately that he had come to right timeline. The calculations had been sketchy, and it hadn't really been possible, despite everything, to know with absolute certainty that he would end up wherever you had gone. It seemed that fate had been on his side, for once.

Still a little disoriented, he typed in the command to open the door. It slid open slowly, and bright light flooded the dark interior, momentarily blinding him. Cold, fresh air blew in, frigid and familiar. He was in Snowdin, then. He waited, caution overcoming his urgency to find you. Interacting with other people in this timeline would be a delicate process. There was no way of knowing whether he might run

into an alternate version of himself, or how that version would respond to seeing him.

“what the FUCK?” A strangely familiar voice interrupted his thoughts. It was a deep, rough, baritone, strangely accented. And it sounded pissed.

Wincing, Sans peered out from the open doorway, but didn’t immediately see the source of the voice. Then he spotted a glimpse of red from the corner of his eye. Turning, he found himself skull to skull with the very person he’d been hoping to avoid. At least...he *thought* that the stranger with sharp teeth, a gold fang, and a menacing scowl was probably him. There were enough dissimilarities for reasonable doubt, in his mind.

An unpleasant realization hit him hard. Was *this* the Sans that you’d thought he was, that first time he’d discovered you lying in the snow near his patrol? He took a harder look at the stranger. He wore a thick, spiked dog collar, and a black hoodie similar to his own, trimmed with yellowish fur. Most unnervingly, the doppelganger’s left eye was glowing a menacing crimson color.

“i...uh…” He needed to think fast. Everything about this monster radiated danger, and he didn’t have time to tangle with his alter ego right now.

“hey, i’m sans. sans the skeleton. but you probably already knew that, didn’t you?”

The fury on the other skeleton’s face faded slightly, replaced with grim disbelief and outrage. “you’ve gotta be shitting me right now. *i’m* sans, ya fuckin’ weirdo. **w h o a r e y o u?**” He growled the last words menacingly, taking a step nearer the slightly shorter, smaller skeleton.

Sans didn't respond for a moment, noticing the LV on his other self's soul. It explained a lot. Too much. His expression hardened, eye sockets going dark- a warning to the other monster. The red version of himself paused, waiting to see what he would do.

"i'm looking for a human, seen any around?"

The other skeleton swore, temper swirling around him like a storm. "figures that bitch has somethin' to do with this. she shows up and everything goes to shit. gaster's got a thing for her, even marked her soul." He smirked, taking in Sans' instant, furious reaction to this statement. "you gotta thing for her too, huh?"

Sans flushed, white pinpricks of light returning to his empty sockets. "she's a...friend."

"hah, i'm sure," the gold-fanged skeleton leered. "not that i blame ya, she's nice n' soft. makes cute little sounds, too."

For a moment, Sans became utterly still. He focused on breathing, reminding himself yet again that he didn't have time to teach this asshole a lesson. Leashing his rage at the other monster's words took every bit of self control he had.

"do you know where she is, or not?" His voice sounded strange to him- cold, calm, and vicious.

"heh. if she's still in this timeline, she'd be at the lab in the core. gaster keeps 'er locked up in a room there when he's not...doin' other stuff with her." The skeleton grinned, clearly hoping to get a reaction out of him.

Sans said nothing, vanishing without warning as he began the first of many jumps that would eventually bring him to Hotland.

Chapter End Notes

> This chapter was kinda short, I was just really excited to share that crossover fic, and also felt like I reached a good stopping point. Probably another chapter or two before this arc wraps up. I have decided to write the sequel/second story arc within this fic for convenience to my readers, so you don't have to go searching for the new story.

Lust - Underfell (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

It's unfortunate that when we feel a storm
We can roll ourselves over 'cause we're uncomfortable
Oh well, the devil makes us sin
But we like it when we're spinning in his grip

Chapter music: "Paradise Circus" by Massive Attack / "Get You Closer" by And One

Chapter Notes

Something magical and amazing has happened. I have started receiving fanart, which just about makes me the happiest fanfic writer ever! Seeing the characters I have created come to life as illustrations is a wonderful feeling. I love knowing that I inspired you guys! If you ever want to send me art, you can link to it in the comments here, or tag my tumblr (dirtyskellylover@tumblr.com), or send it to my email (dirtyskellylover@gmail.com). I will link any fanart I receive in the chapter notes so that everyone can enjoy it! Thank you so much guys! <3

Voidster Reference: Click

Scarily accurate comic of Voidster helping me write this fic (with bonus Tsunderester): Click
(This is exactly what happened with this chapter, and why it's nine freakin' pages long and explicit, btw)

Voidster making terrible jokes: Click

Voidster from the crossover fic: Click

Voidster accidentally stealing the show: Click

*****Please see chapter summary by clicking "more notes" if you want to avoid dub-con/non-con elements.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Underfell - You

It was amazing what the body could endure. A deep, burning ache had settled between your thighs, evidence of the damage done when Gaster had forced himself on you. Your muscles felt tight and sore, bruised skin making every movement painful. Dried blood had crusted where he'd bitten you, and the bites marks were bruised too. Your breathing was raspy and painful, throat tender from his steely grip.

You wanted nothing more than to slide into the deep soaking tub back at your home, letting hot water wash away the blood, tears, and other fluids that had dried into a sticky residue on your skin. Home. It felt so far away, you were surprised you had thought of it at all. This was your new reality, dropped into a land filled with magic and monsters.

You wondered what was happening on the surface, how much time had passed. You had no idea how long you had been here. It felt like years, though you knew that wasn't accurate. Had Alex and your friends stopped looking for you? Would they hold a funeral for someone who had disappeared into Mount Ebbot without a trace, or would you be stuck in the perpetual category of "missing person" until you were forgotten?

You found the thought depressing. You weren't terribly close to your family, but you hoped they at least found some kind of closure. It was then that you realized you no longer had any hope that you would ever see the surface again. You weren't even sure that you would survive down here.

Having finally taken a physical body for himself, the creature from the void had abandoned all pretense of gentleness. It wouldn't be long until he ripped you apart, his barely restrained violence finally slipping the leash. It hurt even worse to know that Gaster was trapped with that demon, unable to control his own body. The single tear that

had slipped down his cheek as he raped you was devastating in its own way.

You remembered Sans' promise to find you. It had been comforting for a while, but now you were certain that he would be too late. You wouldn't survive Gaster's next assault, if it was anything like the last. You wondered if he would punish you for attacking him, for hitting his face like that. He hadn't seemed to care at the time, but his moods were unpredictable.

The blanket from your bed had been tossed into the room, and you stood slowly, painfully, to retrieve it. You weren't cold, but it was the only bit of comfort to be found in this place. The novels that Gaster had brought for you still remained on the shelves, but they held no appeal. It was hard to think about anything other than what would happen when he returned.

Underfell Voidster

He paced slowly through the Core, shoes clicking against the smooth tile as he walked. He had showered and dressed in new clothing; dark slacks and gray turtleneck sweater that stretched slightly against his broad chest. A black lab coat fluttered against his legs, teased by the currents of air that naturally flowed through his invention.

Converting geothermal energy into magical electricity had been one of his finest achievements. He was glad that this weaker self had at least accomplished that much. Things would be even more tedious without the benefit of limitless power and advanced scientific facilities.

He had a good idea of how he wanted to proceed with breaking the barrier, but he lacked the required components for such a feat. He wasn't certain that he wanted to save this timeline, at any rate. The

corruption ran deep here. The monsters, having lived so long without hope, were bitter and disrespectful. He didn't inspire the fear and awe that he had enjoyed in his native timeline.

He had tried again, without success, to leave this timeline. He guessed that his last trip into the void had drained his power somewhat; preventing another jump until he had renewed his energy. Of course, whatever had been sending ripples through the timeline earlier today might be just the right solution to his little problem.

He had teleported to the location of the disturbance, and found his old Timeline Alternator, repaired and seemingly in working condition. That had been very, very interesting. No sign of whomever had brought it here, but he had a good idea of who might be desperate enough to risk using the invention that had destroyed him. If he was right, his hypothesis would soon be confirmed, when Sans arrived at the Core, desperate to play the hero and rescue the human girl.

He smirked, turning on his heel to return to the secret wing of rooms that contained his private laboratory, and more importantly, the girl. It had been a full day since he had made use of his amusing pet. Already, the Determination-enhanced needs of his physical body were returning. The throbbing bulge in the crotch of his pants rubbed up against the fabric, teasing him.

His first experience mounting you with a physical body had been disappointingly brief. Of course...if he first created a simple cocktail of certain chemicals in the laboratory, things would become much more interesting. He had a great deal more experience with human anatomy than his unfortunate counterpart, as well as the delicate organic chemistry that held them together. Something to increase blood flow, enhance sensitivity, and kindle desire…hmm.

A cruel smile touched his lips, sharp canines gleaming as he considered the possibilities. It wouldn't take long, perhaps half an hour before he would have the finished product, ready to test. The

possibility of damaging you with this little experiment was negligible. And if successful, the benefits would far outweigh the risk. It could probably even be modified to affect monster subjects.

Underfell - Red Sans

“god damn it,” he swore, as the smaller, blue-clothed skeleton vanished into thin air. Maybe he hadn’t been lying after all. Sans knew there were other timelines out there, and he knew that the human thought she had traveled to one of them. Could this monster really be his alternate self from another timeline? He was so...unintimidating. He felt a little disappointed.

Regardless, he apparently knew about you, and was determined to charge into the Core like some foolhardy hero to rescue the damsel in distress. Sans had never tested his own powers against Gaster, had never seen Gaster use a magical attack against anyone. He suspected that the doctor was stronger than he let on, but his aversion to fighting was a weakness that could be exploited by an adversary that knew about it.

Then again, the stranger that had appeared in what looked like a time machine hadn’t risen to his bait either. He snorted. Two nerds that couldn’t handle violence, pitted against each other in a pathetic tug-of-war for a damaged human. Maybe they would try to talk each other to death.

He was curious, though. The other skeleton hadn’t seemed intimidated by him, so maybe he was stronger than he looked. And Sans had never expected Gaster to make such an aggressive move, by marking your soul. That was dark, dangerous magic. He frowned thoughtfully. The pieces of information he had didn’t quite fit together, yet. Maybe it was worth it to go check things out. He didn’t have to get involved, but he might finally find the answers he had been looking for.

Shrugging, he began making his way to the Core, using short jumps that wouldn't tax his strength, just in case he needed it.

Underfell - You

You lay half-dozing in your bed, covered once more by the blanket, when the locks on your door were disengaged. Once you would have been afraid, once you might have felt something other than bleak acceptance of your fate. That time was past. You wondered if you would die this time, and felt a small twinge of relief at the thought. It would be preferable to lingering on, abused and battered, always in pain.

You watched listlessly as Gaster stepped into the room, sleek and predatory in his dark clothing. He gazed down at your still form, barely contained excitement in his violet eyes. Approaching your bed, he knelt, caressing your face gently with one pale, clawed hand. The crackling warble of his voice was pitched low, as he spoke to your mind.

[Ah, my pet. I regret that I caused you such suffering the last time we played. It breaks my heart to see you in pain like this.]

Liar, you thought bitterly, turning your face away in disgust. Some part of you desperately wanted to believe him, wanted to think that he truly had not meant to harm you, that it had just been some terrible mistake. The cold stillness in your heart rejected that idea, was unable to embrace even the smallest spark of hope. He was cruel, vicious, and unfeeling. He had taken you away from Sans, and then taken Gaster away from you. He was not only hurting you, but everyone you had come to care about down here.

[Now my dear, don't be like that,] he purred, tenderly grasping your chin and turning you back to face him. **[I will readily admit**

that the…excitement of recent events overcame my better judgment. I never wished to injure you so grievously.]

You shook, too frightened to refuse his touch, unwilling to accept it. You didn't realize that you had begun crying, until he delicately wiped the tears from your cheeks, stroking your hair soothingly.

[Ah, darling. I forget how fragile you are, at times. I have brought something to ease your pain, I only hope that you can forgive me for how badly I frightened you.]

Slowly, he withdrew a delicate glass syringe from the pocket of his lab coat. The fluid within was clear, the needle small and sharp. The sight was enough to pull you from your unfeeling apathy, and you jerked back, away from the caressing hand, away from the other that now held the uncapped syringe.

"N-no. I don't want it." Your voice shook, raspy and weak from the day before. It hurt to speak, but your fear was greater than the pain. You scrambled backward, until you were pressed against the wall, trapped between it and the towering monster before you. Even kneeling, he was taller than you were, sitting on the bed.

The tiniest crease appeared between his brows, disappearing as he smiled reassuringly. He kept his movements toward you slow and controlled, as if approaching a wild animal. Your heart beat hard within your chest, its rhythm growing faster the nearer he got.

Deftly, he took hold of your arm, pulling you forward onto your knees on the bed. He held the limb gently, but with an iron grip that you couldn't hope to break. You panted anxiously as he slipped the small needle into the crook of your arm, so skillfully that you didn't even feel it enter the skin. Then he released you, letting you warily retreat.

[As I said, I have no wish to harm you, my dear. This medicine will simply help ease the pain you are feeling.]

The pain in your body did begin to recede, which almost made up for the overwhelming sense of betrayal you felt at being drugged against your will. You hadn't realized how badly you'd been hurting until the drug took effect, numbing and soothing the bruises, bite marks, and scratches. Your tense muscles relaxed, and you gasped in relief as your body was freed from the awful discomfort you had been living with.

[Feeling better?] His voice was smooth and professional, no hint of malice in the tone.

You nodded hesitantly, relaxing a little from having pressed so hard against the wall. He made no move to touch you as you left the dubious safety of the plaster behind you, still too wary to actually move toward him. You wrapped your arms around yourself, an unconscious gesture of protection as he remained kneeling at your bedside.

[I have another medicine that I would like to give you, now.] He leaned toward you, softly stroking at your arm until you hesitantly extended it toward him. He wasn't being threatening. His movements were slow and gentle as he uncapped a second syringe. This fluid was white, opaque and thin like opalescent milk inside the glass.

You wanted to ask what it was for, what it would do, but you couldn't find your voice. You didn't trust him, not at all, but the relief you felt was so intense, you were willing to try this second injection. After all, he could have simply forced you. The fact that he didn't was a small comfort.

You hardly felt the prick of the needle, though it was larger than the first. You watched warily as the pearlescent liquid flowed out of the syringe and into your arm. At first, nothing happened. He leaned back on his heels, observing you silently. You stared back, studying his face in detail for the first time.

The violet eyes were cool, detached. You realized that he either did not need, or chose not to wear the rectangular glasses that the doctor had often used. His smooth face was marred by dark cracks that ran on either side of his face, one causing his right eye socket to droop very slightly, the other running through the edge of his mouth. He smiled slightly at your inspection, raising one brow in inquiry.

You flushed, glancing away. A slow, insidious warmth was spreading gradually throughout your body. Beneath the blanket you clutched to your naked form, your breasts felt warm and heavy, nipples hardening and brushing against the rough fabric. Liquid heat pooled in your belly, and you felt your cheeks heating at the dampness between your legs.

You were warm, too warm. You dropped the blanket, shoving it away from your damp, oversensitized body. You didn't notice the smug expression on his face, too focused on the liquid heat slowly building at the juncture of your thighs. Panting softly, you stopped yourself from reaching down, from sliding your fingers between your swollen folds. A deep itch tormented you, tingling, desperate for any form of stimulation.

"What did you do to me?" you gasped, unable to bite back the whimper that punctuated your query.

[Nothing harmful,] he assured you smoothly, leaning closer to your flushed, glistening body.

[Your pain has been eased, has it not? Think of this second concoction as your gift to me. A way to thank me for being so merciful.]

"You tricked me," you panted out, unable to focus for the driving need that was consuming you. You *needed* to be touched. If only he would leave, you could finally rub your painfully swollen clit, sliding into sweet, unfeeling release. You quivered with the effort not to touch yourself in front of him, not to succumb and beg him to touch you.

[You look uncomfortable, my dear.] He smirked, moving still nearer, until he was kneeling on the bed before you. You moaned, frustration, fear, and desire commingling until they were indistinguishable from one another. You needed to get away from him. You needed him to touch you. You glanced to the side, seeking an escape from the looming monster before you.

[Oh, I think not, pet.] He raised his arm, bracing it on the wall beside you, blocking off your exit. The heat that radiated from his body was nothing compared to the burning flame within you. His jaws opened slightly, inhaling deeply as he ducked his head to your level. Languidly, he leaned forward, tasting the sweat on your throat with a lap of his tongue.

[Your desire smells so sweet. I can give you what you crave, I can ease the need within you.]

Wildly aroused, you stared at him. You couldn't think. Your skin was on fire, the smallest touch unbearably magnified. The drag of his tongue against your neck produced a fiery tug between your legs, increasing your frustration tenfold. Your need finally eclipsed the shame you felt, your hand sliding to your crotch, fingers barely brushing your dripping folds before a pair of summoned hands took hold of your wrists, denying you.

Your arms were pinned against the wall above you, stretching your torso and pushing your breasts out toward the scientist. Chuckling, he bent his head to your erect nipples, lazily brushing them with his lips and tongue. Your lust built even higher. Helplessly, you bucked your hips toward him, desperate to feel that hot, slick tongue between your thighs.

[Mmm, do not be impatient. This body longs to sheathe itself within your heat, but the way you squirm with need is so delightful.]

He leaned back, the bony apparitions keeping your kneeling form pinned against the wall as he removed his coat and tugged off his shirt. As the fabric of his trousers shifted, you saw the large bulge straining against them. Your groin throbbed as images of him filling your aching sex with his length invaded your mind.

He noticed you staring, and smiled with dark amusement. **[So single-minded. Perhaps if you please me well enough, I will reward you.]**

You shuddered, trying and failing to suppress the need that coursed through your veins. Why had you been so stupid...so trusting?! You were entirely at his mercy, betrayed by your body's chemically-enhanced needs.

He raised his chin, gazing down at you with half-lidded eyes. The spectral hands vanished, replaced with one of his own as he stretched out on the bed, pulling you to lay on top of him. Your sensitive nipples brushed his hard chest, ridged scars providing additional stimulation. You groaned, pressing yourself against him as he chuckled. The sound rumbled through him, like the throbbing purr of some great jungle cat.

[Kiss me,] he instructed, the hand that wasn't holding your wrists tangling in your hair, drawing your face up to his. Hesitantly, your lips met his in a chaste kiss. The amused rumbling drove through his throat once more, and he opened his mouth, forcing his tongue past your closed lips. His chest heaved beneath you, and he released your wrists to run his fingers down your spine, grasping your buttocks and squeezing them hard while you moaned into his mouth.

Underfell - Voidster

He was unsure how much longer he could restrain himself. The scent of your arousal flooded him; like nectar to his senses. He could lose himself in that scent, in your sweetly yielding flesh, the bruises like night-blooming flowers against your skin. The thought of dark crimson against the bruises further seduced him, until, with a feral growl, he flipped your positions, pinning you beneath him.

His jaws found your tender, damaged throat without any difficulty. It radiated heat and was strong with your scent, as well as the intriguing aroma of old blood. He snarled, gripping an unmarked bit of flesh between his sharp canines. It took very little effort to pierce the fragile skin, the hot, coppery fluid dripping onto his waiting tongue.

He pulled back slightly, admiring the gruesome palette of colors he had created. You were most beautiful when covered in wounds of his own creation. Oh, there was so much potential there, if only he could refrain from using you too harshly. His claws itched to wrap around your throat, squeezing the life out of your small frame while you thrashed beneath him, reaching his climax just as the light left your eyes.

Later, perhaps. He had barely begun to explore the potential of this new body. He had learned to ignore the frenzied scratching at the walls of his mind, the pathetic flutter of defiance against his soul. He would find a way to destroy the former owner of this magnificent vessel. Until then, let the fool suffer, tormented by the sight of your

panting, disheveled form.

Underfell - You

The pain of the bite was distant, dulled by the medicine he had given you earlier. He ground the bulge in his pants harshly against your wet, quivering sex, and you moaned, hands flying up to grip at his shoulders. His hot breath beat down against your collarbone, tongue lapping at the blood that dripped from your fresh wound. The scarred flesh of his torso teased your nipples, rubbing against them in sweet agony.

You panted and writhed beneath him, your pelvis pressed up against his. You could tell from the way he growled and pushed against you that his own self control was precarious. The sound of his zipper being undone distracted you, the rigid flesh of his erection pressing hard against your pubis.

“Please…” you begged, all rational thought driven from your mind as he slowly ground his length along your sensitive folds. A glistening drop of dark precum dripped from the head of his cock, smeared against you as he continued his teasing.

[Mmm you are such a temptation, my dear. Do you want me to fuck you? Do you want me to hurt you?]

The haze of sexual desire clouded your mind, narrowing your focus to the relief you so desperately craved. “Yes-” you whimpered, voice breaking as you felt the head of cock press hard against your soaked, aching entrance.

He said nothing, one hand fisted in your hair as the other slid under your lower back, pulling you up until you arched beneath him. His

mouth sought yours as he pressed slowly, painfully into your tight hole. You cried out, muffled by his long tongue tangling against yours, thrusting against your throat as he filled you.

Your body quivered, tight as an overdrawn bowstring. The edge of your climax tormented you, and you reached down, seeking out the swollen nub that would grant you release. To your surprise, Gaster allowed this, pausing his movements to watch your efforts. It wasn't working. How was it possible to feel such painful arousal, without instantly succumbing now that you had the stimulation you had craved?

Suddenly, the man above you chuckled, eyes flashing as he lazily ran his tongue over the edge of his teeth. **[I may have neglected to mention an…unfortunate side effect of this aphrodisiac, my pet.]** He watched, amused, as the pieces slowly fell into place in your head. Despite the need that burned like wildfire through your body, you couldn't achieve orgasm.

He nuzzled tenderly against the side of your face, trembling slightly from the effort to remain still within your tight sex. **[I wouldn't advise continuing to try. Your body can only take so much stimulation before the slightest touch becomes agony,]** he breathed, sounding thoroughly pleased with the prospect.

Whimpering, you tossed your head fitfully, torn between frustration and the need for more, for anything. Slowly, Gaster withdrew, rocking his hips against yours as his girthy erection tugged at your walls. His thrusts were tight and controlled, nudging your cervix as the tight line between pain and pleasure threatened to snap.

"Stop," you whined, the stimulation quickly becoming too much for you to handle. You writhed and bucked beneath him, thrusting your arms against his chest in a futile attempt to push him away. He leered down at you, breath hitching as he drove into your sweat-soaked body.

[This is only the beginning. You possess so much untapped potential.]

A particularly rough thrust made you gasp, twisting beneath him. He caught up your wrists in one hand, preventing your struggles as he pressed hard against your smaller body, pinning you with his weight. You were sobbing in earnest now, overwhelmed by sensation, devastated by your inability to find some respite.

He seemed to draw out the moment for as long as he could, every stroke a sweet torment to your overstimulated body. When he finally climaxed, flooding you with his burning essence, you wept in quiet relief. Your skin was slick with sweat, muscles tight and exhausted from the persistent state of arousal. You shook, torn between exhaustion and the intense heat that still smoldered within you.

Then you felt him tense, propping up on his elbows, head turned toward something you couldn't see. You felt, rather than heard the deep growl that rumbled through the scientist's chest above you, his claws curving around your body possessively.

The voice that interrupted him was achingly familiar. You struggled futilely against the beast holding you down, desperate to see, as the cold, calm words pierced through the haze that clouded your mind.

"i guess some things don't change, **g a s t e r.** now take your filthy hands off of her, before i do something you'll regret."

Chapter End Notes

Safe to read until [I have another medicine that I would like to give you, now.] Voidster drugs you with an aphrodisiac that makes you go a little crazy, and also prevents you from reaching orgasm. At the end,

Sans appears to rescue you.

BET YOU GUYS THOUGHT THAT VOIDSTER COULDN'T THINK OF A NEW WAY TO TORTURE YOU, HUH? IT'S OKAY THOUGH, THE SNAS HAS ARRIVED!

This chapter was not supposed to be a bunch of pages about Voidster torturing you, but he ignored the chapter outline and did what he wanted.

Coming Undone - Underfell

Chapter Summary

What you did to me
I don't give up
I don't regret to be
The one who kills you tenderly

Chapter Notes

FANARTS:

Voidster bein' an Edgelord

What happens when AllocateAloe and I hang out

Sexy Underfell Gaster!

UF!Gaster with Slightly More Clothing

How last chapter was written

What UF!Sans thinks of the situation

Voidster Doing Bad Things

Stay in touch at my tumblr blog.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blue Sans - Underfell

Sans glanced around in confusion, cursing. He had reached the Core, but forgotten how enormous and convoluted the facility was, containing secret passages and rooms that were practically invisible if you didn't know exactly where to look. How would he ever find you in this labyrinth?

The faint healing magic from your soul still clung to his, but other than a vague sense that you were still alive, it gave him no useful information. Snarling in frustration, he didn't notice the slight change

in the air, until a deep, mocking voice startled him.

“you look lost, pal.”

This alternate version was *really* asking for it, Sans thought irritably, turning to face the other monster.

“why are you here?”

The red-clothed skeleton shrugged, hands in his pockets. “thought ya could use the help. guess i was wrong.” With a wink, he turned, beginning to stroll away.

“wait-” Sans gritted his teeth, annoyed that the other monster was playing games like this while you were in danger. “what’s the price of your ‘help’?”

“that’s the spirit.” The stranger turned back to face him, smirking. “you’re gonna take her back to your timeline, right? it’s...better than this place, isn’t it?”

Sans said nothing, not liking the direction this was going.

“take me with you. my life here is shit. i’m sick of the resets n’ working for that pretentious dick.”

Scowling, Sans eyed the other monster, tone flat as he replied. “you wouldn’t fit in.”

It was true. He knew a predator when he saw one, and while this other version wasn't as dangerous as Gaster could be, he still wasn't anyone that Sans would let within a mile of you, Frisk, or Papyrus. The monsters of his own timeline were too trusting, too naive. It would only be a matter of time before someone got hurt, and he would be responsible when it happened.

The larger skeleton inclined his head, conceding the point. "probably, but that's the deal." He grinned toothily, raising a brow. "besides, you won't find the human without my help. only me and the doc know where she is, and i get the sense you're tryin' to avoid him right now."

Sans hesitated, urgency warring with his distrust of the other monster. Finally, he sighed. He had no choice. The Core was impossibly large, and if this version of Gaster was anything like the one he knew, it would be impossible to locate you on his own.

"we find her and leave," he spat finally, hoping against hope that this brief moment of trust wasn't misplaced.

The stranger smiled, holding one bony hand out for him to take. "deal. hope you're prepared if we run into anyone, 'cause i'm not gettin' involved." As soon as their hands touched, he transported them both to the hall just outside your door, hanging back as Sans hesitantly entered the room.

***

The beast loomed above you on the small bed, arms curled possessively around your limp form. He was half undressed, chest bare and glistening from exertion, his pants undone just enough to allow himself access to you. Scars interrupted his smooth skin, muscles

rippling as he turned toward Sans. A faint snarl curled his lips, eyes flashing at the interruption.

When the monster began to speak, it came out as a string of unintelligible, warbling sounds. Too familiar. Furious recognition sparked in those violet eyes, boring into his with cold intensity.

"...gaster?" This wasn't possible, but Sans couldn't ignore what his soul was telling him. This monster with the cracked face was the same malevolent force he had sensed in the void. The man that had stolen you away from him, who had almost shattered your soul rather than let you remain with Sans.

He swallowed hard, eyes darting to your face. You were flushed, heaving and distressed. Your glazed eyes indicated that you had been drugged, and there were both old and fresh wounds decorating your naked skin. A new bite mark was slowly oozing blood.The bruises on your throat and wrists were disturbingly vivid.

His eye sockets went dark, shoulders tensing as he unthinkingly summoned a blaster. The leviathan skull hovered behind him, pale blue light radiating from its eyes and jaws. He couldn't strike while you were in the line of fire, but he was more than ready to use lethal force against the man who had you pressed beneath him.

Smirking, Gaster rose, slowly withdrawing from your ravaged body to tuck himself back into his trousers. Sans kept his eyes on the man's face, ignoring the blatant display before him. The room stank of blood, sweat, and your fear. The musk of sex hung heavily in the air, invading his senses.

Blood and other dark fluids stained the white sheets beneath you, an image that pierced and haunted him. He saw your lips move, forming his name, though you were too weak to force the sound from your

wounded throat. His gaze hardened, turning back to the man that stood before him, bare-chested and smirking.

Underfell - Voidster

Gaster tilted his chin up, staring down at the skeleton with cool amusement. So, the hero had arrived at last. Unfortunate that his failed creation had chosen such an inconvenient moment to interrupt. He had hoped to have at least another hour playing with your quivering, over-sensitized form. Then again, this distraction wouldn't last long. Plenty of time to dispatch your would-be rescuer and return to more enjoyable pursuits.

Unfortunately, the short skeleton had no way of understanding his language. His link with you allowed him to touch your mind directly, but he had no such connection with Sans. There was, however, a solution to not only this dilemma, but the fact that his own creation had dared to threaten him.

Raising one pale, elegant hand, he made a grasping motion in midair, tugging at the unseen leash that bound your soul to his. Moaning, you were forced to sit up on the bed, like a puppet manipulated with invisible strings. A small smile twisted his mouth, glancing down to ensure that the other monster could properly appreciate the control he wielded over you.

The stunned, horrified expression on the skeleton's face was gratifying, but he wasn't done with his demonstration just yet. It was a simple task to slip within your mind, forging a light connection that allowed him to use you as his voice.

"I assume you have come for the girl." Your voice was expressionless, flat and monotonous as you spoke. He noted the way that Sans trembled, right hand curling into a fist. Perfect.

“let her go,” the other monster demanded, voice husky with rage as his left eye flared with cyan magic.

“And what will you do if I tell you to leave empty-handed, Sans? This human belongs to me. She bears my mark. Do you remember what happened the last time you tried to take what is mine?” Tears trickled from your eyes as you repeated his words, flinching.

The skeleton said nothing, eye sockets narrowing as a second blaster appeared behind him. The eldritch beings crowded the small room, casting eerie shadows across the walls.

Gaster laughed at this display, the static-laced sound bursting deep from his chest. “Will you use my own creations against me, my son?”

“**d o n ‘t c a l l m e t h a t,”** his clone snarled, a dangerous tone in his voice. Gaster felt the skeleton’s magic filling the room, pressing hard against his soul, as if attempting to crush it. Interesting.

He raised one hand, thrusting it downward as he widened his stance. Flickering indigo magic warred with blue, colliding violently. Spectral hands rose around him, too numerous to count. The bony appendages hovered silently, prepared to rip apart this pathetic monster that dared defy him. The skeleton couldn’t hope to strike with the blasters while you were in the room, lest you be caught and burned to ash.

He bared his teeth in a feral smile, interested to see how this clone of his would handle the challenge of fighting him, when every attack endangered you.

He was all too aware of the pleasure the creature took in forcing him to watch while he violated you once again. The being was sadistic to its core, constantly testing its surroundings, finding new ways to cause pain and suffering.

He trembled with rage and grief. The demon controlling his body had to be stopped. An ally had appeared, however unlikely, and here he was, trapped and useless within writhing tendrils of restraining magic. He struggled against his bonds, his soul thrashing, willing the stranger to see him somehow, to help him defeat the beast that threatened them all.

He had reserved all of his strength for this; the moment when fighting might actually make a difference. Now all he could do was hope that this monster who so strongly resembled Sans possessed the same talent in soul magic.

Underfell - Blue Sans

He narrowed his eyes, focusing hard on the being before him. He couldn't risk attacking yet, not with you trapped on the bed behind Gaster. The energy beams from the blasters would disintegrate anything in their path. Distracted by the impossible situation, he almost didn't realize what he was looking at.

The monster before him had two souls. How was that possible? One was cracked and distorted, pulsing with void energy and an obscene amount of LV. The other was relatively unmarked, trapped by the first in a cage of dark magic. The captive soul was not without LV itself, but the way it was behaving made him pause.

The second soul resonated strongly with yours, yearning toward you

despite being unable to move. It quivered and shook within its cage, rebelling against its captor. A plan began to form in his mind. He couldn't directly strike Gaster, but soulwork was his speciality. For the first time, he returned the other man's smile, his phalanges beginning to glow in tandem with his magical eye.

Hands spread wide, he thrust his arms out toward Gaster, sending a punch of energy toward the black cage that contained the soul of his vessel. It twisted under the strain, growing weak and brittle from his attacks. The trapped soul began glowing with hope, striking from within until it finally shattered its bonds. Gaster staggered, one clawed hand grasping his chest as the captive soul broke free, filling his body with radiant light.

One by one, the hands began to flicker out of existence, Gaster's furious roar shaking the walls as he wrestled against the owner of the body he had stolen. He panted heavily, too distracted to notice when Sans teleported to the bed, effortlessly gathering you up into his arms.

Streaks of violet light struck at the walls like lightning, crackling and sparkling against the cold metal. Magic thrummed through the air, vibrating as it filled the small room to the brim. Sans hesitated for a brief moment, uncertain whether to strike during this moment of weakness, or simply take you away from here.

"GO!" the hunched figure shouted at him, no longer speaking the strange, warbling language it had been using earlier. The tall monster gripped at his own skull in agony, teeth bared as the souls battled for dominance. The sheer amount of magical energy being expelled from Gaster's huddled form was insane, even for two souls to generate.

The levels of DT on each soul fluctuated wildly as they grappled, and Sans realized that time was running out. The room couldn't withstand the strain of that much energy being unleashed, and began to crumble and collapse under the strain of Gaster's twisting, uncontrollable magic. Tucking you under his jacket, he teleported out of the Core,

beginning the long journey back to the Timeline Alternator.

Chapter End Notes

I dunno WHY I struggled so much with this chapter. AA and I are doing a sequel to that crossover fic with Voidster and G, so maybe that's why I've been distracted, lol.

Invincible - Underfell

Chapter Summary

In which nothing really exciting or dangerous happens.

Chapter Notes

Uh. Have some epic reading music!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gaster

[How *dare* you,] the beast gasped at him, voice low and furious.

Gaster felt grim satisfaction at the monster's rage. *"I dare a great deal, you abomination. That human girl does not belong to you, nor does my body."*

The control he had now was tenuous at best, and the sense of maneuvering his own body was almost alien after all this time locked away. He knew that his advantage was only temporary, but he hoped it would give you enough of a head start to escape. He hoped...such a bitter hope, that the skeleton who had taken you would do a better job of protecting you than he had.

The walls of the room rattled, shaken by the force of the power being unleashed. Their magic beat through the air, bits of debris floating, suspended by sheer energy. The determination-enhanced power of the monster was a destructive force to be reckoned with, even the metal frame of the bed beginning to twist and warp.

As they struggled, a nightmarish vision appeared before the doctor, ghostly and transparent, yet terrifyingly real. It looked like him, but deep cracks ran down its face, its mouth twisted in a menacing grin,

eye sockets empty and dark. Its body warped and twisted, flickering, melting, even as he watched, while a sharp, static-laced screech rattled his bones.

The demon rushed at him, slamming into his chest and sending them both toppling to the ground. It pinned him beneath it, hot breath beating over his face as strings of black saliva dripped onto his skin, burning him. Was this real? He glanced wildly around, trying to get his bearings. They were still in your hospital room, everything the same but for the apparition that now held him down.

He braced one arm against the chest of the being, attempting to push it away from his face even as it leaned further toward him, snapping its jaws. He struck out with his free hand, but it blocked the attack, slamming his wrist down onto the ground beside his head and pinning it there.

It caressed his face sensually, mockingly, before swiping a clawed hand at him, opening a row of shallow gashes on his cheek. The wound was agony, but he fought through it, ignoring the blood that clouded his vision as he twisted, managing to roll the creature off of him as they grappled. His hand found the beast's throat, and he squeezed hard, wrestling his other arm from beneath it to join the first, pressing his thumbs into its windpipe as it wheezed and snarled at him.

[You are nothing but a pathetic copy,] it growled at him, bringing one fist to slam into the side of his face, tearing his hands away from its throat. **[This timeline has barely progressed. You are simply a younger, weaker version of myself. There is no point in allowing you to continue existing.]** It said the last with a roar of fury, sharp teeth bared as it lunged for him.

"You can't kill me without destroying this body, and you know it," Gaster snarled in response, kicking his legs out at its knees. The creature rolled, avoiding his attack and countering with a kick of its own,

aimed directly for his ribs. He gasped in pain, thrust onto his stomach by the force of the blow.

It bent over him, pressing its knee into his lower back as it reached one clawed hand forward to grip at his throat, yanking his head back to whisper malevolently into his ear. **[You cannot defeat me. I will take back this body, take back the human, and savor your screams while I destroy her.]**

Hooking its arm beneath his neck, it crouched down over him, pressing its chest against his back. He clawed at the restraint around his throat, unable to break the strong grip. Every movement he made was countered and absorbed by the demon that held him subdued beneath it. He had reached his limit. Closing his eyes, he felt the cage spring up around him once more, forcing him deep into himself, muting his control.

He hoped it had been enough. He didn't care what happened now, as long as you were finally out of reach.

Voidster

His violet eyes flicked open, filled with inhuman rage. Grunting, he picked himself up from the floor, ignoring the pain of the injuries he had inflicted on himself in the battle for control. They would heal in time, and he would deal with his other self's...behavior...soon enough. For now, he threw himself into furious pursuit, rushing back to the location of the Timeline Alternator. The fight with his vessel's soul had left him drained, and he could not travel as fast as he otherwise would be able to. But he might still be in time to prevent your escape.

The two skeletons would be dispatched quickly. He would not tolerate the interference of lesser beings in plans far greater than their small minds could comprehend. As for you...you would suffer enough to

repay his vessel for his defiance tenfold. You would be the lesson, the punishment he used to break the other man's will. Snarling, he threw himself into the void, beginning the first of the jumps that would take him to his prey.

You*

"Sans, *stop* ," you gasped against his chest, tugging at his jacket. "We have to help him." The skeleton glanced down at you in disbelief, expression hardening as he held you to his chest.

"people don't change," he stated flatly, gripping you harder to prevent your struggles. "whatever happens to him, he deserves it."

You shook with exhaustion and anger, shoving futilely at his ribcage. "No, he *doesn't* deserve this! Sans, he saved me. We can't just leave him like this."

"we can, and we are. you're hurt, you don't know what you're saying. we have to get you out of here."

His cool dismissal of your protests felt like a slap in the face. Was that how he saw you, as some sort of hysterical woman that was too damaged to make decisions? Your heart ached at leaving Gaster behind. You didn't know what it had cost him to finally regain control of his body, but you were certain the price had been high. You were just as certain that defeating the monster from the void would not be so simple.

"hey buddy, what the fuck was that?" a terrifyingly familiar voice demanded suddenly, right above your head. "just gonna ditch me after our deal?"

You squeaked in pain as Sans' grip on you tightened painfully, relaxing as he realized what he was doing. "sorry," he muttered down at you, before glancing over at his other self.

"no time," he responded shortly, continuing to teleport further and further from Hotland. "gaster has two souls, and one of them is from my timeline. he's pissed, we need to leave *now.* "

The other skeleton fell silent, following as you entered Waterfall, blinking past the glittering gems and softly glowing echo flowers. "Where are we going?" you pressed, the cold rush of dropping in and out of the void snapping you from your drugged stupor.

"uh, it's basically a time machine," Sans explained hurriedly, too distracted to go into detail.

" *you* invented a time machine?" the other Sans demanded, disbelief evident in his tone.

"...not exactly. gaster did. the one from my timeline."

The gold-fanged skeleton scoffed. This couldn't possibly get more convoluted. "i get we're in a hurry, but i'm gonna have a lot of questions after we get back to your place, pal. like how exactly your version of the doc invented a time machine, showed up here *without it,* and is now apparently sharing a body with the asshole i worked for."

You realized that neither of them knew what had happened to Gaster, or how. You had no idea how to explain what had occurred, or your role in it. You cringed. This entire situation was your fault, and Sans was none the wiser. Would he be angry with you? Disgusted? You

weren't looking forward to finding out. Hopefully that entire discussion would be a long time in coming.

And why was the red version of Sans coming with you? You supposed you couldn't be picky about how you were rescued, but you still didn't feel entirely safe, knowing that this monster was going to be returning to that relatively safe, quiet timeline with you. What about Frisk and Papyrus? Would he hurt them? Would he come after you again, or would your Sans prevent it?

His unwelcome presence made you even more upset at leaving the doctor behind. This version of Sans was someone that Gaster had wanted to protect you from, and instead, the three of you were escaping, leaving him behind to be destroyed, or worse, possessed once again by the being from the void.

The unfairness of it struck you painfully, but you were starting to get dizzy. The drug that you'd been given was reasserting itself, and you winced at the sensation of Sans' jacket rubbing against your naked skin, the feeling of cool bones against your side. The stimulation was painful, and you couldn't help the whimper that escaped your lips as a particularly rough landing thrust you against him.

Misunderstanding, he stroked your arm soothingly as he carried you, unaware that even this gentle touch caused you indescribable agony. You gritted your teeth and bore it. After all, it wasn't so bad compared to what you had endured earlier, and you couldn't risk distracting Sans right now, when every second counted.

Finally, you arrived in Snowdin, reaching the machine after nearly an hour of traveling. Sans heaved and puffed against you, out of breath and clearly exhausted. This ordeal had taken its toll on all of you. Even the larger skeleton had nothing to say, glancing behind your group as if in fear of pursuit.

The snowy woods in the distance remained empty, and a small knot of tension eased in your spine. You tried to ignore the pain in your soul that cried out at leaving the doctor, abandoning him to the clutches of the sadistic creature who had tormented you for so long.

Solemnly, you all filed into the machine. It was uncomfortably cramped; the device having been designed to carry only one person at a time. Still cradling you against his chest with one arm, Sans used his free hand to begin slowly typing in coordinates.

“uh, little faster there, buddy?” the other monster strained, still glancing outward at the too-silent hills beyond the town.

“going as fast as i can,” Sans grunted, his deep baritone rumbling against your body. “trust me, you don’t want me to rush this. i input one bad number and we could end up in the wrong timeline. or worse.”

None of you spoke after that. The terse silence was broken only by your labored breathing, and the impatient shuffling of the monsters, until finally, the door began sliding shut with agonizing slowness. The brightness of the sun-glazed snow was shut out, replaced by the dim glow of the interior lighting. The gentle hum of machinery was strangely comforting, like a large cat purring contentedly.

BANG

Sans almost dropped you as something struck the machine from outside, the metal walls shuddering in protest from the assault. The sound was followed by a cacophony of screeching and rattling, which grew louder and more frantic with every passing moment. You all knew what it must be, but none of you could find the voice to say anything.

Gaster had found you.

Voidster

He tore at the side panel, digging his fingers into the delicate wires, pulling out shattered bits of circuitry and fragments of metal. The Timeline Alternator was beginning to phase out of this reality. The irony that his clone would use his own invention to steal you was not lost on him. If anything, it made him angrier.

His claws scratched and scrabbled against the metal, the screeching sound drowned out only by the increasing power of the machine. Despite the damage he had done, it was still preparing to launch into the timestream. He let out a furious roar, the power of his rage causing the damaged metal to quiver beneath his grip.

The machine made a sound like a scream, the noise causing him to narrow his eyes. That wasn't a good sound. If it tried to make the journey now, there was no telling what would happen. Hastily, he tried to extricate himself from the ropes of wire and twisted metal, but it was too late. With a cry like a wounded animal, the Timeline Alternator disappeared into the void.

Chapter End Notes

"Oh man
I just remembered what Voidster reminds me of besides an Alien
He's like a fuckin dinosaur from Jurassic Park trying to get into the jeep
And reader is like shining the flashlight into his eyes and sans is like TURN IT OFF HE CAN'T SEE US IF WE DON'T MOVE"

Road to Recovery - Undertale (PART ONE END)

Chapter Summary

Well, we're finally here. The end of the first part of this story. I want to thank everyone who has joined me on this adventure so far. I treasure every single comment, bookmark, kudos, and the truly amazing fan art that I've received. I feel bad when I can't respond to every comment, or when I can't find the words to properly describe how much I LOVE the artwork you guys have created, but please know that it means more to me than I can say.

The story will be continuing within this fic, so don't worry about trying to find a new document. Just keep watching for the next update. :)

Chapter Notes

This fan art is mostly NSFW, so click at your own risk:

A stunning illustration of Sans interrupting Voidster's playtime

A really hot illustration of Voidster making out with you (the reader)

Not technically fan art, but Voidster with his husband from Living with a Lich

Also, AllocateAloe and I wrote a sequel to the first crossover fic that she wrote, which can be found here. It's basically just 15 pages of Gaster x Gaster rape/non-con sin, lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You

The banging and scratching stopped abruptly, the machine rattling violently as it struggled to complete its task, despite the damage. The

three of you were thrown repeatedly against the hard walls, Sans doing his best to shield you from the worst of it with his body. It sounded like the Timeline Alternator was literally falling apart around you, the creaking and groaning of stressed machinery grating your nerves until you were near panic.

The journey seemed to take forever, and you wondered if the three of you would die, or be lost forever in the void as that warped version of Gaster once had been. Would you change like him- becoming cold, calculating, and malevolent; a force of sheer evil? You suspected that his corruption had occurred long before his time trapped in the void, yet surely being trapped in such a place would drive any person insane.

When the machine suddenly landed, your thoughts were interrupted as you were all tossed violently to the ground, groans of pain punctuating the silence. You lay for a moment, stunned, pain washing over your body. Sans was still holding onto you, somehow, but it hadn't been enough to protect you from that final impact. Warm blood trickled down your face, and you moaned in pain.

"fuck," somebody muttered. You were too disoriented to tell who, but it seemed to be the general consensus right now. The cooling machine was settling with light creaking, squealing sounds. It was unnerving, as though it might all come crashing down on you without warning. You wondered if the door would even still work, now.

"open the fuckin' door," the gold-fanged Sans grunted, staggering to his feet and bracing against one dented wall. The monster holding you groaned again, momentarily hugging you tighter before opening his eyes and struggling to sit up, rubbing at his face. He immediately glanced down at you, eye sockets narrowing as he took in the fresh wound you had sustained.

"you're bleeding." He eyed you with concern, focusing on the steady trickle of red sliding down your cheek. Something bubbled within

your chest, a hysterical giggle, struggling to break free.

“Sans, a little blood isn’t exactly the worst thing that’s happened to me. It probably looks worse than it is. Humans bleed more from head wounds than other injuries. We need to get out of here.”

“stay there,” he grumbled, gently setting you on the ground and forcing himself to stand. Blinking at the console, he tapped in a few commands. The door shuddered and stalled, and for a moment you thought that it would refuse. Finally, with agonizing slowness, it began to open, scraping against a small dent in the metal track it moved on. The resulting screech of metal made the hair on your arms stand up, and you shivered when it finally halted.

Light spilled into the small interior, and you turned away, instinctively shielding your eyes. None of you spoke or moved, tensing as you waited for the inevitable attack. Nothing happened. After several moments had passed, Sans finally took a step forward. “i’m gonna check outside.”

The gold-fanged skeleton scoffed, remaining where he was. “better you than me, pal.”

“keep it up and i’ll chuck you out there first,” Sans growled in response.

“i’d like to see ya try,” the other monster snarled, his eye flaring an eager crimson.

“Guys, please.” Your head was pounding mercilessly, and the testosterone was so thick you could almost cut it with a knife.

Grumbling, they backed off from each other, and Sans returned his focus to the outside. He left the Timeline Alternator cautiously, the white light in his eyes scanning the outside of the machine, then the surrounding area. The moment seemed to stretch on forever before he turned back to you.

“he’s not here,” he called out. Cautiously, the other Sans crept to the doorway, joining his doppleganger to stare out across the snowy landscape.

Blue Sans

The exterior of the Timeline Alternator was covered in gouges and claw marks, bits of wire hanging from the side in serpentine tangles. Inside, he could see electricity flickering over the damaged circuitry, sparking and flaring when it hit a damaged area. He wasn't sure what timeline he had landed in, but was relieved that you had arrived in one at all, given the severe damage to the machine. There was no sign of the monster who had done such grievous damage with his bare hands. Perhaps he had been shaken off, back into the void. Sans was too cynical to really believe that, but it was a nice thought.

As he turned to retrieve you, a loud voice interrupted his musing.

"BROTHER! YOU HAVE RETURNED!"

Papyrus. A fierce surge of joy swept through him as his younger brother appeared. He had probably been patrolling the woods for humans. Sans hadn't told him how he had planned to rescue you, but he had tried to say goodbye without giving too much away. Offhandedly, he noticed how his darker version flinched away, as though threatened by Papyrus, but he was focused on the happiness of discovering that he had returned to the correct timeline.

His brother swept him up in a hard embrace, lifting him off the ground in his exuberance. The reunion was brief, but emotional. He suspected that no matter how long he'd been gone, Paps would be just as overjoyed to see him.

"heh, i'm really glad to see you buddy, but i gotta important job for you."

"YOU DO?" The taller skeleton practically radiated enthusiasm, carefully setting Sans down to place his hands on his hips. "THEN I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD BE HONORED TO ACCEPT THIS TASK."

Feeling perhaps a little too smug, Sans gestured to the alternate version of himself, who was still frozen in fear, staring up at the tall skeleton. "see this guy? he's our prisoner. i want you to take him to the garage and keep an eye on him so he doesn't escape."

"OH MY. SANS, THIS PRISONER LOOKS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE YOU." Papyrus squinted down at the gold-fanged monster, who was actually trembling a little at this point. Then the younger brother straightened, planting his hands back on hips in a dramatic pose, before slowly lifting one hand to point accusingly at the cowering skeleton before him. "NYEH! TRYING TO IMPERSONATE MY BROTHER, PRISONER? THE GREAT PAPYRUS WOULD NEVER BE HOODWINKED BY SUCH A SIMPLE DISGUISE."

"i-i-i uh," the monster stuttered, cringing away as Papyrus reached down, easily snatching him up to tuck under one arm. "SILENCE, PRISONER. SANS, I AM TAKING HIM TO THE DUNGEON." Without waiting for a response, the tall skeleton stalked off.

Sans tried not to laugh, he really did. Here he had been worried about protecting Paps from this distorted self, and it turned out the other monster was *terrified* of his tall cinnamon bunny of a brother. It had been a long, stressful journey, so it wasn't really his fault when eventually the muted chuckling turned into full-blown belly laughing, his legs becoming so weak that he sat down in the snow, wiping tears from his eyes.

Voidster

He shivered, eyes cracking open slightly as he regained consciousness. That had been an ugly mess. The violent journey through the abyss had thrown him from the Timeline Alternator, and now he found himself in a curious location. The floor was a dazzling white, sterile and featureless. The walls were black, so dark that they almost seemed not to exist.

Grunting, he forced his damaged vessel to stand, taking stock of his injuries. There were the superficial wounds from their earlier battle, some cuts and scrapes from his attempt to cripple his Timeline Alternator, and...damn it. His right arm was broken, undoubtedly from being forcibly torn from the machine in the void. The bone had not punctured the skin, but it would if left untreated.

Gritting his teeth, he removed his damaged lab coat, conjuring a set of hands to begin tearing it into strips of dark fabric. With the assistance of the spectral appendages, he pulled hard at the bone, forcing it to realign. A pained roar tore through his throat, echoing loudly in the chamber. Snarling, he commanded the bony hands to begin wrapping the wound. He had nothing to act as a splint, and would have to take care until he found something suitable to stabilize the bone.

It was fortunate that he had no dominant hand. The injury would not cripple him beyond the inconvenience of being temporarily unable to use that arm. He could use his magic to compensate for the lack until it healed. It was unfortunate that he had lost any trace of the healing

magic he had once possessed, after his LV had become so high.

There was nothing else in the room, other than a short hallway with a gray door at the end. Impatiently, he strode toward it, only to realize that the door possessed no handle; nor any discernible way to open it. Curious. Perhaps he would return to this place later. Something about it set him on edge, which was worth investigating on its own. Most unusual that anything would make him feel uneasy, after the lifetimes he had spent shattered across time and space.

He reached for his magic, letting it brim from within him before preparing to teleport to Snowdin, undoubtedly where his Timeline Alternator had landed, since it traveled only through time, not across physical planes. The room wavered and warped around him, going dark before he felt himself hit an invisible barrier, tossing him back out of the void before he could react. He tried again, this time reaching for his old laboratory, and found himself frustratingly cut off.

That was what had bothered him about this place, then. Somehow, it was preventing him from leaving, almost as if it had been created solely for that purpose. And that brought up a few interesting questions. Walking away from the door, he began to pace, mulling over the information he had while he stalked.

You

When Sans had returned for you, he'd brought a blanket from the house to wrap you in, protecting your bare body from the harsh cold of Snowdin.

When you had arrived back at his house, he had even allowed you out of sight long enough for you to use the shower. He had initially insisted on accompanying you, worried that your trembling legs would give out and you would fall. Despite how guilty the pain in his

eyes made you feel, you had developed a strong aversion to being touched, and he seemed to understand how much it meant for you to finally have a little privacy and control over your own life.

You had stayed inside for a long time, letting the hot water pound mercilessly over the open wounds that stung like a fury under the assault. You had washed and washed yourself, scrubbing hatefully at your skin until it felt raw, then beginning anew with the rapidly shrinking ball of soap. No matter how you scrubbed, the feeling of *him* was pervasive, crawling over your skin like a malignant disease. You couldn't get it off.

Sans' concerned voice from the other side of the door had finally snapped you from your obsessive thoughts, and you had given up, turning the water off and wrapping yourself in a towel. When the white pinpricks of light in his sockets swept over your abraded skin, you knew that he was on the brink of saying something. You couldn't bear to talk about it. Not yet. So you swept wordlessly past him, leaving him stunned until he gathered his wits and followed you back to his bedroom.

Alphys had developed a salve that was infused with healing magic to use for the bites and scratches. You applied it yourself, aside from the areas that you simply could not reach. Then you endured Sans' cautious touch, trying not to flinch, because you couldn't stand to see the pity in his eyes when you did. It was simply a reminder of your own vulnerability, and you came close to hating him for it. Rationally, you knew that he was doing the best he could, that he didn't understand why that look in his eyes upset you so much, but you couldn't help the resentment that welled within you.

The bruises and stiff muscles would have to heal on their own, although the monster food would help. Clean gauze was wrapped around the open wounds, and you were given your own set of clean, dry clothing for the first time since you'd fallen, along with some worn but serviceable sneakers that had been found at the dump and cleaned up. It almost made you feel like yourself again. Almost.

The aphrodisiac took a day to wear off, and left you feeling fragile and sensitive for a week after, but simply being clean and safe went a long way to easing your nerves. You slept poorly, haunted by nightmares that refused to release you until you woke, screaming and drenched in sweat. Then Sans would rush in, having given up the use of his bedroom for you, and hover anxiously while you tried to calm down. You knew that he wanted to gather you up and hold you, but he was too aware that doing so would only increase your panic. So he hovered, speaking soothingly, while you panted harshly, trying to bring your galloping heartbeat back under control.

Then he would leave, that faint sadness back in his eyes as you watched him go. It grated at you. You knew that he wanted intimacy, that he was hurt by your rejection of his touch. It added layers of guilt to the pain you were already dealing with. You disliked yourself for resenting him, and struggled with that, as well as the complex emotions that had settled on you after your escape.

Your acrimony toward Sans was nothing compared to the hatred you felt for yourself. You had been so weak, used like a plaything by males who were far stronger. Every time you saw the bruises and scars, you felt sick. And some part of you felt like you deserved them. You refused to eat the healing monster food, claiming to feel too nauseous to keep anything down.

In truth, your reasons for not eating were far different. The slow healing process brought you dark satisfaction. You didn't want the injuries to disappear, as if nothing had ever happened. They were a reminder of the things you had survived, as well as your own inability to prevent those things from occurring. You didn't know why, but your preoccupation with your wounds bordered on obsession. They gave you a link to what had happened, a confirmation that it was real, and you feared the day that you were fully healed.

At times you would catch Sans giving you speculative glances, but he said nothing, accepting your refusal to eat without comment. At times

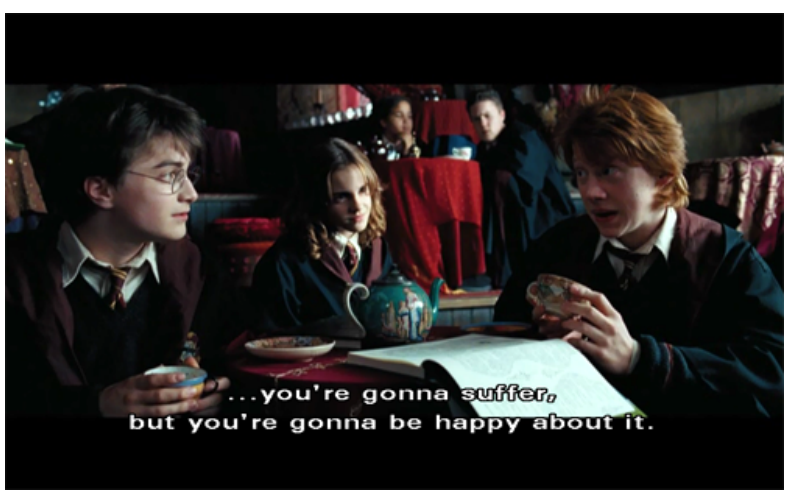
he would find you sitting alone, slowly rubbing a thumb over the bruises on your wrists, but he didn't inquire. He didn't push you to explain yourself, which you were grateful for, but you knew the time would come when you had to address everything that had happened, and the scars it had left on you all.

Chapter End Notes

Somebody already drew the scene with Papyrus taking charge of the "prisoner" LOL

It's unfortunately very common for victims of assault to blame themselves. Already being a self-harmer with a fragile soul, you're taking this a lot harder than many people would. They say that time heals all wounds, so lets hope that Voidster's current dilemma keeps you safe until you can heal.

I want to reassure you that this story is FAR from over. I still have two major arcs planned for this fic, and yes, everyone will be coming along for the ride. There will be more of both Sans, Voidster, and UF!Gaster, as well as additional characters that have either not shown up yet, or only had a minor role in the story. The story will have a happy ending. There will be more pain, more angst, and more smut along the way, so buckle in and enjoy the ride!



All That Could Have Been - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Sans doesn't know how to help you. You deal with the devastating consequences of the trauma you've endured.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is really dark and depressing, lol. Uh. Trigger warnings for self-harm, and implied suicidal ideation.

I wanted to write a chapter with lyrics for a long time now, so here it is! Lyrics are from "And All That Could Have Been" by Nine Inch Nails.

Fan art!

Papyrus taking care of the "prisoner."

Voidster's hoard of weird junk, from a short OOC story I wrote on tumblr.

What happens when Voidster sends asks to other tumblr blogs.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“ Breeze still carries the sound

Maybe I'll disappear

Tracks will fade in the snow

You won't find me here”

“i don’t know what to do about ___. i’m losing her.” Sans leaned against the giant door in Snowdin, speaking softly. He could have had a face-to-face discussion with Toriel, but couldn’t bear seeing the pity, or worse, blame in her eyes when he finally breached this painful subject. The cold of the snowy air bit into his bones, but didn’t truly bother him. Not like the ice that was slowly creeping into his heart every time you flinched away from him, or refused to speak about what had happened.

“the harder i try to help her, the more she pushes me away.”

There was a long silence, and he wondered if Toriel would answer him. Perhaps it had been foolish to come here, but he didn’t know who else to talk to. Then a soft voice came through the door, compassionate and warm.

“I do not know everything this child has suffered,” she began, “Only what you have told me. And it seems perhaps that *none* of us know everything that happened to her.”

“because she won’t talk to anyone about it,” Sans snarled in frustration, pressing his clenched hands into the cold stone beneath him. “how can we help her if she won’t tell us what’s wrong?”

“Sans…” the woman hesitated, concern in her tone. “It has been only a few weeks since you brought her back from...that other place. She may need more time before she is ready. It is possible…” She trailed off, pausing. “It is possible she may not remember everything that happened, either.”

“why would she not remember? and if she doesn’t, why is it affecting her so much?” He said the last with a groan of frustration, bringing his hands up to clutch at his skull. Whatever you remembered, or did not remember, it was clearly affecting you. He wasn’t sure why, but you weren’t healing like you should be. Not just mentally; but physically. He remembered how you had healed the previous times you had been in the timeline, and by now, even the worst of your injuries should have faded into scars.

He had even asked Toriel to come look at you. She excelled in healing magic, but it required a physical connection to work, and after seeing

how upset you had become when she approached, she had gently but firmly told him that it would do more harm than good to subject you to this before you were ready. None of your injuries were life-threatening. You just needed time. She would not take the risk of causing further emotional wounds by forcing physical contact while you were in such a state.

And that was that. After the first time you had let him dress your wounds, you had pulled away, insisting you could do it yourself. And so he left you the healing salve and bandages, letting you hide away in his room all day and night. Sometimes, when you slept, he would come take your discarded clothing and wash it for you.

Other than the showers that you seemed to take three or four times a day, you made no visible effort to care for yourself. It showed in the way your hair hung in limp tangles around your face, the deep shadows beneath your eyes, and the bruises and cuts that never seemed to fully disappear. You still refused to eat the healing monster food, and showed no interest in interacting with either him or Papyrus.

He couldn't do these things for you. He had tried, but your anxiety was like a living thing inside of you, and he had quickly learned that any attempt to care for you was met with anger, or worse, fear. He thought that he sometimes saw regret in your eyes, hidden beneath a depth of pain and despair that he couldn't begin to fathom.

"Wounds of the heart cannot always be seen, even by the person who bears them." Toriel interrupted his thoughts gently, and he remembered the terrible losses she had suffered. That she could show such compassion for you, a member of the species that had taken both of her children from her, was testament to her incredible kindness. "Sometimes, it is hard to understand those wounds, but they are still very real. It is likely that whatever happened is painful for her to remember. And so she is caught between the pain of remembering, or the lesser pain of choosing to suppress those memories."

But how can I help her if she can't- or won't face those memories? Sans thought bleakly, covering his face as he leaned harder against the door.

"Do you want my advice, my child?"

"yes," he whispered hoarsely, desperately. "what can i do to help her?"

"Do not push her. Offer your companionship, but respect her desire for solitude. Be patient, Sans. Do not let your fear of loss cause you to push her away. If you grasp too hard at something fragile, you may inadvertently destroy it."

He sighed, his heart no lighter than when he had come here. But he couldn't fault Toriel's advice, even if it was the last thing he wanted to hear.

"thanks tori," he murmured. "i should be getting back now. paps is there, but…"

"I understand. Please never hesitate to ask if you need my assistance," she reassured him kindly.

He stood, taking a moment to breathe in the cold, bracing air of the forest. You would get through this. He would get through this. He took a step forward, and vanished into the void, teleporting back to his house in Snowdin.

" *Ice is starting to form*

Ending what had begun

I am locked in my head

With what I've done

I know you tried to rescue me

Didn't let anyone get in

Left with a trace of all that was

And all that could have been”

You watched the blood run freely from the bite wound on your shoulder, mingling with the hot water that cascaded over your body. Even reopening the old wounds wasn’t enough. The bruises were almost gone, the cuts and scrapes being replaced by healthy pink flesh. Taking a deep breath, you palmed the shard of broken glass you had found. The brothers had knives for cooking, but you couldn’t afford to be that obvious. Not when Sans had begun eyeing your old wounds with searing intensity, obviously aware that something wasn’t quite right.

You knew he would be furious if he realized what was happening. Some part of you wanted him to know, just so that he would stop trying to fix you. You were broken, had been before you’d fallen into the Underground. It would be easier for everyone if he just gave up, and stopped trying to draw out that part of you that no longer existed. The happy, hopeful person, the one who had been capable of loving him.

The bleak numbness that had settled over your soul was welcome. It smothered the pain, smothered every emotion but the pervasive self-loathing that shrouded you, even in your dreams. Or rather, your nightmares. Should you tell him that you had begun dreaming of the gray door in Waterfall again? That instead of dread or fear, you felt only a sick relief that whatever waited for you would destroy you so completely that not even the pain remained?

Didn't matter. Dreams were dreams.

[Who can say how clearly the line between dreams and reality has been drawn, my dear? I have more experience than most.]

His mocking laughter filled your mind, and you shuddered, dragging the fragment of glass against your side, creating a shallow, jagged slice in the skin. Even now, after escaping the man, you couldn't escape that deep, silken voice. Pain would sometimes quiet it, would sometimes buy you time, and the luxury of silence in your own head. You watched blood well up, filling the gash before trickling gently down your ribs. Stillness washed over you, soothing the fear, narrowing your shattered focus to the physical pain.

"___?" The sound of Sans' voice through the bathroom door startled you enough that you gasped, dropping the piece of glass, freezing instinctively.

He called your name again, this time more tersely. "everything okay?"

"F-fine," you called out. "Be out soon."

He didn't respond, and when you heard his footsteps retreating, you heaved a sigh of relief. It wasn't his fault, but you felt like a cornered animal whenever he approached you. Logically, you knew that he wouldn't hurt you. You knew that he wouldn't touch you, even though he clearly wanted to, at times. It didn't help the waves of panic threatened to pull you under any time you were near him, or anyone else. Even Toriel's maternal presence had felt like a threat, trapping you, shoving at your precarious self control.

The water began to cool, and you turned it off, standing still as droplets ran down your body. You were still bleeding. Your mind was sluggish now, sedated by the pain you had inflicted on yourself. Stepping out of the shower, you found a dark cloth, and gingerly patted at the blood on your ribs and shoulder. Easy enough to explain that you had accidentally scrubbed too hard at the bite, reopening it (again). The other would be covered by your towel until you were dressed. Even if Sans was waiting in the room, he wouldn't see it.

You cautiously opened the door, peeking out around the frame. Sure enough, the skeleton was there, expression wary as the pinpricks of light in his eyes flicked down to your shoulder, then back to your face. He hesitated, clearly wanting to speak. You hoped he wouldn't.

"you should be more careful," he finally muttered, now avoiding your eyes. "it won't heal if it keeps getting reopened."

Maybe I don't want it to.

You said nothing, padding carefully down the hall toward his old room, the one that you used now. As you passed him, he suddenly reached out, catching hold of your arm. His touch sparked instant panic within you, and you let out a breathless shriek, almost dropping your towel as you lunged away. He followed, his hold gentle, but insistent.

"please," he begged, "please talk to me. you don't have to do this alone. let me help you. please."

You couldn't think. He was crowding you. His jacket brushed your bare skin, and you could feel every bone of his phalanges pressed into your arm. Your heart beat frantically within your chest, threatening to burst. You began panting shallowly, overwhelmed by a sudden wave of nausea. Despite the recent heat of the shower, your skin felt cold

and clammy.

"Get away!" You yanked your arm out of his grasp, stumbling as you fled to your room, slamming the door behind you and locking it for good measure. You knew that he could just teleport in, that a mere lock wouldn't stop him if he really wanted to get to you, but it was all you could do to protect yourself.

Still so helpless, you thought. *Still so weak.*

Shaking, you slid to the floor, your back resting against the door. Sans wouldn't hurt you. Please, please let him respect what the locked door represented. The act of grabbing your arm had been enough to push you to the brink of a panic attack. If he persisted, you would break. You couldn't break. You couldn't let him know how weak and vulnerable you truly were. Nobody could know.

"Please

Take this

And run far away

Far away from me

I am

Tainted

The two of us

Were never meant to be"

He remained in the hallway, stunned by how dramatically you had reacted to what had been intended as a friendly gesture. He knew that you didn't like to be touched, could even understand *why* it bothered you so much. Your vulnerability had brought out a cruel, predatory

side of Gaster that even Sans hadn't known existed.

The scientist had always been sadistic and merciless, but whatever had happened to him in the void had twisted him even further, somehow. Sans had no doubt that the power Gaster wielded over you had been intoxicating to the monster. He had always been a man who enjoyed controlling and manipulating others. And he had always possessed a hatred for humankind.

Sans had only heard secondhand stories of the atrocities that Gaster had committed during the war; the experiments on human prisoners that even his King had protested as being needlessly ruthless. He had learned a great deal that had helped them develop new and effective weapons, but the means by which he obtained this information were considered unnecessarily inhumane. Chemical experimentation. Soul torture. Physical abuse. These were only a few of the tactics the doctor had employed in his lust for knowledge.

In the end, despite Gaster's prodigious intelligence and drive to destroy humanity, the war had been lost. And so the royal scientist had turned that burning focus to a new task; destroying the barrier that the human mages had erected to trap the monsters underground. His dedication bordered on obsession; and frightened the monsters who worked for him.

Sans had been frightened of him too. The experiments had not stopped when Gaster ran out of human test subjects. After successfully creating two clones; Sans and Papyrus, the scientist had begun experimenting on them as well. Granted, the experiments had been performed with a different goal in mind- to use his clones as a weapon to break the barrier- but the merciless intensity of the man was not restrained by the fact that his clones had been little more than children at the time.

Sans still had nightmares of being strapped to that table. Papyrus, thankfully, rarely remembered anything from that time, and then, only in his dreams. Sans never encouraged his brother to remember

those dreams, always claimed ignorance if Papyrus asked him anything specific about their lives before Snowdin. As far as he was concerned, it was best if Papyrus never remembered Gaster.

Sighing, he slowly made his way down the hall, toward his old room. He was fairly certain you had locked the door, but didn't try the knob, just in case you were nearby. He didn't want to upset you by making you think he would try to force his way in. He felt old. Exhausted. It had been a long time since the timeline had reset, and for the first time in his life, he wished it would. Maybe then he could somehow erase this hurt. Start over, sweeping away the pain that lay between you like shattered glass.

"All these

Pieces

And promises and left behinds

If only I could see

In my

Nothing

You meant everything

Everything to me

Gone fading everything

And all that could have been"

Chapter End Notes

punches you in the face with feels

Uh. Welcome to the beginning of Part 2 I guess. YOU'RE GONNA SUFFER BUT YOU'RE GONNA BE HAPPY ABOUT IT.

(ノ◕ヮ◕)ノ*:･ﾟ✧

Wait - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Send your dreams
Where nobody hides
Give your tears
To the tide
No time
No time
There's no end
There is no goodbye

Chapter Notes

Here's some smut to make up for how sad the last chapter made you guys. THIS ONE HAS FEELS TOO THOUGH MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You found yourself back in the Core. Gaster's bedroom. The two of you were sitting on the edge of the bed, near enough that you were surprised at your lack of anxiety. Smiling sadly, he reached out, large thumb rubbing idly over the top of your hand. He wore no glasses, and the cracks that had distorted his face flickered in and out of existence.

"I'm dreaming."

"Yes," he affirmed, deep voice pitched softly. Slowly, he brought an arm around your shoulders, pulling you nearer until your head rested against his broad chest. His other hand carded through your hair, stroking it as you relaxed against him, caressing your face tenderly.

You shuddered, pulling away slightly so that you could look him in the face. "I'm so sorry," you whispered brokenly, tears stinging your

eyes as he gazed down at you silently. “It…it should have been me. It’s my fault this happened to you.”

Wordlessly, he pulled you into his lap, strong arms encircling you, pressing you against him as he dipped his head to yours. He brushed a chaste kiss over your forehead, leaving his lips against your skin as he responded. “No, sweetheart. Please don’t torment yourself this way. The beast that possessed me…had a long time to plan this. Eons. He used you because you were already vulnerable. It wasn’t your fault.”

You said nothing, turning your face to press into his collarbone. He held you, elegant hands idly caressing your arms, your sides, your face. You felt him begin to lift the shirt from your torso, and tensed, but he merely revealed the fresh gash on your side, tracing the edges carefully. “Why do you harm yourself this way?” His voice was calm, but the disapproval in it was unmistakable.

“It keeps the memories at bay.” When he didn’t reply, you tried again. “The physical pain is…easier than the guilt and the fear.”

Letting your shirt fall back to cover the wound, he turned, settling you carefully on the bed. Then he stretched out behind you, chest pressed against your back as he cradled you against him. His lips left delicate kisses on the back of your neck, hands stroking down your sides, then up again, this time beneath your clothing. You shivered, but none of the waking fear was in you. You realized how desperately you had craved being held like this, touched with such tenderness and….love.

“I did come to love you, in the end,” he murmured wistfully. “Too late to tell you, too late to understand what I was feeling. It has been one of my greatest regrets.”

“Gaster…” you trailed off as he pressed a finger to your lips.

“You have another man who loves you, now. It’s not fair for you to push him away. As much as I wish to have you for my own, he can protect you. I cannot.”

He delicately traced your nipples beneath your shirt, trailing down to explore the pleasing curve of your hips. His soft breath warmed the shell of your ear, breathing against you as he spoke.

“The monster that pursued you is here.” Feeling you tense, he shushed you soothingly, pulling your hips back against his own and hooking a leg over yours. “He is trapped, for now. I forced our...my body to appear in a place that should not exist. The timeline altered itself accordingly, creating a pocket of space that exists within its own reality. He cannot get out.”

You wiggled free of his gentle hold, turning to face him. “But he’s here. He’s in this timeline.”

“Technically...yes…” the doctor sighed, leaning his forehead down to yours. “The place he is in can only be accessed from the outside. And the door cannot be seen by most monsters. For them, it doesn’t even exist.”

“And for me?” You tilted your face up to receive his kisses, placed delicately on your cheeks, the corners of your mouth, your lips.

“The day may come when you will open that door. But not yet. His soul is still linked to yours. It is how I found you in this dream.” He bit gently at your lower lip, and you opened your mouth to him, his tongue sliding in to tangle with yours. The kiss was passionate, sensual, and deep. Breathlessly, you clung to him, feeling the light rumble of amusement in his chest.

“How can you touch me like this?” you gasped when your lips parted, his arm reaching up behind your back to nestle his hand in your hair. “Why aren’t I afraid?”

“This is a dream,” he reminded you gently. “Or something like it. Your mind has let go of the fear and pain, for the time being.”

His fingers traced the scars on your arms, reaching down to tug your shirt up and off of your body. “You’re so beautiful.” He meant that, you realized. Despite everything, despite the flaws and imperfections, he wanted you. Your nipples brushed his soft sweater, the sensitive buds hardening at the stimulation.

“I’m…broken,” you whispered, the words like bitter ash in your mouth. “Even if I can respond this way in a dream, it doesn’t mean that I’ll ever heal.”

“You can. And you will.” He brushed his thumb across your cheek, wiping away the tear that trailed down. “It will take time. The healing process will be painful. But you will be whole again, someday. If you want to be.”

“What do you mean, if I want to be?” You pulled back, irrationally angry. “Of course I want to be healed.”

He said nothing, meeting your gaze steadily as his fingertips unerringly traced the wounds you hadn’t let heal, the self-inflicted injuries you had hidden from everyone. “You punish yourself for something you had no control over. Until you can forgive yourself, you will not heal.”

You stared at him, shame staining your cheeks as you began to turn away. He didn't let you, pushing gently at your shoulder to flip you onto your back, then climbing on top of you. His lean, muscular body pinned you, violet eyes intense as he studied your face. "I want to help you. Will you give yourself to me, tonight?"

You swallowed dryly, caught by depth of emotion in his gaze. "Yes." When you spoke it was barely audible, but he smiled all the same, bending to kiss you once more. His hands rested on your hips, before slowly hooking his thumbs into your pants, sliding them down your legs and discarding them with your other clothing at the side of the bed.

Naked, you felt vulnerable, and suddenly afraid, but he quieted you, brushing his lips over yours with such affection that you felt waves of bliss envelope you. His hands, so long and elegant, so much larger than your own, petted and soothed you, stroking your skin until it felt warm, until the anxiety began to melt into relaxation, then to arousal.

Still, he kept his touches light and gentle, pressing his lips to your cheek, then your jawline, then into the hollow of your throat. He kissed you as if there was nothing more to want, nothing that could bring him more pleasure. When the hand resting on your hip trailed down between your legs, he traced delicately over your slit, fingertips gathering moisture as he rubbed gently against your heat.

"You can still receive pleasure, my dear. Look how your body responds. You are safe here, with me." His voice deepened to a melodic purr, tongue tracing the edge of your ear as he whispered into it.

Your body quivered, overwhelmed by the heat of desire, and the fear that, no matter how good it felt right now, pain would follow. Trembling, you began to pull away, pushing at his broad chest. "Gaster, I'm sorry…I can't. I just…can't."

He propped up on one elbow, gazing expressionlessly down at your face. Then his fingers curled against your wet sex, coated in your slickness and sliding in without resistance. You gasped, then squirmed, the feeling of penetration too pleasurable to fight against. “Gaster,” you moaned, your resistant hands coming to grip the lapels of his lab coat instead.

“Shh. No harm will come to you tonight. Accept what I offer, let yourself begin healing.” He bent his face to yours, hot tongue sliding intimately past your lips, taking over your mouth as his fingers worked within you, hitting a spot deep within your folds that built a delicious, throbbing itch in your groin. Unconsciously, your hips bucked toward him, thrusting back against his hand as quickened his pace.

“Please…” you trailed off, your thoughts crashing incoherently within your skull. *Please stop? Please keep going? Please don’t hurt me?*

A soft flash of violet light, there and gone in an instant. You felt it cocoon your soul, sheltering and cradling you as he skillfully played with your body. Your fear melted away, a quiet murmur in the back of your mind where nothing seemed to matter. He slowly withdrew his fingers, leaving you on the brink of climax, disheveled and frantic.

“Your body is a gift, child. Allow yourself to take pleasure in it once more. Allow me to unwrap the layers of pain, revealing the tender beauty that lies within your core.”

A silken scarf appeared in his hands, dark and soft. Lifting your head, he wrapped it carefully around your eyes, fastening it securely behind you. Strangely, deprived of your sight, you felt safer, more at ease. You felt his smile against your cheek, tenderly caressing your jawline as he spoke.

“Some people dread what hides in the shadows, but you have faced terrors in the light that they will never understand. Give me your wounds, your love, and your fear. Each is a part of you that I cherish.”

You felt another plush piece of fabric wrapping around your wrists, gently securing them to the frame of the bed. And two more, binding your ankles apart for his pleasure. Strangely, being restrained did not spike your terror. The restraints cradled your limbs the way his power cradled your soul. You were sheltered and protected from the thing you feared the most- yourself.

Warm breath startled you from your thoughts, caressing your throat as he drew the slick tendril of his tongue up your soft skin with agonizing slowness. The heat of his breath simultaneously cooled the warm saliva, and you felt your skin prickling with sensation as he scraped his fangs carefully against your throat. Not breaking the skin, just tasting it, sampling it like a rare delicacy.

When you trembled and whimpered, he gentled his movements. When you sighed and arched, he pushed you harder, reading your subtle signals with an expertise you had never known in a man. He continued to play with you, a languid feast that built you up and stoked the flame of desire until moisture trembled on your breast, glistening arousal gathering between your legs.

The drag of his nails down your sensitive skin made you moan, panting as he trailed lower, tracing the crease of your thigh as he lightly brushed your swollen sex. The near memory of his fingers inside of you made you push yourself upward, desperately toward the heat of his body above you. A low, murmuring chuckle built in his chest, and he laved your nipples with his tongue, drawing a squeak from your throat that almost drowned out the sound of his pants being unfastened.

His throbbing length ground against you, slipping maddeningly against your folds as he teased you. Blindfolded, every sensation was magnified, every jolt of sensation enhanced, until you were mindless with pleasure and need. “Gaster,” you panted, trying to shove yourself down on his cock as a deep laugh rolled from his lips.

“Hmm?” he responded teasingly, freeing one hand to adjust himself at your entrance. “Is this…” he groaned as the head of his cock slid into your tight walls “...what you wanted?” Remaining propped on one elbow, he brought his fingers up to your lips, sticky with his own precum. “Be a good girl,” he whispered encouragingly, slipping them into your willing mouth. “Clean it up.”

You sucked on his fingers, the salty musk sliding over your tongue pleasingly. As you licked at the remnants of his seed, he pushed a little further into you, breath hitching as he buried half his shaft within your soaked entrance. For a dream, the sensation was startlingly realistic. Sweat trickled between the valley of your breasts, your hair clinging damply to the side of your face.

You jolted, startled by the sudden grip of his fangs on your shoulder, but he didn’t break the skin, merely holding you in place, restrained like prey beneath him. Pinning you with his body and teeth, he withdrew a little, rolling his hips forward in a smooth, forceful motion that fully sheathed him within you.

He shuddered with pleasure, removing his fingers from your mouth to grip the side of your face, his thumb hooking into your lips and rubbing idly against your tongue as he nibbled and lapped at your shoulder, holding himself still as you squirmed beneath him.

Your walls fluttered and pulled at him as they stretched to accommodate his girth, the head of his erection pushing hard, almost painfully against your cervix. When he began rocking his hips gently against yours, your tears soaked into the fabric of the blindfold, waves of bliss washing through you. You felt yourself nearing the edge,

having been teased for so long, your body awakened and ready for climax.

"Not yet," he murmured against you, drawing his thumb from your mouth to twine tongues with you once more. His movements stilled, and you groaned in frustration, the delicious tightness of your muscles beginning to fade as he caressed your nipples, running his fingers down your ribs as if counting them, tracing the feminine curve of your hip. He kept you on the edge with short, sudden thrusts, tangling his hand in your hair to pull back your head as he placed soft kisses on your throat.

"You are so lovely, so soft and delicate." He brushed your hair away from your face, tucking it behind your ear as he nuzzled against the side of your throat. "Such a responsive little thing. So warm and compliant." He punctuated the praise with long, slow strokes of his cock, nudging you closer and closer with every heated word.

"I-I'm…" your words dissolved into a loud moan as orgasm overtook you, your body writhing beneath him. Still he rode you, climbing to his knees and taking hold of your hips, pulling them up at a sharp angle as he thrust still deeper, his breathing turned shaky and erratic as he neared his peak.

Just as the last tremors faded from your heaving frame, he released inside of you, groaning out your name, dropping your hips to the bed and throwing himself down on you. His teeth found your neck, and he bit down hard, muffling his pleasure against your tender skin as his hot seed spilled into you, slipping out and around your conjoined bodies.

You sagged against the restraints, the soft fabric straining just a little from the weight of both your bodies. Then you felt him reaching upward, undoing the knot with one deft hand, while the other slipped off your blindfold. Phantom hands released your ankles, discarding the silken bonds to the side of the bed. Sliding one hand firmly

beneath your lower back, he rolled onto his back, bringing you with him until you rested on his heaving chest, still intimately connected.

He brought his other hand upward, resting both on your buttocks as he kneaded and explored the softness of your body. Caught in the afterglow of sex, you weren't quite as shy as you might have been otherwise, but you still squirmed in embarrassment as his deft fingers traced the rigid scars that sharply contrasted the smoothness of your skin.

"I wonder what your choice will be…" he mused, not seeming to expect an answer. "Will you let the shattered pieces of yourself lie forgotten in the dust, or will you forge them into something new? You stand at the edge of a precipice, my dear. Will you fall or take flight?"

He wrapped his arms around your small frame, pressing you to his broad chest. "I would not speak to Sans about this... dream. I fear it would only make things more difficult for you."

"I know," you murmured softly, lulled by the heat of his body and the tenderness with which he caressed you. Though your heart ached, you could imagine how hurt and betrayed Sans would feel if he knew you still harbored feelings for a man he felt nothing but hatred for. It didn't matter that the Gaster from that other timeline had been a good man. It didn't matter that he had saved you, protected you...loved you. Sans saw only the monster he had always known, the vicious, cruel man that had caused him and his loved ones such pain.

Why does it all have to be so complicated? You wondered, feeling yourself begin to drift as you inhaled his spicy, masculine scent. You could feel his magic lingering around your soul, comforting and shielding you. It felt warm and familiar, like being cuddled in your favorite blanket at home, like the way he was embracing you now as you lay together.

“Rest, dear heart. I will guard your dreams for as long as I can.”

Cradled by his strength, you turned inward and succumbed, drifting into the first truly peaceful sleep you had enjoyed since returning to this timeline.

Chapter End Notes

Alternate chapter ending:

http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/post/143462814493/to-my-bitch-wife

Sleeping Beauty - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Delusional
I believed I could cure it all for you, dear
Coax or trick or drive or
drag the demons from you
Make it right for you sleeping beauty
Truly thought
I could magically heal you

Chapter Notes

Yeah, you don't need to say it. I am a terrible, terrible person.

Also, this fic is going to get darker. I am going to bring back the "major character death" tag, and go deeper into the emotional wounds. There will be violence that is more gruesome, there will be torture that is more cruel, there will be loss. There will also be comfort, protection, healing, and love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He stumbled through the icy streets, mind blissfully hazy after an evening spent at Grillby's. The bartender had cut him off before he'd been ready to stop, but he had been gone for a while, and you were home by yourself. Your refusal to eat, to do anything to help yourself heal, frustrated him beyond words, but he still found himself checking on you throughout the day, and at night, hoping against hope that something had changed.

You didn't know that you talked during your sleep, and the things you said...he didn't want Papyrus burdened with such painful memories. So he was the one that stood watch, listening with sick horror as you relived the times that Gaster had tortured you, the times he had raped you, both physically and mentally, breaking you down and toying with you until your senses were so brutalized that you stopped fighting back. How he had experimented on you, strapping you down so that you couldn't fight him, treating you as nothing more than a test subject.

It reinforced his belief that leaving the doctor behind had been the right choice. He only wished he had had the time to kill the bastard, during that moment of weakness where the two souls had fought for dominance. Sans had no doubt that you had become so damaged by the constant torture and manipulation that you *thought* this other Gaster had cared for you. But LV couldn't be manipulated, couldn't be veiled or hidden or lied about. Neither of those souls were innocent. As far as he was concerned, they deserved each other.

And one of them had marked you. Had seared his brand onto your soul, an ugly black reminder that you had *consented* to the defilement, for reasons he couldn't begin to fathom. Had you simply been so broken and worn down that you did what he told you? Had you thought that he loved you, and naively given him permission to...to *own* you? Why? Why would you do that?

You had told him that night, when he had touched your soul, that you loved him. Had that been a lie, or were your affections just that easy to win over? Had you attached to him simply because he had, like a fool, offered you protection, sheltering and caring for you in your time of need? He felt himself getting angry, and cut off that line of thought before it could get any worse. Still, he couldn't silence the small, nagging doubts that hovered at the edges of his mind, chipping away at his self control.

And he couldn't deny how his body responded to you. Your warmth and softness, the scent of you soaked into his sheets, lingering in his bedroom. He knew that the one night you had shared, the soul healing and the sex, didn't entitle him to anything further, but he had wanted...he had hoped that *you* would have wanted more.

He could understand, logically, why you didn't want to be touched. But it still hurt to be rejected, after everything he had done for you. The healing magic he had layered over your battered soul had been absorbed in the battle for control with Gaster. And before he could strengthen that bond, before he could further explore his feelings with

and for you, the bastard had stamped his mark on you.

There was only one way to remove a brand like that, and he knew without asking that you would never agree to such a thing now. He couldn't expect you to make yourself vulnerable like that again, not now, maybe not ever. The realization that the damage might be permanent filled him with dread. *Would* you heal? Was it even possible at this point? When he had touched your soul, he had seen the flicker of hope within you. The desire to be better, to be *more* than the crippled thing that life had battered and bruised without mercy. Had that flame been extinguished because of his failure to protect you?

He had reached their home. Stumbling slightly, he unlocked the door, and stepped inside. Getting drunk never mixed well with teleportation, and the short walk had given him time to mull over the dark thoughts that had driven him back to that old habit. Luckily it was late enough that Papyrus would be asleep. He felt guilty for not being home to read the bedtime story, but it was better than having his younger brother worry about his drinking again.

Sans wasn't self-destructive by nature, but watching his loved ones die, watching the timeline get erased so many times...it was too much to bear. The alcohol didn't help him forget, but it numbed the pain of remembering. When Frisk had shown up this time, when they had shown such sincerity, such a desire to do good, when they had gone so long without a reset, he had let the drinking fall by the wayside.

Old habits die hard, he thought cynically. Watching you slowly deteriorate, being helpless to do anything to stop it, filled him with despair. Tonight he had finally given in, ignoring the concern on Grillby's face as he ordered drink after drink. Enough that he could stand the pain of returning home, enough that he could tolerate his task of witnessing your nightmares, being unable to even hold you as you shook and cried until your throat was raw.

He shuffled up the stairs, pausing to look into Papyrus's room. The tall skeleton was curled peacefully in his red race car bed, the lamp by his bed illuminating the story book that lay open to the page they had read the night before. Ignoring the guilt that stabbed at him, Sans walked quietly into the room, turning off the lamp and silently closing the door behind him. He would read an extra chapter tomorrow to make it up to his brother.

His steps dragged on as he approached his own room, wondering if the nightmares had begun yet. He unlocked the door and slipped silently inside, closing and locking it behind him out of habit. His chair was by the window, waiting for him to settle in for the night.

A muffled moan drew his attention, alcohol-dulled senses sharpening as he glanced over to the bed where you lay. Cautiously, he approached the bed, eyeing you uncertainly as you shifted and muttered something in your sleep. This wasn't a typical nightmare, if that's what it was. He was ashamed for even thinking it, but that moan had sounded...sexual.

The dim lamplight illuminated your form as you twisted out from the blanket, disheveled and glistening with perspiration. The loose top and oversized shorts you typically slept in were practically falling off of your body, the shirt pushed up just below your breasts, while the shorts rode down far enough that he could see the faint shadow of hair between your legs, and the fact that you had one hand moving beneath the fabric.

The room was suddenly uncomfortably warm, a deep flush rising to his cheeks as he watched the tantalizing display before him. The soft, pleased sounds that escaped your lips had as much effect on him as the sight of you pleasuring yourself, your heaving breasts partially uncovered as you arched your back in ecstasy. He parted his jaws, lightly inhaling the commingled scents of salt and the sweet nectar of your arousal.

The liquor he had consumed raced through his limbs like fire, settling in his cock as it grew and hardened, straining against the shorts he wore. He knew that he shouldn't be here, shouldn't be watching this, but desire rooted him, mouth dry as he unconsciously adjusted his throbbing shaft within the fabric.

Your hair clung to your face and throat, damp and plastered against your soft skin with sweat. Your tongue darted out, running over your lips and leaving them damp, temptingly soft and pink looking. He didn't make a conscious decision to move nearer, but suddenly he was there, the tip of his phalanges brushing lightly over your mouth as you slept on, oblivious to his presence. As if in a trance, his other hand moved to brush your bare stomach, trailing upward to press gently against the undersides of your breasts, caressing lightly so as not to wake you.

This was wrong, he shouldn't be doing this, but he had *wanted* for so long that it felt impossible to stop himself. He knelt down, bringing his face near yours. His long, luminescent blue tongue flicked from between his teeth, running over your bottom lip, tasting the salt and honey that glistened on the surface. He grew bolder then, bringing his hand up to explore your nipples beneath the shirt, gratified by the muffled sounds of desire you made as he touched you.

His other hand withdrew, sliding under his waistband to stroke along his length, stifling his own groans of pleasure as he rubbed himself, gripping your breast harder as he nipped at your throat, nuzzling into your soft, irresistible flesh. The only thing that prevented him from joining you on the bed, from pushing your thighs apart and burying into you, was the memory of how much you had already endured without having a choice in the matter. He knew that if you woke to him using you, as every other man you'd known had, you would never forgive him.

"Mmm…" you murmured softly, curling onto your side, facing him. He slipped his hand from beneath your shirt, already feeling the sting of guilt as he eyed you warily. But you didn't wake. Your features relaxed into a blissful expression, lips parting slightly. Just as he

leaned toward you again, intending to give you a parting caress before leaving to take care of his own needs, a single word slipped from your mouth, freezing him in place.

"Gaster…" you sighed, lips turning upward ever so slightly as you spoke. Hearing that word, that vile name, so blissfully tumble from your lips was enough to shatter his heart into icy shards of rage. He felt his eye sockets darken, and stiffly rose, standing for a long moment to stare down at your recumbent form. For one brief, searing moment, he was glad that you still slept. He felt his magic curling around the fingers of his hand, a response to the fury and betrayal that wrapped around his spine.

Gaster. It had been easy for a while, to ignore the lingering sadness in your eyes, the resentment he knew you felt at leaving behind the man you claimed had "saved" you. The memory of seeing the massive beast looming above you on that tiny hospital bed, breeding you like an animal while you wept beneath him, sprang to the forefront of his mind. The bites, the cuts, the scratches. God, the bruises, so dark and vivid that they hurt to look at.

That other soul had been caged, so he had thought...he had assumed that the forced intimacy had been entirely at the behest of the man who had somehow escaped the void. That other soul hadn't been innocent, but he had assumed the brutality you had endured was a stain on only one of the monsters inhabiting the same body.

How naive, he thought bitterly, noticing now the faint violet glow that surrounded your cracked soul, intimately draped over the pulsating heart like a second skin. The man was in this timeline. Even a creature as powerful as that couldn't manage such a strong link across time itself. And you, who had recoiled from his every effort to help you, who had flinched away from his efforts to hold or comfort you, you were writhing in *his* bed, enjoying the phantom touch of the man who truly deserved your enmity, your fear.

His gaze hardened, sweeping cooly over your exposed form, noticing the fresh gash on your ribs, barely scabbed over and already red and inflamed from infection. You rejected him, refused to be healed, and were willfully harming yourself. He recalled what you had said, so long ago. *" I don't remember it all, but I remember that I...enjoyed some of it. I didn't want you to find out."*

Was that it, then? Were you some kind of freak that enjoyed being hurt, wanted, even *needed* it from the men you lay with? Did it get you off, being forced, being choked and tortured and bruised? He knew what humans were capable of, but he'd thought you were different. And perhaps you were, but in a way that was worse even than the frightened cruelty of the children who had fallen into the Underground, mercilessly slaying whatever monsters were weaker than themselves.

He had given so much for you. Had risked his life, had risked being erased from existence, from his brother's life, just to find and rescue you. He had given over all of his time, devoting his days to caring for you, his nights to guarding your restless sleep. Like a fool, he had looked at you and seen vulnerability, seen another wounded soul that needed protecting. And you did, but not from any of the monsters you had encountered. You were your own worst enemy.

***

You woke the next morning, feeling better than you had in weeks. The fragility was still there, yet you felt the lingering effects of Gaster's magic on your soul, stabilizing and comforting you. Soft light spilled through the window, and you lay contentedly in bed, letting the warmth of the blankets envelop you. You would get up soon and take a shower, but for now all you wanted to do was bask in the gentle relaxation that filled your limbs.

A sharp knock on the door interrupted your calm, and you flinched as Sans unlocked the door and strode in, halting a few feet from the bed

to give you a hard stare. Why was he looking at you like that? Then he drew nearer, practically slamming a plate down on the small table beside the bed. When you recoiled at the harsh sound, he turned and stared down at you expressionlessly.

"eat." His voice was flat, but something like anger simmered just below the surface. Your stomach roiled and rebelled at the thought of food, too unnerved by this sudden strange behavior. You glanced down at the plate. Scrambled eggs. You looked back up at Sans, who had his arms folded, daring you to refuse.

"I...uh. I'm not really hungry right now?" You mumbled the excuse, trailing off into a whisper as he took a step closer to you and the food. You cowered away from him, clinging to the blankets as if they might shield you from his anger. Giving you a disgusted look, Sans grabbed the blanket and yanked it away. You gasped, pressing back against the wall as he threw the bundled up fabric onto the floor.

"i've never harmed you. i've never taken advantage of you. i've never done anything but care for you. yeah, you're damaged. you're screwed up in ways i can't begin to understand. but i'll be damned if i sit here and watch you destroy yourself. eat. it's not a request."

He remained where he was, suffocatingly close, and you realized he wasn't going to leave until you at least made some token effort at eating. Trying to conceal the trembling of your hands, you picked up the plate and fork, lifting a small mouthful of eggs to your lips. Mechanically, you chewed, trying to tamp down the nausea as you forced yourself to swallow.

Seemingly placated, the skeleton stepped back, giving you more space. Grimacing, you forced yourself to eat another bite, then a third, before finally you set the fork down. "I'm s-sorry, I can't eat any more…" You hated the way your voice quavered, pathetic.

Giving you an unreadable expression, Sans walked slowly toward you, taking the plate and fork away more gently than you had anticipated. He retreated again, giving you space before he spoke. “you’ll eat again tomorrow.”

Then he was gone, the door closing behind him as he left for the kitchen. Stunned, you sat for a while. Why was he acting this way? Weeks had gone by with him being nothing but considerate and solicitous, and in the space of a night, that had changed somehow. Now he seemed bitter, angry and resentful toward you.

Why did this feel so familiar?

*Stop making excuses. If you tried harder, you wouldn’t be so “depressed.” It’s like you **want** to stay broken. How hard is it to just take your medication and do what I tell you to do?*

Sans wasn’t like Alex. He was a good person. What he said was true, he had never hurt you or taken advantage of you. Had only ever seemed to have your best interests in mind. Was that why hearing the echo of Alex’s words from him of all people hurt so much? If someone like Sans felt the same way that Alex had, did that make it true?

Broken. Screwed up. Damaged.

You felt the coldness seeping in, numbing your heart and brain. Silently, you lay back down on the bed, not bothering to retrieve the blanket Sans had taken away in anger. Your limbs felt stiff and doll-like. Pressure wrapped around your lungs and heart, and exhaustion swept over you. You didn’t fight it. You let the pain and darkness pull you under, succumbing to the turbulent thoughts that sliced through you like broken glass.

Maybe you would bleed out from the emotional wounds. If only you had the energy, you'd suit action to thought. Shuddering, you curled into yourself, hugging your knees, tears slipping silently down your cheeks until you fell into the welcome respite of unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Way to fuck that up, Sans.

Honestly, he's so blinded by his hatred of Gaster, as well as his own feelings of helplessness and betrayal. Sans isn't a bad person, but he's doing more damage than good right now. A lot of people see him as "perfect" or as a guy you could always count on to know exactly what to say or do. Nobody is really like that, though. Sans has his own issues and flaws, which will be more fully explored and developed in this story arc.

And here's a question for you, it could be rhetorical, or you could answer it. But think about it.

Who should really end up with Reader? Does Sans's kindness and protectiveness excuse his jealousy and lack of understanding for what she's dealing with? Does Gaster's intelligence and sensitivity balance the damage he's done to her in the past by seeing her as only an experiment? Which one will help Reader heal? Which one would be best for her in the long run?

(TO CLARIFY I'M TALKING ABOUT UF!GASTER, NOT VOIDSTER)

What I've Become - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> Red Sans finally gets the beginning of his subplot. Blue Sans struggles with alcoholism and being a dick.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Red Sans

Sans lay back on the worn mattress that was the only furniture in the small shed he'd been locked in for...weeks now. There was technically nothing preventing him from leaving. The large wooden bars were slightly too small for him to squeeze through, but he was still capable of teleporting, and even if he weren't, it would be a simple matter to break one of the bars and walk out of the unlocked door. Except that if he did, Papyrus would be waiting for him.

He should have realized that this timeline would have its own version of his brother, just as it contained another version of him. And while this version of himself seemed harmless on the surface, his appearance belied the surprisingly high LV on his soul. Sans hadn't thought to check when the stranger had first appeared in the strange time machine that had crashed into the woods in Snowdin. Now that he had, it confirmed his fears that this timeline was not as safe as he had hoped.

For some reason, he saw no LV on Papyrus's soul. He had never seen a monster soul without LV before. Was the tall skeleton hiding it somehow? His other stats were certainly powerful enough. He was just as strong as his counterpart had been in the old timeline. Stronger than Sans. Perhaps even powerful enough to cloak something like LV, even from someone with the ability to read souls?

Papyrus had told him that he “shouldn’t even think of escaping,” and he took the threat seriously. Undoubtedly this was all some elaborate ruse, a trap. The moment he tried to leave, or took any action suggesting he might try, punishment would be given, swift and brutal. This version of his brother was far more subtle. He could only imagine what sort of torment awaited him for disobeying.

“Pathetic.”

He whipped his head around, eye sockets widening in shock as he realized who was standing in front of him.

“chara? how the fuck did you get here?”

They smiled at him a little too brightly, one brow rising sarcastically as they leaned against the side of the shed. “Smiley trashbag…you’re really not the smart version of Sans, are you?”

He growled, irritation making his eye flare crimson, similar magic twining around his phalanges. “how d’ya know about that?”

They snickered, completely unintimidated by the display. “Well, I know about you being an *idiot* from personal experience. As for the rest…you didn’t really think that your pathetic timeline was where I originally came from, did you?”

For a moment, he forgot to breathe. Were they saying that *this* was their native timeline? How the hell had they gotten into his timeline, then? And *how the hell* had they gotten BACK into this one? He scowled at the child.

“give me one reason i shouldn’t call one of *them* back in here.”

“Well, first of all, you’re terrified of Papyrus, which is so pathetic it’s *funny* . Secondly,” the child gave him a look of undiluted malice, “If you want to survive this next part, you’re going to help me get my soul back.”

“wha- get your soul back? heh, good one kiddo,” he sneered, leaning back against the cushion. “you don’t *have* a soul you little freak, you never ha-” he cut off as Chara appeared directly in front of him, their empty eye sockets and warped smile flickering in and out like two sets of film spliced together.

“How about you let me be the brains of the operation, and keep your **w o r t h l e s s o p i n i o n** to yourself,” they murmured softly, dragging the edge of a blade down his cheek as they stared down into his eyes. “You don’t have a choice. And if you refuse to help me, I’ll go free your old boss from his cage. He’s changed a lot, you know. For the better, in my opinion, but then, I always did enjoy a good...slaughter…” they breathed, leaning still further over him. “How pleased do you think he’ll be to see the skeleton that helped steal his precious human girl?”

“fuck, okay. jesus christ ya little creep, i’ll help ya.”

How was Gaster in this timeline? First the fear on the face of the other Sans, now Chara speaking with something he’d call *admiration* if he thought the kid was capable of it. What had happened to suddenly make Gaster so frightening to everyone? As much as he wanted to dismiss it, a monster like him didn’t stay alive by clinging to ignorance. He would wait until he saw the doctor himself, before deciding whether or not he was a threat.

He didn’t know *why* the kid thought they had a soul, or why they

thought it was here. He had known them for a long time now, and it had never been mentioned. Never occurred to him that they were anything but a malicious anomaly. Something like a human, but not quite the same.

They reminded him of Asgore and Toriel's adopted human, but he'd watched the destruction of that one himself, when he and Gaster had taken the body of the fallen child. Not even an echo remained, which was just as well, since such a trusting human wouldn't have lasted long in the Underground anyway. The soul had been their basis for the artificial determination, before it cracked and shattered, sliding like dust between their fingers.

"Meet me in the cave that's west of Snowdin, if you have the balls for it. And don't keep me waiting. If you do, it won't be me you need to worry about."

Blue Sans

Another late night at Grillby's. He'd left as a mercy to both of you, unable to keep his temper in check. Instead of improving, you were getting worse. Oh, your body was healing. Finally. But you were afraid of him. You refused to talk to him, avoided eye contact, panicked if he came too near you.

He hadn't laid a hand on you. Avoided going into the room you slept in, despite the temptation to confirm his suspicions of why the nightmares had stopped. He didn't know what he would do, if he found you like that again. Laid bare, obviously aroused, soft and sweet and warm. He buried his skull in his hands as his mind obligingly provided him with a sharp memory of that night.

He wasn't like Gaster. He would not, could not just take what he wanted. He and Papyrus were clones. The only thing that kept him

from being a true copy of the man was the choices he made, the behavior he let define himself. But oh, how he wanted. You had let him in before, had let him touch you so intimately that it left him breathless. Soul magic was, by its very nature, an intimate act. You had trusted him with that. Now, you didn't even trust him enough to let him touch you. You were being irrational, and it frustrated him. Made him angry.

"Sans, go home." The rich, crackling tenor of the barkeeper broke through the crust of anger that had formed, leaving him uncertain.

"can't i-"

"No. You've had too much to drink...again. And I'm closing for the night, my friend."

He sensed the other man's sympathy, and forced himself not to lash out in response. Swallowing dryly, he nodded, and pushed the barstool out, sliding from it to shakily stand. The bar was empty, except for him and Grillby. He hadn't realized just *how* late it was. Grillby had already allowed him to stay far past his usual business hours.

"heh...thanks grillbz," he muttered, turning to go. "put it on my tab." He heard Grillby sigh, but the fire elemental made no move to stop him. Pushing the glass door open, he let it fall shut behind him, taking in the crisp, wintery air. The cold helped douse the flame of anger that burned in his chest, leaving smoldering embers of resentment in its place.

There was that other issue, as well. Gaster was in this timeline. The fact that he hadn't come after you meant one of two things. Either he'd lost interest in the plaything he'd been willing to pursue through the void, or he was unable to come for you. The latter seemed more

likely, based on how possessive the monster had been of you. He would need to alert Undyne, maybe...he paused, unsure. Maybe Asgore.

The king didn't remember his old royal scientist. Undyne wouldn't either, but she would take any threat to the Underground seriously, without asking too many questions. She also knew about Frisk, which Asgore did not. Sans doubted that the grieving monarch would bother leaving his castle just to come grab the kid's soul, but he didn't want to test that theory. No, he decided. The less Asgore knew about the situation regarding either of the humans, the better.

Sans doubted that your damaged, colorless soul could even be used to break the barrier. Didn't mean that Asgore would believe him if he told him that. And because you were an adult, the king would feel less guilt about killing you than he had the children before you. There was no way to explain how a new monster had arrived in the timeline without explaining *where* he had come from or *why* he had followed them.

Undyne would question him, but she wouldn't push. Asgore would demand answers, and because he was the king, Sans couldn't refuse to answer. That settled it. Asgore wouldn't be much help against the threat, at any rate. Sans doubted that Gaster would outright attack everyone in the Underground. His strength lay in manipulation, in creating absolute trust before the inevitable betrayal. Asgore wouldn't use his strength against another monster, not unless he had no choice. And Gaster would keep his intentions well-hidden enough that the king wouldn't suspect a thing...until he felt the knife twisting in his ribs.

Before he knew it, he had arrived back at the house. He didn't bother checking on you anymore. If you had another nightmare, your screams would be loud enough to wake him. He would sleep on the couch. Maybe tomorrow he would go talk to Alphys. The new royal scientist had a surprisingly good sense of how to deal with humans. Maybe he'd-

He stopped. You were sitting on the couch, facing the door he'd just walked through. You wore the same thing you always wore to bed; the oversized t-shirt and gym shorts that were far too large on your body. He couldn't help recalling how they had looked askew, revealing your damp, glistening skin.

"what are you doing up?" he growled, irate that you were both out of bed, and apparently waiting for him to come back.

"Sans, we need to talk." He didn't miss the way you trembled slightly, clearly pushing your own boundaries to confront him like this. Your arms were wrapped around your torso in a defensive gesture, and now that you had his attention, your eyes focused anywhere but his face.

"nothing to talk about," he snarled, dimly aware that he really had no reason to be so angry with you. "if you're sleeping down here, i'm taking the bedroom." He turned away dismissively, making his way to the stairs. He needed a cold shower and an uninterrupted night's rest. When he felt the slight tug on the corner of his jacket, he halted in pure shock, turning back to find you hesitantly gripping the material in one hand.

You swallowed hard, finally meeting his eyes. "Why are you so angry with me?"

This was going too far. His temper snapped the leash, and before you could respond, he had shoved you hard, pinning you against the wall with his own body. "you wanna talk? fine. how about we start with that mark on your soul."

The color in your face drained, your breathing fast and shallow. "I-" He waited, but you didn't finish the sentence, staring up at him like a

trapped rabbit. Ruthlessly, he bent his head, brushing his jaws against your mouth in a vicious parody of the intimacy you had shared before. His skeletal hands gripped your upper arms hard enough to bruise, keeping you still.

“is this what you get off on, you freak? having someone force you, hurt you, take away your choice in the matter?” When he lifted his head, he knew his eye was glowing, casting cyan light across the fearful features of your face. Magical energy crackled in the air, sparked into existence by his fury. He didn’t want to do this, but if it was the only way to get you to respond, so be it.

“is that why you let him mark you, because you wanted to be his slut? i know you had to give permission for him to do that.” You jerked as if you’d been slapped, too stunned to reply. “I w-was going to t-tell you,” you stammered, twisting against his hold in panic. “I didn’t m-mean to.” Tears welled in your eyes. Your obvious pain was almost enough to crack the anger that consumed him. Almost, but not quite.

“do i have to hurt you to make you start caring again? about me, yourself, anything?” The words were hateful and bitter, burning in his throat long after he spoke them.

“What are you talking about?” you whispered, a bruised, distant look replacing the fear in your eyes.

“i’m talking about *you* writhing around in *my bed* while you let that sicko touch you.” Your horrified expression was confirmation enough that you both knew what he was talking about, and that it *had* been Gaster linking with your soul as you slept.

“Sans, l-let me go. Please.” His expression hardened. The oversized shirt had slipped down, revealing one shoulder, and the side of your clavicle.

“is that even what you want, or do you just like pretending to fight back?” he scoffed, tightening his hold even further. He could feel your heat radiating outward, your scent overwhelming his senses as he shoved his groin against you, forcing you to acknowledge his body's response to you.

“I don’t want this! Let me go!” you cried out, loudly. Loudly enough that you both heard the slow shuffle of footsteps above you, beginning to descend the stairs. Cursing, Sans pushed you away from him, letting you stumble and fall onto the floor. What had he been thinking, letting it go this far, especially with Papyrus asleep upstairs? He felt disgusting.

The tall skeleton peered around the corner. “Sans? I thought I heard the human.” His normally rambunctious voice was softer, muzzy with sleep as he gazed around the room. “Where is she?”

"Where-" Wait, what? Spinning around, he stared at the front door, cracked open and leaking cold air into the house. What were you thinking, running out into the snow dressed like that? It was too much. This was all too much.

“Sans? Is she alright?”

God, he couldn’t let Papyrus know what had happened. What had...almost happened. Slipping on the false grin that felt almost natural, he lied. “she’s fine, paps. dunno what you heard, but she’s just sleeping, so be quiet when you go back up, ‘kay?” It was easy to lie, easy to dissemble. He’d had too much practice during the resets. When his younger brother accepted the lie, turning obediently to go back to bed, he felt worse.

“hey, how about i read you another chapter of your story since we missed a night?”

You would be back. You were just being dramatic, probably waiting to see if he would come chasing after you like a fool. Well, he wasn’t going to play that game. You would be back, and then he’d figure out what to do, since it was clear that your presence here was something he couldn't tolerate much longer. He wouldn't admit it to himself, but he blamed you for what had happened tonight. Your behavior was pushing him to drink. Both you and the alcohol were pushing him to make decisions he'd never dream of making while sober. He’d given you what he could, and he was sick of trying to fix something that didn't want to be mended.

Chapter End Notes

Btw, you guys are now named "Spot." While Aloe and I were making up a headcanon where this reader lives with Voidster and G, Voidster registered you as an "emotional support animal" named Spot, so now you legally belong to them. Underfell Gaster is not thrilled about this, but has yet to figure out a solution.

The Art of Breaking Apart - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Into the dark
and I feel nothing
The dead dog howling
with smiles and teeth
the art
of breaking apart

The simplest thing,
can lead to catastrophe
That blood in your eyes
will cause this tragedy

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains strong imagery of violence/torture/gore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was dreaming, drifting, caught in the strange purgatory between full consciousness, and the prison that his captor had constructed around him. He caught fragments of the creature's thoughts far less frequently. It was consciously guarding against him, and that worried him. He knew that it did not intend to simply remain trapped, accepting its fate. It had been lost in the void for too long. Being here, in this strange place, reminded it of being lost, and sharpened its temper to a killing edge. With every passing day, it grew more dangerous. More determined.

There was no night or day in this place. It was static, unchanging. Contacting you in your dreamstate had been a risk, but he felt confident that the demon within his body had been sufficiently distracted, prowling and testing the walls of the room for weaknesses. You were in a worse state than he had suspected, and it worried him, deeply. Despite what he had told you about Sans being able to care for you, he maintained doubts about the skeleton's ability.

If he was caring for you, why were you so weak? Why were your

injuries not healed by this point? Was he unaware that you were willfully harming yourself, or did he just not know how to cope with your behavior? Or did he just not care enough to do something? The last thought chilled him.

You were in desperate need of a firm, but compassionate hand right now. Your delicate, fractured soul was losing hope faster than it should be. If something didn't pull you from the spiral of self-hatred, you would be lost to all of them. Seeing you this way opened scars in himself that he had forgotten existed.

The war had been so long ago. He had seen monsters in a similar state to what you were experiencing. The trauma inflicted was too great for them to recover from. At times they would hallucinate, lost in memories of combat that were triggered by the most unexpected things. Most often, they fell. Sometimes it took days, weeks, or even months. They slowly lost hope, the shining white of their souls fading to gray, before crumbling to dust.

He had done what he could. He was technically qualified as a medical doctor, although he preferred research. Nothing had worked. The few that had been saved, had to be gently guided through the daily motions of living, taught how to feel safe again, before resuming their previous lives. Even then, they were still...different than they'd been before. They had to be treated with care. Humans were more resilient, but even a human soul could only handle so much.

He needed to contact you again, soon, for his own sake as well as yours. Realizing the depth of emotion that had awoken within him had been staggering and confusing at first. The one thing that hadn't been in question was that you needed to be protected, at any cost. He couldn't risk losing this thing he had found, whatever it was.

[You miss her.]

The amusement the other man's deep voice enraged him. He hadn't been aware of dropping his guard, hadn't known that it was listening to him. It chose to ignore his anger, speaking casually, as if they were two friends conversing over a meal.

[I grow weary of being trapped in this place. I believe I have you to thank for this…inconvenience, do I not?]

"It was the least I could do, all things considered," Gaster replied scathingly, letting his anger ripple outward from his soul. "You won't ever escape this place."

[So eager to be trapped with me for eternity, hmm?] The other man chuckled, low and vicious. **[I *will* leave this place, one way or another. You are young…and naive. I spent eons in the void, but I escaped that as well. Do you really think that this hastily constructed trap will be more than a minor inconvenience for one such as me?]**

He flinched at the words, but held onto his resolve. For all he knew, the thing was bluffing, trying to manipulate him into giving something away.

"And yet you are still here, unable to find a way out," he taunted, gaining momentary satisfaction from the low growl that answered him.

His vision was beginning to blur, the room flickering in and out of focus. Was the demon attempting to cut him off from even his ability to observe what was happening? He doubted that was possible, and what would be the point, when it so enjoyed tormenting him with the fact that he couldn't use his own body?

The answer became clear, when the towering monstrosity appeared before him, looming menacingly as it stalked toward him. Another oddly constructed fantasy, the illusion of his own body within his control, while the other paced restlessly. The cracks in his face were almost as unnerving as the relentless violet gaze, or the way his lips quirked upward in a predatory smile.

[Indeed. It seems that your little trick has delayed my plans. Did you know that the humans during the great war had a name for me? To most of our kind, I was the royal scientist. To humanity, I was the 'dolor auctor'- the 'author of pain.']

Suddenly, he stood before Gaster, one pale, clawed hand caressing his face. The doctor stood firm, refusing to be intimidated by this creature. Whatever he might be capable of doing to his mind, his power to harm him was still limited. He couldn't deny that the sheer malevolence, the hatred and violence that poured from this being was disturbing. But he was fighting for more than just himself now. The fate of the other monsters, your safety...it all rested on keeping this monster contained.

Heat radiated from the other man's body. He stood several inches taller than Gaster himself. Their two souls had changed his physique slightly, but here, the physical differences were apparent. Both broad-shouldered, lean, and well-muscled. Each had scars too numerous to count, interrupting the pale flesh that differentiated them from other undead monsters.

Sharp canines glistened as the demon ran his tongue over them. His large hands were tipped in retractable claws; like those of a feline. He balanced mainly on the balls of his animalistic feet, heels in the air, claws clicking with every step he took. Except for a pair of dark slacks, he wore no clothing to cover his scarred flesh.

Was this strange, bestial appearance by choice, or simply a result of the warped and twisted soul that resided within him? He abruptly

realized that the creature was far too close, their chests almost touching as it waited for him to finish his appraisal. Shuddering, he stepped back, only for it to follow him, every movement lithe with predatory grace. His back hit a...barrier. Something like a wall, in this place that didn't exist.

"What are you doing?" he growled, widening his stance as he stared down the warped creature approaching him.

[Everything has a price, doctor. The price for the...inconvenience you have caused me, is providing entertainment while we pass the time.]

No part of that sounded like something he wanted to be involved in. "And if I refuse?"

The beast's mouth hitched in a cruel, feral grin. **[I hope that you will. Resist me, pet. Let me carve my words into your unwilling flesh. I will transform you with pain into a work of true art.]**

"You can't hurt me here. Not really. We both know that this is only an illusion, do you take me for a fool?" He clenched his hands into fists. He wasn't quite as large as the man before him, but he was strong and agile. And he was determined. Your face, blissful and relaxed, drifted into his mind. The pain he had felt in your soul decided him. If this monstrosity wanted to torture him, so be it. It would buy you time to recover, it would give Sans time to help you deal with your trauma, so that you wouldn't as vulnerable if… He clenched his teeth. *When,* the creature escaped.

The other man hadn't been lying when he said he would find a way out. Gaster knew that he would. His mind was too active, too driven and analytical. It would be a matter of time before he escaped. All he could do was keep it distracted, wait for another opportunity to

contact you, to assure himself of your well being.

The beast pressed forward, dodging the blow that he aimed at its jaw, while simultaneously grabbing the arm and twisting it behind his back. Panting, he was pressed hard against the invisible barrier, the demon at his back, hot breath hitting the side of his face. As hard as the creature was shoved up behind him, there was no mistaking its arousal, grinding against his lower back as a long, hot tongue was dragged up his throat.

Was it going to rape him? The thought repulsed and horrified the scientist. This perverse creature wasn't natural. He wouldn't be surprised if rape was a part of its arsenal, a tool that it used freely to punish and humiliate its victims, although with you, it seemed to be driven more by sexual desire than anything else. He turned his face away from the gently parted jaws, away from the slick tendril that tasted the sweat on his skin, ignoring the rumble of amusement that built in the creature's chest.

[Tell me,] it purred malevolently against him, **[What faultlines in your soul will I find to exploit? Your worst fears…your darkest desires…what confessions will you offer up to me in the extremity of your pain? I look forward to finding out.]**

It brutally twisted the arm it held behind his back, forcing him to his knees with a cry of pain as the bones and tendons protested. Spectral hands appeared, grasping his wrists and dragging his arms above his head, while others held his legs pinned to the ground, kneeling with his torso vulnerable and exposed.

Slowly, it tore away the clothing he wore. Shreds of fabric fluttered to the ground, sliced apart with those deadly claws. Before long, he was naked before it, not even allowed the modesty of the underclothing he usually wore. He understood the tactic. While torture repulsed him, some things had been…necessary during the war. Gathering information had been crucial for the survival of their race, despite the

terrible cost. By removing his clothes, the creature was making him vulnerable. The more vulnerable he was physically, the more vulnerable he would be mentally.

His chest heaved as he glared up at the amused monster before him. **[Not bad,]** it mused, violet eyes intense as it smirked down at him. **[Not nearly as soft and delicate a morsel as that human girl you so *love.* The way she squirms beneath an experienced touch is captivating, is it not? That one belongs on her knees, begging for the abuse that she craves.]**

A red haze filled Gaster's vision, followed by unwelcome memories of what the creature had done...what he had been forced to do to you before you had mercifully been taken away. "You will never have her again," he snarled, the force of his rage causing the other man to pause in the act of reaching toward him. Letting its arm drop, it straightened, raising its chin to look down at him with an expression of superiority.

[I already *have* her. She bears my mark, or had you forgotten? There is only one way to remove such a brand, and she is too damaged now for such salvation.] Vicious pleasure filled the creature's eyes as he spoke, twisting each word like a knife between his victim's ribs. **[Too broken to be saved, still intact enough to be an interesting plaything. Perhaps you will learn by observation, how best to savor such fragility. Although, personal experience is the best instruction.]**

He reached out again, delicately tracing his captive's face with one unsheathed claw. A thin crimson line followed the path of his finger, blood welling from the shallow cut. Thoughtfully, the beast dipped his fingers against the beads of blood, bringing them to his mouth. Gaster couldn't help the shudder of disgust that trembled up his spine. This monster was truly insane, a sadist of such depravity and evil that it almost defied reality.

He was unprepared for the hard blow that struck him across the face, momentarily blinding him as his head was snapped to the side, cheek striking the barrier he was braced against. Another strike followed the first, laying open his cheek in a deep, burning gash. He couldn't see how bad it was, but based on the satisfied expression of his assailant, bad enough.

[Don't worry,] the creature breathed down at him, violently intimate. **[Your pretty face won't scar. Although I prefer working in the physical realm, there is potential here. I could tear you to ribbons, snap your bones, sever your tendons, feast on your organs, and still you would live. Such freedom in my work is rare…]**

Despite the blood clouding his vision, he saw the thing reach down, caressing the growing bulge in its slacks, then grinning maniacally down at him. **[I've decided to grant you a gift. Breaking you too quickly would squander all of this unfortunate time we have to waste. How shall we proceed, this time? Shall I mount you as I've done the female? Or will you choose…pain?]**

He swallowed painfully, spitting out blood. "I will submit to neither, you depraved monstrosity." He tensed as it knelt before him, grasping his throat in one clawed hand to force his face upward, meeting his gaze. **[It wasn't truly a choice,]** the other man informed him, a cruel smirk on his face. **[I was curious to see what you would say. Unsurprising that you lack the courage to make such a decision.]**

Abruptly, a keen blade appeared in the beast's hand, shining silver and bright in the darkness that surrounded them. Gaster felt sick relief that this was what it had chosen, though he knew the pain would be unendurable. Perhaps this was a fitting punishment, for his thoughtless experimentation on you. For the crimes he had committed against humanity during the war. It was cold comfort, but better than accepting the idea that the only reason he would suffer was for this demon's amusement.

He held onto the thought like a talisman, as the monster before him illustrated what it was capable of. He had never wondered before what would result if a keen intellect like his had become so twisted, so sadistic and perverse. Regardless, it was worse than he could have imagined. There was an elegance in the way it wielded the knife, in the way it knew how best to inflict pain with the least amount of damage incurred. Not out of compassion, but to make him last longer, to leave itself more flesh to lacerate before nothing remained.

Wet fingertips smeared across his anguished face, leaving streaks of crimson that trickled down his sweat-damp skin, before inserting themselves into his mouth, lewdly rubbing his own blood against his tongue and lips. He wasn't aware of groaning in pain, was too absorbed in the sharp, nauseating sensation of having his skin peeled apart to realize that he was screaming, had been screaming, until something in him broke, and the only sounds he could make were dry gasps of agony.

[Do not worry, my pet,] the creature murmured soothingly above his bloody, broken form. **[You inspire me so…it will be quite some time before I grow bored of playing with you.]**

A deep, velvety, wicked laugh was the last thing his waking mind heard, before slipping into merciful blackness.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a bit distracted right now by my latest collaboration with AllocateAloe, titled "The Sin Mansion." Here's a link if you want to check it out. It is a reader-insert that features Voidster and G, with layers and layers of decadent sin.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/6833458/chapters/15597964

Tough Love - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> You run as far as you can, planning to end everything, when suddenly a stranger appears.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you all for your support and love through all this. 130 bookmarks, and over 1,000 comments and kudos on this silly little fic. It blows my mind that what started as a joke has become so successful. I haven't forgotten my promise that this will have a happy ending. And it will. We've been through a lot together, and there's so much still to come.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You panted and slid through the snowy drifts, drawn in an unknown direction by the painful tugging of your soul. You weren't safe, not even there. Not even...with Sans. The pain deepened momentarily, before snapping, leaving you numb and voiceless inside. It was the same song you'd heard your entire life, in one way or another. You were flawed. You were wrong. You weren't trying hard enough. You were deciding to be in this pain, this exquisite agony that tore at you, shredded you until you felt dizzy and weak, and unsure of which voice to listen to.

You didn't realize you were crying, had been crying, until you had to stop to gasp for air. The wintry wind cooled your tears on your face, stinging your lungs as you drew deep, ragged breaths. It was dark outside, and so quiet. The silence was at odds with the tumult within you, the storm of anguish that refused to be silenced, that demanded to be unleashed. Usually, you found quiet walks outside to be calming. A reminder that the world slowly moved on, despite the chaos you found within it. Now, it held an echoing, lonely feeling to it. You wished that someone, anyone would find you.

You couldn't bear the loneliness and grief, the pain that clawed against your skull like a living thing, screaming to be let out. Shuddering, your forced yourself to keep moving, the pain of your

physical body dim and unimportant compared to the whip that drove you forward. Your feet were raw with the coldness of the snow, and the ice that cut at them. Your underclothed body shook with chills, but it didn't matter. In a way, it helped. The pain punished you for your weakness, for your inability to communicate the words that might have led to understanding, if not acceptance.

As you ran, a cool mist rose around you, the shadows of pine trees rising like dark behemoths from the ghostly fog. You couldn't hear over the sound of your own labored breathing, the drum of your heart sounding loudly in your ears. You faltered, unable to see where you were going. No longer able to run, you stepped quickly through the growing mist, palms out in front of you. The snow crunched beneath your feet, transformed from soft, knee-deep drifts into a freezing crust over the earth.

Cold tears ran down your cheeks still, and your lungs and throat burned from your exertion. You stumbled twice, nearly falling the second time, but managed to catch yourself on the rough bark of a nearby tree. That was when you realized that the majestic pines were rapidly thinning out, leaving you on open ground. Ahead, you thought you saw a dark shape. It might be a building, or a door, or maybe something more sinister. If you hadn't lost hope, you might have cared enough to pause before continuing. As it was, you forced yourself onward, steadily approaching the darkness before you.

The mist slowly began to dissipate, although the humidity still lingered heavily in the air. As you stepped up to the shadow, you realized it was the entrance to a cave. Snow and ice no longer bit painfully at your bare feet. Instead, cool stone and soft earth met your tender skin. Slowly, you stumbled forth, your thawed feet itchy and aching. One hand braced against the slick wall of the cave, trailing over streaks of mineral deposits as you ventured further.

It wasn't long until the fading light behind you gave way to a softer illumination. Beautiful pink and blue crystals were embedded in the cavern walls, glowing faintly, but still brightly enough that you could see your surroundings without too much trouble. You paused to touch

one, marveling at the cool smoothness of the crystal, lit from within by some inner fire that gave no heat. Eventually, the crystals became more sparse, yet the illumination grew, causing you to stop and glance around at your surroundings.

You gazed up at the ceiling, and felt awe wash over you at the sight of thousands of glittering blue-white crystals, shimmering in the darkness. Looming stalactites hung from the ceiling, the narrow passage you traversed soon opening into an enormous cavern, so tall that the brilliant points of light became like stars in the velvety blackness.

This was Waterfall, you realized. Besides your troubling dreams, all you had seen of the place was during the brief journey you and Sans had taken on the Riverperson's boat. You'd been too distracted to pay much mind to your surroundings, but now, time seemed to nearly stand still. For a short while, you forgot the pain and betrayal that had driven you to run so far, fleeing without thought of your direction. The melancholy beauty of the caves pierced your heart, and you felt tears gather anew in your eyes, causing the subterranean lights to waver in your sight.

Alongside the path you followed, flowing water emerged from the ground, tumbling far, far below you in glorious waterfalls. *Thus, the name,* you realized with bleak humor. The water itself was luminescent as well, glowing faintly blue as it churned and traveled ever onward. Like you should be doing. Shaken from your reverie, you continue to walk, more slowly now.

If Sans had come after you, he would have found you by now. You were realized that it hadn't been the case. The more time you spent on your own, traveling deeper into the heart of the Underground, the clearer your purpose became. There was only one way to end this. A long time ago, some version of yourself that hadn't been beaten down, shattered, abused and destroyed might have fought the idea, but you had no scrap of hope left within you.

Above ground, you had been a burden. Belittled, weak, unstable, pathetic. Having fallen, you'd jumped from the frying pan into the fire itself. Not only had you let yourself be broken and used by the monsters below, you had released a creature of pure malevolence, one that would undoubtedly have remained trapped without your aid. He had sensed your weakness, slipped in through the cracks, and used you as a tool; a means to an end. And now he had taken one of the people who had shown you true kindness, down here.

Sans still didn't know the role you had played in the monster's escape from the void. How he had come to possess Doctor Gaster. You had neither the strength nor the energy to broach the subject, and he hadn't asked. Sans. You sighed, shivering slightly as your thoughts turned to the other man you had hurt.

How could you explain yourself properly when every day you woke up feeling like you were drowning? How could you find words that described the aching emptiness that tormented you, the self-loathing, the unrelenting pain that tore at your mind and heart until you were too wounded to keep trying? It wasn't spite or drama that sealed your lips; it was the excruciating lack of words to explain what it felt like.

Every time you recoiled from his touch, a slash of self-hatred would stagger you. You would berate yourself for hurting him, tormenting yourself with the look of betrayal in his eyes until you felt sick from it. Every time you spent the day in bed, unable to find the energy or desire to leave the small comfort of sleep, you felt disgust for how weak you were. You had wanted him to give up on you for a long time, you realized now. It would have hurt less if you didn't have to see the hope in his eyes, the longing for some sign of healing that would never come.

At least this way, nobody else could be hurt. You felt a pang of sorrow as you remembered Gaster, trapped somewhere in this timeline with that creature inside of him. You couldn't help him, either. You remembered the tear that had crept down his cheek as he violated you. You couldn't try to find him, couldn't try to rescue him. If you did, that *thing* would only use you to hurt him again. Or worse, it

would use you to free itself. You couldn't take that risk.

Without noticing, you had wandered to a long boardwalk. The wood was damp, yet somehow remained firm. You would have thought the bridges might have rotted and fallen apart by now. Maybe it was magic. Your soul felt leaden and heavy in your chest, and you couldn't muster more than a passing curiosity at the phenomenon. Soon, it wouldn't matter. Not for you, at least.

You chose a spot before one of the massive waterfalls, staring down at the mist that didn't quite hide the jagged rocks and shallow water at the end of a long, long fall. It was enough. Shuddering, you stepped nearer the edge. Truly, nobody on the surface would ever know. You felt a creeping sadness that they would never have the closure they needed to move on. But you felt that if they knew, they would probably understand. Alex would be furious, but then, he often was. Your friends would never know what had occurred to you down here, and maybe that was for the best. Lack of closure notwithstanding, there had been so much ugliness, so much tragedy and pain.

Mist rose around you, clinging in tiny droplets to your bare skin. Your body still shook with a chill from your journey through Snowdin, and the moisture wasn't helping matters. You shook your head slightly at the thought. That wasn't important now. This might be the only brave decision, the only right choice you had made in the Underground. You couldn't fuck it up. Closing your eyes, you squared your shoulders and stepped forward into the nothingness.

When a cold hand roughly grabbed the back of your shirt, yanking you back from the edge, you panicked, flailing as you slipped on the slick wood of the walkway. "Let me go," you gasped breathlessly, shocked and infuriated that even this decision had been taken from you. Blindly, you struck out at your assailant, only to have them yank you off your feet, still holding your shirt.

"Hold up, human! You are officially under custody of the Royal

Guard!" a female voice informed you forcefully, shaking you to punctuate her words. "Come quietly, or you'll regret it!"

"Let me GO!" you cried angrily, kicking and struggling against their hold. "I need to do this, please!"

The woman scoffed, swinging you up and over her shoulder with an ease that most men would envy. You landed hard on your stomach, the armor she wore knocking the wind out of you and silencing your protests. "Based on what I just saw, there's nothing you need to be doing out here, punk."

"P-please," you choked out, your emotions getting the better of you. In wordless frustration, you began to sob, abandoning your struggles to lay unresisting against her shoulder. "Hey," she grumbled in a gentler voice, shifting you slightly as she began to walk, "Don't cry all over my armor, I just polished it this morning. Nothing wrong with you that a hot meal and some rest won't fix."

I wouldn't bet on it, you thought darkly, too exhausted to answer. You hadn't realized how hard you had been pushing yourself until now. The temporary reprieve brought attention to every ache and pain you had been suppressing, every wound, every bruise and scrape. Dried blood itched in a few places, already scabbing over from your flight. You could already feel the bruises forming where you'd stumbled.

Once you stopped fighting, the warrior shifted you into her arms, bridal style. It was strange having a woman who was maybe a foot taller than you, carrying you effortlessly in her arms like this. The cool air made you shiver, and you thought you heard a muffled curse as what felt like a cold, finned hand pressed against your forehead. It was hard to tell, because your hearing and vision had begun to fade. It felt like layers of gauze had begun to cloud your senses, and the shivering became worse. Everything, even your skin ached, and the cold, hard armor of the warrior who carried you was painful to your sensitive flesh.

“You have a fever, idiot,” she informed you, beginning to walk much more quickly as she resettled you in her arms. “What the hell happened that you decided to run a marathon through most of Snowdin AND Waterfall in one night?” The words felt slippery in your mind. Trying to grasp and make sense of them was near impossible. You whimpered at the merciless pounding in your head.

“Who are you?” you croaked, blinking blearily up at her. Blue skin...red hair. That was all you could make out from under the terrifying helmet she wore. Luckily...luckily? You were too far gone to feel fear at this point. You had been prepared to die a few moments ago, ready to face the terror and pain of throwing yourself from the height of that waterfall. Despite her apparent concern for your wellbeing, it didn’t really matter if she was planning on torturing or killing you instead. You had thought to take control of your fate for once in this godforsaken place, but fate had other plans in mind.

“That doesn’t matter right now.” She paused, seeming to consider her next words. “You’re real lucky, you know that? Most monsters would be asleep right now. Rescuing stupid humans isn’t in my job description, either.”

At that, you let out an exasperated sigh, scowling as it set off a fresh wave of tremors. “I didn’t *want* to be rescued. And you wouldn’t consider me lucky if you knew the hell I’ve been through down here.”

The woman carrying you gave a short, humorless laugh. “No? You’re alive, human. The body you were so eager to throw away isn’t damaged.”

“I’m covered with scars,” you muttered despairingly, lying limp in the warrior’s grasp as you both made your way through Waterfall. She paused at that, giving you what you assumed was a sharp look, beneath the helmet that shadowed her features. Silence pervaded for

several moments, and you felt a bitter satisfaction, despite how petty you knew you were being.

Finally, she brought you to the threshold of a house shaped like an enormous fish. You stared, but only had time for a brief glimpse before she had pushed open the door, dumping you unceremoniously onto a soft bed. You struggled to sit up, fighting against your weak and pain-filled body. Her back was turned toward you as she spoke.

“Scars aren’t shameful. Every warrior has them,” she said ruthlessly, beginning to remove her helmet. “And if you keep focusing on what you lost, you’ll never be able to appreciate what you have now.”

When she turned back, you saw her face for the first time. Webbed fins were her ears, and her mouth was filled with sharp, fish-like teeth. Her red hair lay damp and flat from the confines of the helmet. What truly drew your attention, though, was her eyes. Or rather, her eye. For she had lost one, that much was obvious now. An eyepatch covered it, and you had a moment to feel shame at your earlier words.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know,” you murmured abashedly, wrapping your arms around your torso.

“I don’t need pity,” she said calmly, “Any more than you do. I don’t know what Sans has been doing these past few weeks, but I know that nerd has seriously screwed up if you ended up out here. Alphys is on her way now to check out your injuries. You’re lucky she saw you on the cameras.”

That word again. Lucky. Somehow you couldn’t bring yourself to get upset about it, now. Alphys had seen you, and cared enough to call this woman to rescue you. Had the scientist guessed your intentions before you’d known them yourself, or simply been concerned that you were alone in the middle of the night, by yourself?

Your unlikely rescuer caught your gaze, removing the rest of her armor until she was left in a surprisingly casual tank top and jeans. “I’ll make you some tea. You stay there and...rest. Alphys will be here soon. And, punk?” She waited until you nodded acknowledgement, her yellow eye piercing through you as she spoke, “Don’t do anything stupid.”

Chapter End Notes

Check out my tumblr at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com for fan art, short stories about Voidster, and other shenanigans. Thank you so much to AllocateAloe, Gingler, and HibernalBeast for the amazing art you guys have drawn for me.

Spot and UF!Sans Bonding

Voidster being a creep in The Sin Mansion

Voidster being a sexy beast with a female anon >:)

Good Enough - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> The healing process begins anew, but can Undyne and Alphys succeed where Sans has failed, in helping not just your body, but your heart to heal? Chara reveals some terrifying truths to Red Sans.

Chapter Notes

> HAPPY 100,000 WORDS and 50th CHAPTER, GUYS!
>
> I'm so thrilled to have made it this far with all of you. It's been such an adventure, and so worth it. All of your kudos, comments, bookmarks, and fanart mean the world to me. Thank you so much for supporting me, telling me how much you enjoy this story, and everything. You guys keep me motivated and inspired.
>
> And an extra special thank you to my best friend, AllocateAloe, for her love and friendship. We met thanks to our fanfics, and now we visit once a week, crafting stories and watching movies. I love you more than G loves scotch, or Voidster loves drugs.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your midnight flight had taken its toll. Despite the care given you by both Undyne and Alphys, you developed a fever that left you aching and parched, shaking violently when you tried to sit up or get out of bed. When Undyne finally threatened to break both of your legs to make you stay down, you took the threat seriously. For all that she had taken pity on you at Alphys' request, her patience with your attempts to leave bed had waned considerably within a few days.

Still, she somehow didn't make you feel like a burden. She snapped and threatened, standing menacingly over you with a spear to make sure you ate something, but didn't berate you for being unable to finish it, or imply that you were refusing to finish the food out of spite. Alphys provided something of a restraining influence when Undyne became too...forceful, but tended to side with her lover more often than not.

Perhaps the biggest difference was the absence of Sans, and the silent criticism he had been pushing on you for some time now. The resentful glances, the barbed comments, the anger that simmered just below the surface. You didn't know if he hadn't bothered to look for you, or had simply been unable to find you, but you couldn't have dealt with him right now. The fever stripped your emotions raw, and you spent more hours than you wanted to admit crying out your pain. You felt so terribly fragile, so vulnerable and weak.

Being on the receiving end of Undyne's "tough love" was easier, in many ways. She was a hard taskmistress, but far more sympathetic than you had expected. Being a warrior, you had assumed she would dismiss your soul pain as weakness or an excuse, but she listened with surprising respect, and insisted that you think of it as a physical injury. Not to belittle it, but because she simply took it that seriously. To her, pain of the heart was just as real as pain of the body.

However, Undyne was clearly uncomfortable dealing with such strong emotions, and often Alphys would come in her stead, bringing you broth and rubbing your back soothingly as you wept and shook and tried to eat. At first, these brief periods of time were filled with an awkward silence that neither of you tried to broach. Then, slowly, Alphys began to talk.

She talked about her work as the new royal scientist, and the overwhelming expectations she could only try to meet. She made vague references to the failures she had experienced in the past, and how close she had come to giving up on everything. When she talked about the first time she had met Undyne, her already soft voice became barely a whisper, and you began to hear more clearly what she wasn't saying outright. She had been on the brink of suicide, too devastated and lonely to keep going, before she had met the woman she had grown to love.

You couldn't help but envy her a little. The way her face grew soft as she spoke about her lover and the warmth in her voice were indicative

of true happiness. As much as you yearned for the safety and companionship that she and Undyne shared, you were beginning to understand why it kept eluding you.

You had deep scars on your heart, wounds that needed to fully heal before you could give it to another person. Until you learned to live with those scars, until the hurt had faded, romance was like trying to grasp a double-edged blade in your hands. You weren't strong enough yet. The potential for damage was too great.

Still, a small flame of hope kindled in your heart. Alphys understood. You learned that she had surveillance cameras set up throughout most of the Underground. She had recognized your destination before you had, alerting Undyne to intercept you before it was too late. And now that you were calmer, safe in the surprisingly cozy and welcoming home of the head of the royal guard, you were glad that you had been stopped.

Death was a choice that could never be rescinded. At the time, you had been convinced that no other options remained. It had been preferable to continuing to suffer, continuing to endure the emotional agony that had become your existence. Such a small thing to have made such a large impact. A phone call that had set off a chain reaction, saving your life and showing you a different path. A slender thread of hope that had almost snapped, strengthened now by the support of the two women who worked in tandem, caring for you.

Slowly, you began to heal, and learned more about the hearts of the monsters in the Underground. Monsters that didn't want to hurt you, or use you, or manipulate you. Monsters that longed for freedom, that only wanted to see the stars, feel the sunlight on their faces. Realizing that an entire race had spent generations trapped here, facing a bleak confinement that was no less distressing for all the beauty in their small world. The most beautiful gilt cage in the world was still a cage.

The plight of the monsters eclipsed your own, and for the first time,

you began thinking of what you might do to help them. Undyne and Alphys had reluctantly told you of the search for the last human soul to break the barrier, but you knew without being told that yours wouldn't suit. A fragile, cracked, gray soul of indeterminate power. The weakness of your soul didn't bother you as much as it once had, but you still felt a pang of sadness that it was unworthy of such a noble task.

Apparently, Frisk had a suitable soul within them, but none of the monsters could bring themselves to sacrifice the child to their passive ruler. You couldn't help but feel a vicarious pride that such a young child had been such a shining example of compassion, when it would have been so much easier to lash out in fear. Frisk had made friends everywhere they went, and was the darling of the Underground.

From what you had gathered, it had been Frisk's influence that had finally led to Undyne confessing her feelings to Alphys. They had also brought comfort to Toriel, who still grieved the loss of her two children. It seemed that nearly every monster in the Underground had in some way been affected by the mute child, who found ways to cross the barriers of communication with love, patience, and the aid of monster magic.

You couldn't have brought yourself to suggest using Frisk's soul either, at any rate. You had barely known the kid, but they had an innate sweetness about them that was hard to resist. And no part of you could condone sacrificing a child, any child, for what you suspected was a dangerous, if not lethal ritual involving their soul.

What then, could be done? It occupied your days, pondering the fate of the monsters, wondering what you might do to free them. And at night, you dreamed of a featureless gray door without a handle, beckoning you forward. Perhaps the answer lay behind that door, if only you could find the courage to open it. Fear and hope commingled in your soul, and you never failed to wake before you had touched the smooth wood. Perhaps it was for the best, but you couldn't help but wonder.

Red Sans

“It’s here, I know it is. I can sense it.”

Chara paced before him, a fragile-looking child, on the surface. Their breath clouded in the air, cheeks rosier than usual from the cold. Snow crunched beneath their feet as they walked, deep in thought. They didn’t seem to notice his presence any more than they did the frigid temperature.

“what’d ya mean before, when you said ya weren’t from my timeline?” He had many more questions than just that, but it was a start. Distracted like this, the kid might even give him a straight answer. They glanced up at him, crimson eyes flashing in amusement. It was easy to forget the keen intellect that lay beneath the porcelain exterior, at times. Now wasn’t one of them.

“Should I tell you? Will you be less of a mercenary if I win you over with the tragic tale of how I lost my soul to the royal scientist?” That sharp gaze pinned him as they stood silently, waiting for his answer.

“i don’t fuckin’ like ya, kid. yer a spiteful little prick, and i know it better than most. how many resets did you and i go through? i don’t have any pity for ya, not after everything you’ve done.”

They nodded slowly, seemingly satisfied with his response. “For the courtesy of your honest answer, I’ll tell you. But what I said earlier still stands. If you don’t help me, I’ll find the man who will, and set him free on you all.”

What makes Gaster such a threat? He wondered, but said nothing. If he

changed the subject now, it was unlikely they would answer him later.

"A long time ago, two races ruled the world; humans and monsters. One day, that fragile peace was broken, and a war broke out between them. After a long series of battles, the humans were victorious. The most power sorcerers among them came together to create a magical barrier, locking the monsters away beneath the mountain."

He stifled a sigh of impatience. He knew the story as well as anyone.

"It was said among humans that those who climbed the mountain, never returned. Many years after the war, I was the one who fell. You know how the King and Queen adopted me. You remember Fl- Asriel."

He frowned, shifting his weight as he listened. "you died. you both did. gaster brought you back with determination." *And created a sociopath in the process,* he added silently.

Their sudden laughter startled him. "No wonder the humans won that war," they sneered viciously, cold amusement in their eyes. "You monsters are all so **e a s y t o m a n i p u l a t e** ."

"what're you talkin' about?" He felt himself becoming defensive, and wrestled viciously with his temper to bring it back under control. It was just the way Chara was, and if he bristled at every insult they tossed his way, they'd be standing here all day.

" *That* version of Gaster thinks that he brought me back, and you can almost remember it too, even though it never happened. Even the King and Queen thought that they remembered finding and losing me, along with their son. At least, that's what they believed before your boss killed them."

Killed them? He struggled not to let any of the horror he felt show on his face. Asgore had always made him uneasy, and he pitied Toriel more than anything. He remembered...he *thought* he remembered how the grief of losing her two children had proved too much, and shattered her mind before she had retreated to the ruins. Were they both really dead? The more he learned, the deeper the fear in his bones settled. This was wrong, and it was going to get worse before all was said and done.

“Have you ever tried to remember your childhood, Sans?” The use of his name was like a dash of cold water to his face, and he struggled to keep his composure.

“yeah.”

“Isn’t it frustrating, like trying to catch snowflakes before they melt? Only the briefest glimpse of *something* , before it’s gone?”

Chills ran down his spine. What Chara was saying was eerily true. How could they possibly know about this?

“It’s because *none of it was real,* you idiot. Your world was just a copy of this one, a poor imitation of the original. All of you were simply warped reflections of the ones in this world. ***You can’t remember the past because you never had one***. Your “life” started long after the life of the real Sans began. He had a childhood, a family, a past. Things that the universe didn’t see fit to give you or your brother.”

His legs shook, and he found himself abruptly sitting down in the snow. It was a long moment before he could find his voice. “you’re wrong,” he said uncertainly, unable to believe what he was hearing.

The former royal child snorted. “Believe what you want,” they scoffed. “I’ve seen countless worlds rise and crumble to dust. Not timelines, *worlds.* A reset creates a new timeline, but to create or destroy a world…that’s the power of a god. I’m not surprised that it’s too much for someone like you to handle.”

The words frightened him. Was that Chara’s goal- to become a god? He could only imagine the misery that everyone would endure if such a malevolent creature gained the powers of a deity. It couldn’t be allowed to happen. Which meant that he really *did* have to help Chara- if only to stop them. The child seemed confident that Gaster would assist them if they freed him from…wherever he was. To prevent that from happening, he had to be the one to find that soul, and he had to be the one to destroy it.

A dangerous silence fell over the small clearing, jolting his attention back to the present. Chara was staring at him, their face blank. “what?” he asked uneasily, slowly standing and brushing snow from his shorts.

“What were you thinking about just now, smiley trashbag?” He saw the glint of that damned knife they always carried, shining like a deadly star in their small hand. Their voice was emotionless as well, and he knew then that they suspected, or had come close to guessing his thoughts. Stupid, he thought to himself. He knew better than to let his guard down around this little freak. They saw too much.

“nothin’.” He strove for a casual tone, and the child’s expression relaxed, a hint of that cruel amusement returning.

“It’s a lot to take in for you, isn’t it? But you don’t need to understand to be useful.” Their voice dripped with condescension, and he growled in response, encouraging them to believe what they wished. Better than trying to come up for some other excuse for what he’d been thinking.

“still doesn’t answer my question,” he retorted irritably, shoving his hands in his pockets.

“True.” They went still for a moment, considering their words. “This is the world in which I lived and died. Where it truly happened. Not an echo or a memory of those events. And after my plan to punish humanity for their transgressions…failed, Asriel brought my soul back to our childhood home.”

“Everyone assumed that our combined souls had shattered upon his death, the both of us turned to dust. The truth is far darker, yet impressive. I don’t think anyone fully reckoned the capabilities of the Royal Scientist, Dr. W.D. Gaster. Not a sentimental fool like the one from your timeline. He was absolutely brilliant, and ruthless. Nothing prevented him from pursuing his research, not even defiling the grave of a dead child.”

Their smile was chilling, and they leaned back against the rough bark of a fir tree, examining the knife they held in both hands.

“Gaster took my soul. I don’t know how, but he separated it from Asriel’s. My consciousness lingered on, trapped, like the soul he stole from me. And somehow it connected our fates as well. For when he fell into his creation, I too was dragged from this world, thrust into the void. Unlike him, I escaped into that pathetic copy of this world that spawned monsters like you.”

They straightened, coolly appraising Sans as he stood before them. “Now I’m back. And my soul is here, still. It called to me when the other Sans arrived in your world, and it calls to me now. It’s time we began looking for it.”

Chapter End Notes

So do ya'll want a lesbian sex scene or what? I'll write anything, honestly, but I think most of my readers probably prefer the straight sex.

EDIT: I meant between Alphys and Undyne. I could plausibly write you guys in there, but it would make more sense not to.

Promise - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Part two of Voidster torturing Underfell!Gaster.

Chapter music: https://youtu.be/TAgjyN9Bo4Y

Chapter Notes

There is dub/non-con stuff. I'll write a summary for it later for those that want to avoid.

FAN ARTS!

Chara and Sans - Unlikely Companions

A blast from the past, much earlier in this fic!

Really pretty concept art of what reader's soul could look like (also drugs, lol)

His mind reeled, abused and battered by pain that it shouldn't be able to feel in a dreamstate. The demon was working some kind of unnatural magic, separating their forms and invading his consciousness to force him to feel what it was doing to him. It was the only explanation he had, yet it didn't temper the agony that suffused his body, or bring him any comfort at all.

He was braced against a wall, his arms outspread as if he were being crucified. Tight bonds held his wrists, biting into the abused flesh, blood dripping down his arms and onto the floor. His voice was broken and raspy from screaming, and his body trembled in its restraints. The creature had pushed him to his limits and beyond, proving beyond a doubt that its threats had been in deadly earnest.

He was no longer in the room with the white floor and dark walls. The place he was in now was all deteriorating metal, softly dripping water, and dark shadows. Fragments of bone scattered on the floor. Large

chains with hooks hung from the ceiling, discolored from rust or blood; he couldn't tell which. At his best guess, this was a projection from the other man's mind. Although he didn't doubt it had the...imagination to invent such a place, the familiarity with which the monster navigated the room indicated that it had, perhaps, once existed.

An old wooden workbench stood on the far side of the room, along with a metal operating table in the center. Hanging above the workbench was the largest assortment of blades he had ever seen. They were also the only untarnished objects in the room, clearly tended to with great care. Some of the blades were honed to an edge so fine it was almost translucent, while others he suspected were simply there to intimidate and frighten. Not that the beast needed such tactics, with his abilities. Scalpels, hunting knives, butcher's knives, even ancient war blades hung on that wall.

He shuddered, and the sound gently rattled the chains that bound his limp figure. There was enough slack that he could stand on the floor, but not enough to sit or lie down. Instead he kept one knee bent, bracing that foot against the wall, while the other supported his body weight, along with his shoulders and wrists. The clink of metal alerted the other monster to his consciousness, who slowly turned away from the blade he had been honing.

Face half hidden in shadows, all that was visible were those gleaming violet eyes, and the gently malevolent smile that had become all-too familiar. The creature ran his long, twisting tongue over his fangs, his smile growing sharper as he drew closer to the bound doctor. **[Finally awake, pet? Of course, there is no *physical* reason that you should have lost consciousness, but I suppose the mind can only take so much before it succumbs.]**

"Why are you still doing this?" he rasped painfully, averting his face from the man who drew nearer, crouching so that he felt its hot breath against his cheek. It reached upward, drawing one clawed digit down his throat, then further, trailing over his chest and groin. It paused, smirking.

[Pity, it seems you don't find this nearly as exciting as I do. Perhaps a change of scenery?]

Abruptly, his doppelganger vanished. The room remained, but he was alone. Sighing heavily, he felt hot tears trickle down his cheeks. He couldn't take much more of this without breaking. And he wanted, needed to be whole for you. He clung to the belief that somehow, he would escape. Somehow you would all escape, the evil would be defeated, and you would be waiting for him. Wanting, even needing him in your life.

It was a far cry from the extravagant dream he had once had of breaking the barrier, or the hubris that had led him to design the Core. His past self would have scoffed at such a simple, homely desire. The desire to connect his life with another, to heal and be healed in return.

The shadows to his left shifted, drawing his weary gaze. When a smaller shape began to emerge, he blinked rapidly, clearing his blurred vision. Cautiously, you stepped toward him, a tender, serious expression on your face. "No," he gasped, turning his head away as you approached. You wore the same hospital gown he had always seen you in, the ones he provided for you. Your own clothing, along with your possessions, had been stolen or destroyed before he had found you, lying in the bed of golden flowers.

"Gaster…" your soft voice was like cooling rain on his face, like silk sheets against his skin. It comforted him, despite knowing that you weren't real.

"Leave," he pleaded. To see you, to hear you in this place, it broke his heart. It drove home the fact that you had undergone similar experiences, too many times to count, with this monster. If he had just been more attentive, if he had cared more about your well being

instead of his own experiments, maybe he would have known. Maybe he could have spared you some, if not all of the suffering you had endured at the hands of this sadist.

“I’m so sorry,” you murmured, stepping closer to him. He hung, helpless from the chains around his wrists, muscular chest straining to breathe as your soft scent enveloped him, blocking out the nauseating stench of blood, sweat, and tepid water. His body quivered at your nearness, and he couldn’t help but flinch as you laid a gentle hand on his cheek. Bending your face to his, you pressed a kiss to his forehead, pausing for a moment with your lips against his skin. Then you withdrew, gazing into his eyes with sorrow.

“Why are you doing this?” he asked again, trying and failing to resist leaning into your hand on his face.

You regarded him compassionately, thumb brushing over his high cheekbones as you responded. “Aren’t you pleased to see me?” His eyes shot up to your face, but he could find no malice or amusement in your expression. Still, he couldn’t bring himself to answer, either. Was he pleased to see you? Of course he was. It was the first time, outside of the one dream you had shared, that he had seen you. His only company until now had been his torturer. Your presence was a boon, even if it wasn’t real.

“Am I...dreaming?” He glanced around the room uncertainly, expecting the grinning madman to appear at any moment. You leaned against him, your yielding body warm against his bound, naked form. Partially crouched, as he was, the two of you were almost of a height, your chin hooking over his shoulder as you rested your forearms against his chest. Your lower body tucked against his manhood, stirring him against his will. It made him feel uneasy and vulnerable, knowing what that creature would do if it found him aroused.

“We are dreaming,” you affirmed, whispering it against his clavicle. “I miss you so much, why haven’t you come back to see me?”

Your soft cheek against his shoulder was a torment, your breasts under the thin garment distracted and tantalized him. “I couldn’t,” he responded hoarsely, torn between desire and fear. “It’s not safe.” How he longed to free himself, to gather you up in his arms, delicate and yielding, feeling your warmth one more time.

“I’ve never been safe,” you reminded him gently. “Please. I just want to see you again, even for a moment.” He turned his head and parted his jaws, inhaling the scent of your soft, silky hair, no longer caring if you were real or an illusion. You turned your face up, lips brushing his as you planted light kisses on the corner of his mouth, coaxing him to return your affection. With a groan, he succumbed, pressing forward to slide his tongue into your mouth and taste your sweetness. The kiss was passionate and lingering, and when you parted, your lips were still barely touching, exchanging air as you breathed in unison.

You wound your arms around his neck, pushing your body more fully against him. He panted at your nearness, at the exhilaration the kiss had provoked. “Promise me…” you implored him, gazing up into his shadowed violet eyes. “Promise me you’ll find me again, Gaster. Please.”

Defeated, he bowed his head. “As you wish,” he murmured gently, unable to deny a request that he, too, longed for. “You should go. I don’t know where he is, but he’ll be back.”

You smiled wistfully at him, shaking your head as you withdrew. “He’s always been here. Why did you think he brought me?”

He almost didn’t realize what you had said, almost missed the movement in the corner of his eye. Then a dark, amused chuckle broke the silence, snapping his attention toward the sound. Lithe and predatory, the beast that tormented him stalked from the shadows. His body tensed, every instinct screaming at him to break free and protect

you.

The sadness that lurked in your eyes tore at him. When you leaned up to give him a lingering farewell kiss on the lips, he closed his eyes against the pain of your withdrawal. He felt old, defeated and exhausted. “Please let her go,” he murmured hopelessly. “I’ll do whatever you ask, just don’t keep her here.”

[A tempting offer, to be sure.] The beast sounded unimpressed, one large, knuckled hand reaching out to grasp your wrist and draw you against his own body. **[However, you are in no position to bargain. You will do what I ask, regardless. And tonight you will be reminded of just how helpless you are. Perhaps if you cease fighting me, what happens to this one-]** he jerked his head toward you, **[-will not befall the other.]**

“She’s not real,” he gasped, unsure whether it was pain or intense relief that he felt. Not real. The scant comfort he had taken from your presence still lingered, but the fear of the harm that might have befallen you was gone. You were still safe, still protected. The demon couldn’t get to you, not yet at least.

It raised a brow at him, seeming amused at his reaction. **[I did not say that she isn’t real, you pathetic fool. Her physical body remains safely tucked away, wherever it is. Still, my mark allows me to access that fragile soul of hers. The pain and fear that she feels will be on your head. Perhaps it will simply manifest as a nightmare.]** He shrugged, unconcerned. **[Or perhaps new scars will be left behind. I wonder how much damage she can take before that intriguing gray soul collapses under the strain?]**

Gaster’s shoulders shook with restrained emotion. The more he gave to this monster, the more it would take from you. His only hope was to provide it with as little reaction as possible, to dull the pleasure it took in hurting you. “Do it then,” he said tonelessly, turning his face away from the fear and resignation in your face as you stared up at

the looming beast above you. He wouldn't willingly participate in this sick exhibitionism.

A summoned hand appeared before his face, grasping his chin and forcing his gaze upward. **[Did you think it would be that easy?]** the other man chuckled, running a possessive hand down the length of your body. His claws hooked into the thin ties holding the hospital gown to your form, cutting through them with ease. Gaster swallowed, and watched as the garment fluttered uselessly to the ground, exposing your naked body to them both.

[If you observe willingly, I'll do no worse than I have in the past,] the beast offered candidly, trapping your other wrist in the hand that held the first, as you struggled to pull away. **[If you refuse, I'll flay her alive, inch by inch. I will force you to watch. And that is the least of what will happen.]**

You whimpered fearfully, pulling against the easy grip that the monster kept on your wrists, while he leered down at you, dragging you up against his bare chest. **[For a mere shadow of the woman, you are surprisingly intelligent, to fear me so.]** His voice dropped to a murmur, intently focused on the struggling prey in his arms. **[We can only hope that you are smart enough not to struggle *too* much, little human. If your impotent lover can force himself to watch me defile you, surely you can assist him by submitting gracefully to my desires. Else I will fetch my blades, after all.]** He smiled lazily down at you, sparing only a glance for the stricken man still bound to the wall.

Throwing a final, defiant glance at him, you sagged in his grip, letting him draw you up painfully by your wrists.

[A wise choice.] Reaching his other hand downward, he cupped your buttocks, lifting you up against his torso with ease. Your thighs fell on either side of his trim waist, and he drew his arm around your lower body to support you there. Carrying you, he walked away from

the trapped doctor, approaching the metal operating table in the center of the room. A rusted, flickering light switched on above the table, providing unsettling illumination as the scene before Gaster unfolded.

Gently, the beast lay your naked body down upon the table, leaning over you in a predatory fashion. He kept your legs trapped on either side of his hips, reaching downward with one hand to unfasten the trousers he wore. Gaster didn't know what was worse. The parody of tenderness the demon bestowed upon you, or the fact that you lay hopeless and compliant within his clutches, not daring to fight back.

In a way, it wasn't so different from what he had been forced to observe before Sans had rescued you. At least now, he couldn't feel the way you writhed beneath him, couldn't feel his body's unwilling pleasure at having you, the lust of the beast urging him onward to completion. And yet, it was something he had hoped never to witness again, no matter the situation. He almost turned away, before remembering the other monster's earlier threat. There was no hope to be drawn from this situation, or his future at this creature's hands. The best he could do was ensuring that what you suffered was kept to the minimum.

The unstable light illuminated glistening tear tracks on your cheeks, your face turned soundlessly toward him. The terror in your eyes nearly destroyed him, but he couldn't bring himself to deny you the comfort of his presence, despite how abhorrent the circumstances were. He met your gaze as steadily as he could, not letting his fear or pain show through. When your body shuddered, and he knew the beast had penetrated you, he kept his eyes on your face, still, despite the fact that your own were closed in pain and humiliation.

The demon rocked and slammed you against the rusty table, his hips forcing you down against the harsh surface, which surely must be tearing at the skin on your back. Still, you made no sound of complaint, except for the occasional gasp or whimper that he forced from your lips. When you opened your eyes again, they sought Gaster's gaze desperately, fresh tears brimming and spilling over. He

felt his face twisting in a grimace of rage and pain, stricken by his helplessness to stop what was happening to you.

When the monster leaned downward, dragging its long, purple tendril up your neck in a possessive lick, his vision was tinged red. How dare this disgusting abomination touch you so intimately, tormenting you both for its own sick amusement. He would destroy it, he would make it suffer endless torments of his own design until the debt had been paid in full. He would extract every moment of pain, of fear, of suffering until nothing remained.

He didn't realize that those startling violet eyes had been focused on his face for some time, until the monster spoke, panting slightly from exertion as it steadily worked its hips against you. **[Such hatred in your eyes. Even when I used your body as a tool to dominate this female, I never felt this level of rage. How…interesting.]**

It kept its gaze pinned on him as it worked within you, claws roaming up and down your naked body with unfeigned urgency, thrusts becoming sloppy and erratic. You cried out and shuddered beneath him. "Please…" you whispered, your voice weak and emotional.

[Please, what, my pet?] the beast asked solicitously, turning his leering gaze back to your pained face.

"Please, finish it…" Your voice trailed off, almost inaudible, but the man that bucked into your tender form heard it, nonetheless. **[Now then, that's hardly fair, my dear. You know how much I enjoy hearing you beg. Do you think to find me in a merciful mood, tonight?]**

You made no reply, clearly on the brink of losing consciousness from the roughness of the demon that used you. He frowned, seeming to realize it. **[Ah, it seems I have no choice. Perhaps in the future we**

can indulge in -ah- longer play.] He leaned further over you, bracing his forearms on the table beside you as he ground his sharp hips against you, forcing his girthy length into your resisting body with long, violent strokes.

It didn't take long, then. With a breathless cry, the monster slammed against you, hilting himself fully and arching his back as he came. His claws scrabbled to grip at your hips, pulling them tightly against his own as he filled you with his burning essence, slipping from your body and pooling on the floor below. You barely responded, eyes dull and fatigued as you flopped in his grasp like a lifeless doll. Gaster stared into your face, and found no trace of you left. The beast had used and consumed you, burning you out like a star collapsing inside of a black hole.

He pulled from your body with a hard jerk, letting your limp form slide to the floor with a sickening thud. A faint whimper escaped your lips as you landed, but he paid it no heed. Tucking himself back into his slacks, he fastened them again, striding over to his captive with a mean smile on his face. **[The worst is yet to come. Remember this night if you feel the urge to defy me again. You have both had only the briefest taste of true suffering, thus far.]**

Gaster glanced behind him, only to find that your body had vanished. The only sign of your existence was the tattered hospital gown, slowly soaking up the fluids that had spilled to the floor.

"What did you do with her?" His voice was dull and hopeless. He had nothing left to fight with.

[Nothing. As I predicted, the stress was too much. One can only hope that she has a capable caretaker right now, to mitigate the damage. Such a fragile little dove, I hate to think of what would happen if she experienced such a thing with *nobody to protect her*. Tragic, is it not?]

In his heart, he knew that you endured. He hoped, bitterly, that you did have someone to care for you now. Such hope for himself was too far out of reach, but you, you still had a chance. He had known what the risk to himself would be when he had locked them both in this place that shouldn't exist. He just hadn't reckoned the cost to you, or realized how deeply connected the other monster was, still, to your soul. If his influence was dampened at all, it wasn't by nearly enough.

The room began growing dark, and Gaster felt his vision blurring and fading. He couldn't tell if the creature was finally releasing him from the nightmare he had constructed, or if his mind, too, was giving out under the strain. It didn't matter, he decided, as long as you were safe. For his own sake, he would continue to believe that you were. And he would keep his promise, and try to reach you again when you slept. He couldn't undo the damage, but it was better than nothing, he hoped.

Never Forgive Me, Never Forget Me - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Your healing continues. Gaster reaches out to you once more, in a dream.

Chapter Notes

Fanart!

www.dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

Gingler took pity on me asking for someone to draw Voidster dancing the "Thriller" dance. It's a WIP, but AMAZING!

Spot makes a new friend, and Sans is jealous of him

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke with a lingering sense of melancholy, dried tears on your cheeks from a dream you couldn't recall. Your heart ached, and you wondered how Gaster was fairing. Was he still trapped? Was he even still alive? You hadn't seen him since the dream in which you'd made love, and the tenderness of that night had kept you going when little else did. Undyne and Alphys were excellent caretakers, truly, but it was hard to stifle the pang of loss you felt around them. They were so clearly happy and committed to one another, and it only made your loneliness more poignant.

Once you recovered from the hardships your body had endured, a different type of healing began to take place. Your bruised and battered heart, your cracked and colorless soul both kept you feeling vulnerable and weak. Undyne had told you that it was right to grieve, that there wasn't a time limit on how long you were allowed to feel hurt and frightened. She had included a few uncomplimentary words about certain skeletons who thought otherwise, but had let it drop after noticing your discomfort.

Alphys still came to visit daily, and Undyne had finally overcome her

nervousness enough to join the heavy, often painful discussions that you had about what had happened to you. It helped more than you would have thought, being able to relive what had happened in a safe environment, being able to spill out your regrets and mistakes to an audience that didn't blame you for being imperfect. The accusation in Sans' eyes, the jealousy you had seen were distant memories, now.

The two women who had taken you in listened with respect. When you came to a particularly difficult part, Alphys would shyly take your hand, holding it in her smaller claws until you felt well enough to continue. Undyne would sometimes get up, pacing restlessly as she listened, or preparing more tea for the three of you, but her acceptance of you was clear. If anything, sometimes you became nervous about just how heated she got at the wrongs you had endured at the hands of monsterkind. Her feelings about humanity were mixed, but it seemed her sense of justice wasn't limited by racial boundaries, and she had no tolerance for the strong preying on the weak.

Neither she or Alphys knew of the Gaster who had been lost in the void, but their undisguised horror and loathing of him had been evident. You weren't quite sure how you felt about it yourself. You didn't bring up that you had been brought from a different timeline. From your discussions with Sans, you had come to realize that most monsters weren't aware of such things, and it would bring up too many questions that you didn't have any answers to. Explaining the fact that there were...copies of their friends, horrifically twisted and violent copies, was something beyond your ken. If you were lucky, you would never have to see any of them again, and neither would the kinder, gentler monsters that lived here.

If you were lucky... and if Gaster was not, you realized, painfully. In order to ensure a happy ending for everyone else, he would have to sacrifice himself, confining himself to eternity with that demon. The mark on your soul no longer bothered you, and often you forgot it existed, but Gaster was living with that torment every moment of every day. While you spent your time recovering, he was surely suffering, being broken down piece by piece by the relentless beast inside of him. The beast that you had loosed on the world, through your own weakness.

Thankfully, it seemed that monsters other than Sans couldn't see the mark. Still, you couldn't find a way to bring the subject up, with anyone. That mark had become the doorway that unleashed the creature in the void, letting him possess your body, and then the body of Gaster, your friend and...lover. The warmth that word might have given you was stolen away by the cold knowledge of the price he had paid for that love. That you had both paid.

Stirring your rapidly cooling tea, you didn't hear the question Alphys had asked, until she gently touched your arm and repeated herself.

"S-sans found out t-that you're here. H-he wants t-to talk to you, b-but you don't have to," she finished firmly, squeezing your arm reassuring before withdrawing.

"I told him that he'd be sitting on a spear if he made you cry," Undyne offered cheerfully, arms folded across her chest with a large, toothy grin in place. Alphys flushed and sputtered at that, but couldn't quite hide the small smile that had formed at her girlfriend's words.

It made you smile too. Undyne was so bluff and to the point, it was hard not to like her. She was fiercely loyal, too, and although Sans was a prior friend of hers, she wouldn't let friendship interfere if she felt that her friend was in the wrong. Clearly, she did in this case. She had told you in no uncertain terms that while you didn't have to stay with her, she wasn't letting you go back to the brothers' house until some ground rules had been laid down, if you wanted to return at all.

One of those ground rules had been that Undyne have a long, private chat with Sans, so for the time being you had declined the offer. You didn't want to cause him any more trouble, and you were honestly happy here, with the fish woman and her lover. They had made you feel so welcome. Despite pushing you to heal and be kind to yourself, they made no demands, trusting you to make decisions for yourself.

There was also a welcome lack of sexual tension. Despite both being sexually attracted to women, neither of them had done anything that made you even slightly uncomfortable. You got the sense that their bond was deep and true, and there was also a certain respect for you as a person that had been lacking, even with Sans.

You realized now that both Sans and Gaster had seen you as a possession, treated you as a fragile curiosity to be protected, even when you hadn't wanted that protection. Gaster had eventually overcome his prejudices, and begun seeing you as a real person, near the end. Sans…. Your relationship with him had started with such tenderness, you had really thought you would be happy with him. But he was so stubborn, so unwilling to accept the fact that your thoughts and feelings were your own, rational or not, and that he didn't have a right to dismiss them or invalidate them.

No, this was better, you decided. Away from the uneasy tension between you and Sans, safer with the warrior and the scientist than you had felt in a long time. Gaster's torment was a burden that you kept locked away in your heart, for now. You needed to heal before you could help him. You doubted that Sans would be willing to try anything, based on the loathing he had for the version of Gaster he had known in this timeline. You weren't sure if you could bear to lay that burden on either Undyne or Alphys, either.

You felt alone in this, and afraid. But your soul burned brighter when you thought of the doctor, and you knew that you couldn't abandon him. You would find a way, no matter what it took. You no longer struggled with the urge to end your life, but you didn't fear death, either. If you could find a way to free him, without unleashing that evil on the rest of this world, you would do it, unhesitatingly.

Unbeknownst to you, faint swirls of color stirred in the the gray, shattered shell that contained your life essence. Faded tendrils of orange and pink rose from the depths, flickering briefly before disappearing again. The small scraps of bravery and perseverance you

found within yourself weren't enough, not yet. But they began to lay the foundation for your quest, urging you not to lose hope, as your thoughts drifted back to the warmth and friendship of your companions.

It will be alright, Gaster, you thought fiercely, willing the sentiment to reach him somehow, wherever he was. *I promise, I'll fix what happened because of me. Just keep holding on. I'll find you again.*

***

The day had been long and tiring. You were beginning what Undyne had assured you was a "super easy" self defense program she had developed for puny humans like yourself. It didn't teach you how to do battle with your soul, which she had tactlessly said would be useless, since yours was so weak it didn't even give off a visible color. It seemed that most monsters could see basic qualities of your soul, while others, like Gaster, had slightly more insight, and with Sans...there was nothing that could be hidden. Every crack, every scar, every detail of your inner self was laid bare before him.

All that Undyne and Alphys could see of it was that it was gray, and damaged enough that they couldn't sense any magical energy from it at all. Alphys had offered to run some tests, but you had declined. There was nothing she could do to fix this, and you'd had enough of medical equipment and tests to last a lifetime. The two women quickly noticed how abhorrent their sympathy was to you, and stopped bringing it up. You didn't want to be held back by what your soul could or couldn't do, and Undyne seemed to respect that. Instead, she focused on physical training, while Alphys spent time going over small tidbits of information she had gleaned from old psychiatric books she had found at the dump.

Between the two of them, your mind and body were exercised fully, and you ended the day with a good, quiet ache in your muscles, your heart at ease. Alphys thought it was likely you were suffering from

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, which explained quite a few of your reactions to Sans that you had been feeling guilty about. It gave reasons for everything from your nightmares, to your inexplicable fear of being touched, and your withdrawal from Sans. Even your desires to hurt yourself, your guilt and self-loathing, were explained by this disorder.

It seemed too easy, to be able to fall back on such a simple phrase to explain away so much of the behavior you hated in yourself. But as Undyne sharply reminded you, you had been through hell and back, and if Alphys thought you had this illness, you likely did. She was the Royal Scientist, after all. Continuing to blame yourself, or refusing to accept that you didn't have control over many of your symptoms wasn't going to help anyone. What you needed to do was focus on what you *could* control, and take the rest as it happened.

She had sternly reminded you that she had taken you under her protection at Alphys' request, and that included protection against yourself. You would have times, days, even weeks where your pain would overwhelm you and leave you helpless. But you wouldn't be unguarded. She and Alphys would do whatever it took to keep you safe.

The memory brought a soft smile to your lips, a faint hint of tears beginning to form. It was silly, and sentimental, but the warmth in your chest at the memory was new and wonderful.

"So…we're friends, then."

"Ngah! I didn't say that, nerd! Just…if you need anything, freakin' tell me. Don't just walk around all mopey like that, it's pathetic."

"Undyne…I really appreciate what you've done for me."

“Like I said, it’s Alphys you should thank. I’m supposed to be capturing humans, not befriending them... ***not that we’re friends, okay?!*** *Anyway, that’s enough for today. You can go talk to Alphys about your...feelings.”*

The fish monster had been so uncomfortable, but clearly cared about you more than she let on. That night, you fell asleep with a lightness in your heart that you hadn’t felt in a long time. Your last conscious thoughts were of your new friendships, and the new life you were beginning to build with the monsters who had taken you in when you had nobody else.

***

You woke up in a strange, blank room, and immediately realized that you were dreaming. The floor was a pristine white, and the walls were a black so deep that it seemed endless. The blackness of the void. Soft lighting filled the room, the corners hidden in shadow. Illuminated in the center, was Gaster. He was naked, bruised, and almost unrecognizable from all the blood that stained his skin. He was looking straight at you, and gave a weak smile as you gasped, rushing over to him and dropping to your knees.

“What did he do?” you demanded in agony, hands hovering over his broken form, too afraid of causing pain to actually touch him.

“Nothing permanent, my dear.” His voice was harsh and rusty, as if from long disuse or...from screaming. One hand reached upward, lightly stroking at your face as if he too, were afraid of doing damage. You caught his much larger hand in your own, pressing it to your cheek as hard as you dared.

“You look well,” he said at length, genuine pleasure lighting his

features as he spoke. It only enhanced your own guilt at your recovery, while he remained trapped and suffering. “Sans is doing...better than I would have, probably.”

At that you grimaced, turning your face away, but not before he caught your expression. “___, what’s wrong? He hasn’t...hurt you?” It took the barest moment for the relief in his voice to turn sharp and concerned, a quick turn to temper that was unlike him. You wondered how much he had been changed by this torture, and how much longer you had to rescue him before he was irreparably damaged, like you.

“Did he hurt you?” He asked again, the edge in his voice no less diminished.

“No-not really,” you amended, grimacing as his expression hardened. “He just didn’t...understand. Not like you do. Not like Undyne and Alphys do.”

“Undyne and…” he trailed off, staring at you in surprise. “Are they...kinder in this timeline? I confess, I did not know them well in my own. But they each had a reputation for...cruelty, towards humans. I’m afraid most of us did.”

“Even you?” you asked softly, meeting his eyes for a brief moment before he turned away.

“What do you think the Royal Scientist was expected to do during the great war?” he asked harshly, struggling to sit up and raising a hand to his face. “We needed information, answers...we needed to learn humanity’s weaknesses. I did...terrible things. I regret them, deeply, but they rest on my shoulders, nonetheless.”

“I’m sorry,” you said, unsure of what else you *could* say. Tentatively,

you rested your hand on his knee, leaning toward him. “If it means anything...I don’t think you’re a bad person, Gaster. Truly.”

He blinked rapidly at that, turning back to give you a briefly smile, covering your hand with his own. “Thank you. It means more than you know. While I have wronged so many in my life, the pain I caused you has been my greatest regret. If remaining here is my penitence for that, so be it.”

You said nothing, bowing your head as he spoke. Your own guilt and grief felt so much smaller compared to this, the regret of decades that weighed so heavily, he felt that he deserved to remain trapped here. But then, hadn’t you thought the same, when that monster had has his claws around you? Perhaps...if Gaster didn’t deserve this, you hadn’t either.

“Don’t give up.” You leaned over him, placing a soft kiss on his cheek. “I’m not giving up on you, Gaster, so don’t you dare give up on yourself.”

“Don’t try to rescue me,” he said bleakly, shaking his head in denial. “If this creature gets his hands on you again, he’ll never let you go. Your safety is the only thing that matters anymore.”

“I’ve never been safe here,” you said fiercely, unknowingly mirroring the words he had heard you speak earlier. “Please. Promise me that if I find a way, you’ll help me. There has to be a way to get him out of you, to send him back where he came from.”

He shuddered, and for a moment you thought he was crying. Then a dry, pained chuckle tore through his lips. “I don’t deserve this, and least of all from you. But it seems as if I have no choice. Hearing that tone in your voice...it fills me with determination.” He raised his head, turning to gather you into his weak, bloodied arms.

Nestled there, against the warmth of his broad chest, you felt safe. You could sense the comfort he gained from holding you, too, and so you snuggled easily against him, resting your cheek against his collarbone. It wasn’t long before his steady breathing and warm, familiar scent began to lull you back to unconsciousness, sighing softly as you relaxed against him. A small, secretive smile touched his lips, bending his head to brush his lips against your hair as you slept in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

You guys should see the TSM chapter we're working on. It's around 26 pages long, and that's not including the OTHER chapter that is 26 pages, as well as two others that are only slightly shorter. We probably have around 100 pages we haven't published yet, but we're working on it!

Give me your comments, kudos, bookmarks, subscriptions, fanarts, asks, submissions, all of it! Give them to meee!

I love you all. <3

Clipped Wings - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> Training montage! Okay, not really. I have no idea how I would write that, lol. *blasts Eye of the Tiger*

Chapter Notes

> Even when I forget to link your fan art, or respond to your comments, please know that I obsess over and cherish them, and share every single one with my sin wife like "LOOK WHAT MY READERS SAID/MADE OMG!" It's really true, lol. Ask her if you don't believe me.
>
> Thank you guys for your continued support. I am still struggling on and off with tendinitis, but my depression is becoming much more manageable thanks to a new medication, so hopefully I will be able to write faster.
>
> You can chat with me at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com. I answer asks, accept submissions, and am usually up for chatting, even if I respond slowly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sweat dripped from your body as you threw punches at the training dummy. Undyne had given you a set of workout clothes that Alphys had modified to better fit you. The yellow monster's skill with a needle and thread had surprised you at first, but later you realized that it shouldn't have. The lizard woman loved anime and costume design, and was adept with alterations.

The crop top and jeans were close-fitting, but not too tight, to avoid inhibiting your body movement while training. The first part was building up the strength and endurance of your body. Undyne was adamant that things be done in order, and had admonished you many times that it was a slow process, tedious at times, even, but that she expected you not to rush things. The training dummy was for upper body strength, and you went jogging with Alphys to build stamina and work on your lower body.

You had to admit, the sweat and soreness after an enthusiastic workout was satisfying. You could feel yourself becoming stronger, not only physically, but emotionally as well. You still found yourself seeking seclusion most of the time, still flinched when anyone made a sudden movement near you, but you were slowly becoming steadier. And too, there were still nights that you woke up drenched in sweat and fear, screaming from half-remembered nightmares. Those times were the hardest, because it made it feel like your hard work was for nothing.

However, during those times, the times when your hope faltered and flickered like a candle about to go out, your friends were there. They blunted the worst of your rage against yourself for being so weak and helpless, they fed the guttering flame of determination within you, supporting you until you could stand on your own again. And knowing that you had that safety net in the darkness, you weren't so fearful when you fell.

Right now, the two women were indoors while you trained in front of the house. It had been a long time before you felt safe enough to be alone outside of the home, but knowing they were nearby helped. You were so intent on your training, that you didn't notice the stealthy approach of another person, appearing several feet away. Appreciative eyes took in your glistening skin, damp hair clinging in tendrils to your neck as you squared your shoulders, preparing for another flurry of punches.

"hey."

The voice stopped you cold. Whirling around, your hands automatically came up in a defensive posture as you stared at Sans. It took a few long moments to convince your body to relax enough to lower your fists, trembling slightly as you fought your own instincts. He had that same, relaxed smile on his face, although it seemed a little forced now. You didn't bother returning the greeting or the smile, still remembering how you had last parted.

“Why are you here, Sans?”

Your standoffishness surprised him, you could tell. You didn’t care. You had finally found a place where you felt safe, and happy. You didn’t want to see him now, and were unsure if you wanted to see him *ever,* although some part of you knew that you still had to talk about what had happened.

He shrugged, hands in his pockets as his eyes dimmed a little. “i uh. guess i should have expected that. didn’t think you’d still be mad.”

You grimaced, turning away. He had rescued you, had saved your life. And yet...there were festering wounds on your heart from how he had treated you afterward. Did one balance out the other? You had forgiven Gaster for the heartless experiment he had performed on you with the artificial determination. Was it wrong of you to now fail to forgive Sans for the far lesser transgression of simply not understanding what you were going through?

Sighing, you turned back to him. “I’m...not. I don’t know. The things you said that night still hurt. But it would be hypocritical of me to hold that against you, after everything you did for me.”

He seemed surprised, cautiously taking a few steps nearer. “i uh, didn’t rescue you to get a free pass for being an asshole,” he said roughly, avoiding your eyes. “i know i was out of line that night, and i wanted to apologize.”

Your face softened, seeing the genuine regret and remorse in his eyes. What had happened had been hard on both of you, for different reasons. Now that you were less confused and vulnerable, you knew his behavior hadn’t been acceptable. But it didn’t mean you couldn’t forgive him. “Apology accepted,” you said softly, flushing a little as he glanced up, meeting your eyes with disbelief and hope in his own.

When he raised his arms as if to embrace you, you flinched, stepping back to avoid him. The hurt in his face stabbed at you, but for once you didn't feel ashamed of your reaction. "It's still...too soon. Being touched is difficult for me right now. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize for things you can't help, nerd," a rough female voice called from the doorway. "Alphys'd kick your ass if she heard you doing that again." The latter was said with a broad grin and a wink, as the warrior came to join the two of you, leaning casually on her spear. "Luckily for you, she's making tea right now for everyone. Don't worry, I got your back."

You wondered if Sans had heard the double meaning in her words. Based on the slight blue flush on his cheekbones, he had. Undyne still held a grudge against her friend for the night that had almost ended in you taking your own life, but she had clearly gauged the situation before approaching, or she wouldn't be offering him tea right now. Still, she was warning him that if he overstepped his bounds, you would be the one she stood behind right now. You weren't sure if that was a testament of her friendship, or just the fact that she still considered you weak enough to need her protection. Although you hoped it was the former, you were grateful either way.

"just stopped by to see how she was doing," the skeleton told Undyne, who glanced at you for confirmation before nodding.

"She's still a puny human and a huge dork, but other than that she's doin' okay, aren't ya punk?" The fish woman grabbed you exuberantly in one arm, ruffling your hair against your protests. You saw the surprise and confusion in Sans expression at your ease with being touched by Undyne, before he locked it away. You hoped he hadn't taken it personally, but you would try to explain it to him later anyway. If you were back to being friends, you didn't want a misunderstanding like that to fester between you again.

Undyne's inability to restrain herself from touching, shoving, and affectionately harassing you had inured you to pretty much everything she did, but it wasn't just that. A deeper level of understanding had been reached between the two of you and Alphys. After having undergone so much sexual trauma at the hands of men, it was far easier for you to endure the touch of a woman. And so you were able to tolerate the rough affection of the warrior, and the gentler, reassuring pats from the shyer scientist.

For now, you offered the skeleton a small, embarrassed smile, and followed them into the house. Alphys had set out four cups of golden flower tea, which you gathered was a popular variety in the Underground. The slightly bitter, herbal flavor took some getting used to, but wasn't entirely unpalatable to you. Sans sat beside you, with Alphys and Undyne across from you both. The conversation was awkward and forced, and you found yourself anxious to excuse yourself and retreat to the guest bedroom you had been given.

Just as you had mustered the courage to do just that, Sans glanced at you, and something in his expression rooted you to your seat. "What?" you asked worriedly, misliking the strange blend of tension and resignation in his gaze.

"unfortunately this wasn't just a social visit, kiddo. believe me, i wish it was, but there's something you should know." He looked uncomfortable, as if he couldn't find a good way to broach the topic. Finally, he sighed. "look, it's like this. for a long time now, alph and i have been monitoring the Underground for...anomalies. it's old technology that we didn't develop ourselves, but we figured out how to use it well enough on our own."

Reading between the lines, you realized that it must have been Gaster who had invented such a thing, and understood Sans discomfort over the topic. But the words were nearly gibberish to you. Anomalies in the Underground? What could that possibly mean?

“What kind of anomalies…?” you asked aloud, aware that the silence had stretched on beyond what would typically be expected. “Why are you monitoring for those?”

Sans shrugged, a gesture of resignation more than of confusion. “there’s a lot wrong with our world, pal. the more information we have, the better we can deal with...situations that arise. like the one we recently discovered.”

You felt your body tense. There was only one subject you knew of that could put that tone into Sans voice. Gaster. You wondered if he had told Alphys and Undyne about the former Royal Scientist. One glance at the confused pair told you that he hadn’t. Then again, how could he possibly explain that to them? You hadn’t found a way. A man, the genius who had invented the Core, that no longer existed. Someone they had known, but couldn’t remember because he had been erased from time itself.

“What’s going on?” You strove not to sound as scared as you felt, and failed miserably. Sans gave you a look, raising one brow bone.

“well, a few weeks ago we found a new anomaly. it’s...contained, i guess you could say. we haven’t been able to find out anything about it, except that it’s here in waterfall, and it hasn’t moved at all since we discovered it.”

“You can’t tell what it is?” You weren’t sure what you were more afraid of. If it *was* Gaster, that meant that the demon who had possessed him was here too, far closer than was safe, if distance meant safety, which you doubted. And yet, if it was him, that also meant that he was close enough to reach, maybe even close enough to rescue. Part of what had been haunting you was how impossible it would have been to find him to begin with. Admittedly, the rescuing was the harder part, but knowing where he was would be an excellent start.

The sudden silence interrupted your thoughts, and you glanced around the table to see Sans staring at you, while Undyne and Alphys watched him, nonplussed. Then he spoke, looking hard at you as he did.

“look kid, i dunno what you were thinking just now, but whatever it is, it’s not happening. like i said, we’re not sure what this anomaly is, except that it’s new and not moving. you *will not* go looking for it. we have no idea if it’s dangerous.”

You saw the way that Undyne bristled at the skeleton’s choice of words, but surprisingly, it was Alphys who spoke up.

“Sans, you can’t tell ___ what she can or can’t do.” Her voice was soft, but the ever-present stutter was nearly absent as she drew herself up with a determined expression. “I-it might be dangerous, yes. But ___ has been through a lot already, and she’s not a child. She can make her own decisions.” Seeming shocked by her own outburst, the yellow dinosaur monster slumped back in her seat, shoulders hunching.

A tense silence filled the room for the space of a few seconds, before an earsplitting screech shattered it.

“Babe, that was AMAZING!” Undyne shrieked, slamming one webbed hand onto the table to emphasize her words as her girlfriend let out a startled squeak. “I’m so proud of you, standing up to somebody for once!” Overcome with enthusiasm, the warrior stood, grabbing her lover in her arms and swinging her around.

“Undyne! P-p-put me d-down!” Alphys’ face was bright red, and she shoved futilely at the exuberant fish woman before Undyne finally relented, placing her gently on her feet with a resounding kiss on the lips.

You were so startled by the display that you missed the sour expression on Sans' face, before he shrugged, accepting the scolding with good grace. "guess you're right, alph. i can't tell ___ not to go looking for this thing, but i'd strongly advise against it, wouldn't you?"

The scientist blushed, nodding hesitantly. "Y-yeah, it could be really dangerous. A-anyway, we've already l-looked for it and w-we couldn't find it."

"Oh." You felt discouraged. If Sans and Alphys hadn't found it, how could you? You noticed the two women giving you curious looks, and realized that they had no idea why the anomaly interested you so much. You hadn't told them about Gaster, your Gaster, the one who had been kind to you despite the mistakes he had made initially. Sans though, he knew. One glance at him confirmed it. His jaw was set, eye lights dim as he studied you. He knew about the dreams, and probably suspected that your heart hadn't let go of the man he had forced you to leave behind in the other timeline.

You didn't know how he felt about it. Was he jealous? Was he unable to see any goodness in a man who was so similar to his creator? Either way, you doubted you could count on him for help with this. Not that you even had a plan yet.

"Um, it is p-possible that we c-could use your help with this, though." Alphys cringed at the dagger glare that Sans gave her, folding his arms but remaining silent. "T-technically you're an anomaly, ___." The words were like a dash of ice water to your face.

"I am?" You didn't doubt her words, but you weren't sure how to feel about such a statement.

“Y-yeah. B-basically an anomaly is a, um...something f-foreign to this world. It’s uh, p-possible that being an a-anomaly yourself, y-you could possibly see something t-that we, um, couldn’t?”

Sans gave a pained laugh. “see, this is exactly what i was worried about, alph. isn’t she still recovering right now? we involve her in this, there’s no telling what’ll happen.”

“Don’t talk about me like I’m not here,” you muttered, ignoring the frustrated look the skeleton gave you.

“look, i’m just trying to look out for ya, kid. i get that things...between us aren’t great right now, but can’t you just trust me on this?” He sighed, leaning back in his chair. “when did you get so stubborn, anyway?”

“Must be the awesome influence of me and my badass girlfriend,” Undyne replied with sweet venom, favoring him with a sarcastic smile.

“fuck, fine. i give up.” Sans stood abruptly, nearly knocking over his chair in his haste. “alph, if you want her help so badly, be my guest. i’d *appreciate it* if i was invited too, just so i can keep an eye on things, but it’s not like i’m going to interfere with what you ladies want.” He said the last with ill grace, leaving no doubt what he thought about the desires of the “ladies” present.

“i’ll see myself out,” he said shortly, when Undyne stood to walk him to the door. Remaining seated, she frowned at him.

“Sans, there’s no need for tha-”

SLAM

The house trembled from the force of the front door closing, and you shuddered. It reminded you of how Alex would sometimes leave the apartment in a rage, after a bad argument. At least Sans hadn't been yelling. And you could understand his frustration, up to a point. He only seemed to want to protect you from further harm. It probably felt a little like spitting in his face after he had risked so much to save you, but that didn't mean you could spend the rest of your life in a protective bubble.

Alphys and Undyne were right, it was your choice. And if Alphys thought you could be helpful, you wanted to do it. It wasn't as if you hadn't been in dangerous situations before, and if this "anomaly" really did involve Gaster, there was no way you could live with yourself if you didn't at least try. You only hoped that Sans would come to understand your choice, and learn to live with it.

Chapter End Notes

> YEAH SANS. WE ARE FREE, INDEPENDENT WOMEN WHO DON'T NEED NO MA-UH. SKELETON. MAN.

I Choose Violence (Part 1) - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> You go looking for the anomaly that Sans and Alphys found. Everything goes well and nobody is put in a dangerous situation or frightened except when you find a spider, but Sans reassures you that it works for Muffet, and then you are scared because you remember you owe her money.

Chapter Notes

> Here's a link to my tumblr account, where I post zany shit and answer asks, rate kinks, and and tell you things you never wanted to know about Voidster.
>
> dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snow drifted gently down around you, crystalline flakes melting like tears on your skin. In your dream, the coldness couldn't touch you. Though your breath frosted in the air before you, and snow crunched beneath your feet, you were warm in your bed at Undyne's house. Some part of you knew this, yet not enough of your mind was conscious enough to take control.

"___…" your name like a whispered prayer, carried on the icy wind. A deep, soft, broken voice. A familiar voice.

"I couldn't save you," you murmured, the pain in your chest grasping your heart in despairing tendrils, dragging it further into the mire of hopelessness that waited just below the surface. Who couldn't you save? Why did it hurt so much? Despair nestled deep within you, a burrowing worm that devoured all the warmth and light you had found in recent weeks.

“...the door,” the voice implored, agony in every word. “...was wrong...don’t open-”

“Gaster? Is that you?” you turned in a slow circle, searching for the source of the voice.

“-near the door...not strong enough...find him…-m sorry.”

“What are you saying?!” you cried in frustration, tearing at your hair. “What’s near the door? How can I save you if I don’t open it?”

The voice didn’t respond, and the wind beat more furiously around you, whipping your hair around your face as you tried to see, tried to hear where the voice had come from. Snow blinded you, and you sank to your knees in the soft drifts, wrapping your arms around yourself in grief. “I’ll find you. I promise. I won’t let anyone else make sacrifices for me.”

***

The following day, Alphys returned with Sans in tow. It seemed they had spoken at length about your involvement, and he had finally agreed that your assistance could prove invaluable, as long as you followed his directions, and never separated yourself from the group. You agreed to his conditions. They were reasonable, and you understood that he was just worried about your safety, despite his sometimes less than tactful ways of putting things.

Thus it was that the three of you set out. Undyne elected to stay at home, having committed to a cooking lesson with Papyrus that day. None of you really expected to make any progress today, at any rate. Although it was true that you were an anomaly, there should have been *some* sign of it that Sans or Alphys could have measured with the

instruments they had developed, despite no visual hint as to its existence.

Alphys seemed cheerful and off guard enough that you soon realized that she didn't really believe the anomaly was dangerous, and that Sans had chosen not to share any information about what you both knew it must be. Letting her wander off ahead, you purposefully hung back, until Sans was forced to slow his pace to match yours.

"You didn't tell her, did you?" You kept your voice low, and you didn't miss the guilty expression that fleetingly passed across the skeleton's face before it slipped back into his neutral mask.

"what would i tell her, kiddo?" He gave a brief, pained laugh, before bitterly continuing. "that the monster who created me and paps is also a time traveler that somehow fell into a place that doesn't exist, then hopped out, which by the way, i suspect you had something to do with, and followed us in our time machine back to this timeline?"

You flushed guiltily. "What happened was...a mistake. He tricked me, but it's true that it's my fault he was freed from the void. The mark you can see on my soul...let him take possession of me. And then he took over the other Gaster's body."

The grim expression on Sans's face told you that he had already guessed as much, but it was clearly still a sensitive subject, for both of you. You had done a lot of thinking since arriving at Undyne's home, and had realized that it truly *wasn't* your fault that you had been tricked and manipulated into serving that...creature's will. Despite that, it was your actions that had made his escape possible, and you felt that the responsibility for both rescuing Gaster and sending the demon back to the void rested on your shoulders.

He stopped walking, and you came to a halt as well, glancing at him

questioningly. “look, ____. you and i have been through a lot together. i know that i acted like an ass while you were staying with us after...after we got back from the other timeline. i’ll admit that it’s hard for me not to see you as a victim, as someone who needs to be protected, not just from monsters like him, but from yourself.”

You frowned, unhappily reminded of the desire you still struggled with to harm yourself, to punish yourself for the pain and suffering you had brought upon yourself and the people you had come to care about. Sans held up one skeletal hand, shaking his head. “that was then. whatever undyne did to help you, it worked. hell, i can tell just by looking at you that you’re not the same person you were when we first got back.”

Alphys came meandering back toward the pair of you, and Sans gave her a reassuring smile, shaking his head slightly. She smiled in return, and continued on ahead, examining the cavern walls thoroughly.

“i guess what i’m trying to get at, is that i want us to be friends again. it doesn’t have to be...physical, the way it was when we first met. i won’t lie and say i’m not attracted to you, but i really do like you, kid. as a friend, if nothing else. i want us to talk again, spend time together again. no expectations on my part, promise.”

You became a little teary eyed at this request, swallowing an unexpected lump in your throat. “Really? I thought that after all that- I mean, I wasn’t exactly blameless either. I kept pushing you away, and I didn’t explain why. I didn’t know...how to explain what I was feeling. I should have tried harder.” When he opened his mouth to argue, you shook your head fiercely, beginning to walk again to give yourself something to do. It seemed easier to talk when you were moving, as if you could leave the pain of the words you spoke behind if you kept walking.

“I do want us to be friends again. I...don’t know if it will ever be more than that. If there’s one thing I’ve learned from all this, it’s that I’m

not ready to give my heart or m-my body to someone else. I'm still healing, and I don't know how long it will take. I'm just trying to move forward one day at a time."

He nodded silently, the two of you meandering in companionable silence for a short while longer. Then you became aware of a subtle ache in your bones, a fuzziness in your head, the further you walked. "Sans…"

"what? what's wrong?" He was at your side in an instant, catching you as you sagged to your knees. You couldn't speak for a moment, too absorbed in the strange sensations flooding your body. Then, abruptly, they were gone.

"I don't know," you murmured, shaking your head to clear it. "I just got...dizzy or something, but now it's gone. Do you think it means…?"

"i don't know," he echoed, his face grim with worry. "maybe we should turn back, this could be more dangerous than i thought."

"No Sans, please." You stood shakily, giving him a reassuring smile. "Look, I'm fine now. We could at least keep going and see if we *find* whatever it is. We don't have to do anything else. You said it wasn't moving, surely he couldn't just...escape, just by me being in the same area."

The skeleton looked doubtful, but shrugged, inclining his head. "your call, kid. just remember we don't know what it looks like, or what it does. so if you *do* see something out of the ordinary, don't touch it or go near it, 'kay?"

"Right, okay." You agreed without hesitation. You were no more eager than him to deal with the potential consequences of setting the

creature from the void loose again, but you desperately wanted to make some kind of progress. Every day that you delayed was another day that Gaster spent being tormented by the beast that had possessed him. And you knew, intimately, just how terrible an experience that could be.

The two of you caught up to Alphys, and you all slowly explored the caverns. You had a hard time not being distracted by the softly luminescent echo flowers, or glittering pink and blue crystals embedded in the rock. Waterfall was truly a beautiful place, though you couldn't shake the sense of melancholy that pervaded you. Despite its beauty, it felt like a place where dreams lingered and faded, unfulfilled and forgotten. You found the thought depressing, and tried to focus on the task at hand instead.

More and more, you struggled with an increasing sense of deja vu. You had walked this path, had seen this all before so many times. Suddenly, you realized what you were looking for. "Sans, Alphys." They stopped and turned expectantly, giving you their full attention. "It's a door. The thing we're looking for, it's a gray...door. Without a handle."

"D-do you s-see it now?" Alphys asked, wide-eyed, glancing around your small group. Sans remained silent, watching you thoughtfully.

"...No," you admitted, wondering how to explain your certainty. It was as if every nightmare, every dream had been leading up to this point, and now that you were here, nothing could shake your belief that this was what you had been dreaming about.

"I've been having dreams," you began hesitantly, noticing the distant look in Sans' eyes as you spoke. "Ever since I fell down here, for ages, I've had these dreams of a gray door. Walking this exact same path. You two weren't with me, but I know this is what I was dreaming about. I don't know how to explain it, it's just...it's true, please believe me." The last was said a bit desperately. You felt almost crazy trying

to explain this, but both monsters regarded you seriously, not with contempt or derision.

“we believe ya, kid.” Sans said firmly, Alphys nodding her agreement just behind his shoulder. “any idea of what might be behind the door?”

You hesitated. How could you answer him in front of Alphys? Finally, you simply said “yes,” prompting a slow nod from the skeleton. When Alphys seemed about to press for further information, Sans laid a hand on her arm, shaking his head. “i’ll explain later, alph,” he said, looking at you. She glanced between the two of you skeptically, but accepted his answer.

He looked unhappily between the two of you. “i gotta be honest, i’m not sure whether to keep going or head back. we pretty much know for a fact that this is most likely dangerous. but ‘tibia’ honest, i don’t think that assembling the royal guard or even alerting asgore would do any good. if what i think is behind that ‘door’ we haven’t found yet, we probably don’t stand a chance with or without ‘em.”

It was true, and disheartening. Alphys seemed startled, however, and began pressing for more information from Sans. While the two of them argued, you looked wearily around the cavern you had entered. Nothing was different or special about this area, nothing at all. Except...you couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched, or the sense of deja vu that hung over you like a shroud, smothering you.

Heaving a sigh, you wandered a little ways away from the two monsters, making sure that you remained within sight as you meandered closer to the cavern walls. This was where a door would be, right? But nothing was here. It was like your dream- and not like it at all. The stone was just stone. You couldn’t stop focusing on where the door wasn’t; where it *should* be. Tentatively you reached out, resting your palm on the cool rock. Nothing. You felt further along the empty space, running your fingertips over the rough surface as if

simply by touching, it would give you the answer.

Are you really so close, Gaster? you thought, your heart aching. *Have I failed you already?* You didn't know what to do, and the raised voices of your companions made it difficult to focus. Disappointed, you began to withdraw your hand, when the stone beneath it began glowing a faint but unmistakable white.

Another wave of dizziness pulled you under, and you fell to your knees, bracing your arm against the rock as the light grew brighter. Distantly, your heard voices shouting in alarm, so far away. Too far away to make any difference, now. **[What an interesting turn of events,]** a deep voice mused, like dark velvet in your mind.

"N-no. Not you-" you gasped, attempting to pull away just as a large, clawed white hand reached through the door, gripping onto your forearm and dragging you to your feet. Desperately, you tried to pull away, but the hand became an arm, and then a shoulder, as the creature used you as his unwilling anchor to reenter the world of the living. He wore an immaculate black suit over a deep red turtleneck sweater; the color of fresh blood. His formal shoes were polished to a high gleam, and he stepped forward with lithe grace, exiting the glowing stone wall behind him with no apparent effort.

Your arm was released, and you stumbled backward, retreating until you reached the dubious safety of your companions, who were staring in shock at the man before you.

[Ah, it truly has been too long, pet.] Those familiar violet eyes flicked over your body, taking in the newly healed scars, the lack of bruises or welts gracing your skin. You looked healthy and healed, stronger than he had ever seen you before. Time enough to remedy that later. For now, he simply smiled, clasping his hands behind his back.

[And who is this assisting you, little human? My disappointing replacement, and my even more disappointing creation. At least Dr. Alphys may prove to be of some value, later.] He smiled coldly, raising one hand, which summoned an array of blasters behind him, their maws welling with purple light. **[Sans is of no further use to me.]**

The skeleton chuckled wryly as you shivered, frozen in place while his attention turned to the skeleton at your back, who began to speak.

“let’s be honest, you *never* had any use for me, did you? even now i’m just a pawn...someone you would use to hurt her with. i bet you haven’t even figured out her soul type, have you? it’s still just gray and damaged to you; something easy to manipulate. all you see is the potential to bend her to your will, to make her into something warped and distorted like you are.”

The scientist scoffed dismissively, striding forward a few steps before a malevolent smile bloomed, and he halted. **[Not at all, Sans. You’re deluding yourself if you think that your death will mean anything to her. I’m only killing you because you’re *in my way* . As for the other, nobody knows her soul more...intimately than I do.]**

His jaws parted slightly, a thick purple tendril running over his fangs as he raised one hand, jerking his clawed fingers shut in a tight fist. A short, pained cry burst from your lips, and you stumbled forward, dragged toward the towering scientist, who laughed coldly. **[Her strings are still mine, and she still sings for me. Come here, my dear.]**

The dark leash wrapped around your soul tugged you unwillingly toward him. “N-no. Please-” you begged, averting your face as he leaned down, tucking you against his side and dragging the length of his hot, slick tongue against your cheek. **[Hush. You cannot deceive me. You crave my touch, as you desire the pain I inflict on your**

troubled, imperfect soul. Only surrender to me, fear me, love me, and all this suffering will pass.]

"I'll never love you," you whispered in a choked voice, unable to look away from the violet gaze that captured yours and refused to let it go. The low intensity in his voice made you sway in his grasp, and he chuckled, holding you firmly against him. **[Never is a long time. And we have an eternity, my darling.]**

"heh. you're even more delusional than i thought, if you think i'm just gonna die and let you take her again, pal."

A pair of blasters, smaller than the five that surrounded both them and Sans, appeared at his sides. The magic spilling from their open jaws was pale blue, matching the skeleton's glowing cyan eye. His other socket was dark, his ever-present grin fierce and determined.

Gaster paused, a slight frown creasing his brow. **[Truly, despite all the times she has spurned you, you're willing to die for this human girl? Interesting. And pathetic, even for you.]** He raised one hand, the enormous canine skulls crowding nearer as the violet light grew brighter against their fangs, preparing to attack.

Sans shrugged, his smile never wavering as he responded. "can't make someone love you. doesn't mean she deserves to go through hell. and it doesn't mean i don't look out for my friends."

"Sans…" tears welled in your eyes. Gaster's hateful words didn't seem to have affected him, but they struck you like a fist to the gut. After all that, he was ready to die for you? "What about Papyrus? He needs you. We all do. I...I need you to. Please, just go. I can't watch somebody else get hurt by him. Take Alphys and go."

“heh, don’t go crying over something that hasn’t even happened yet,” he said with a reassuring wink. “this bastard may be strong, but it doesn’t mean i can’t take him on.”

[Oh, please. The notion that *you* would present a challenge to *me,* your creator, is laughable.] The beast sneered down at Sans, his hand on your arm gripping tightly enough to bruise as he pressed you harder against him.

Sans just smiled, that familiar, world-weary smile, and shrugged. “i guess we won’t know until we try. i’m ready when you are.”

Chapter End Notes

AA: poor UF G is probably gonna be so damn exhausted
DSL: He's like "oh thank god now he has other people to torture"
DSL: G is just like *silent scowl*
DSL: "i didn't want him either"
DSL: [shut up husband, u love me]
AA: I mean at least G manages to shrug off a lot of Voidsters bullshit. But he finds him attractive where as UF G proooobably doesnt xD
DSL: Voidster: [-gasp- YOU FIND ME ATTRACTIVE, HUSBAND???]
AA: They probably just punch each other then start making out so hardcore.
AA: Oh my god he just needs to hear G fawn over him doesn't he
DSL: Yes.
DSL: He is a thirsty little sponge for attention
DSL: That's why he fuckin monologues

I Choose Violence (Part 2) - Undertale

Chapter Summary

[Fight]

Chapter Notes

An amazing comic of last chapter!
A magnificent portrait of Voidster!
Voidster gets drunk and sings DSL's bad Bohemian Rhapsody parody lyrics (Audio)

Lyrics are "Eyes on Fire" by Blue Foundation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I'll seek you out,
Flay you alive
One more word and you won't survive
And I'm not scared of your stolen power
See right through you any hour

I won't soothe your pain
I won't ease your strain
You'll be waiting in vain
I got nothing for you to gain

I'm taking it slow
Feeding my flame
Shuffling the cards of your game

And just in time
In the right place
Suddenly I will play my ace

I won't soothe your pain
I won't ease your strain
You'll be waiting in vain
I got nothing for you to gain

Eyes on fire
Your spine is ablaze
Felling any foe with my gaze

And just in time
In the right place
Steadily emerging with grace

Felling any foe with my gaze
Steadily emerging with grace
Felling any foe with my gaze
Steadily emerging with grace

Gaster circled around the other two monsters, keeping you pinned to his side and slightly in front of him as he moved. You were unsure if he would truly use you as a shield against attacks, or was only counting on the bluff to work against Sans. Either way, you all knew what would happen. Sans wouldn't place you at risk just to gain an advantage in a battle. Even though you deserved it. Even though this was your fault. Grief constricted your heart, and you shuddered in his grasp.

A low, intimate chuckle rumbled through the broad chest of the monster that held you. **[You've guilt enough to burn for days, were your penitence a flame,]** the deep voice murmured in your ear, humiliating and private. **[How your soul aches with it! I look forward to unburdening you after disposing of this flawed and arrogant clone. Do you remember, pet? Those games we used to play…]**

"hey creep, eyes on me," Sans snarled, one of his blasters darting forward to attack from behind. Gaster smiled; a slight upturn of the lips that dripped with amused condescension. His deep voice ground against your soul like a velvet-coated whip.

[You are not nearly as pleasing to look at, for all that you were created with my genetic material, Sans. And perhaps it is you who should be focused on the battle.]

As he spoke, two of the enormous skulls let loose beams of deep

purple light, crisscrossing from either side of the skeleton, who swore and teleported to avoid the attack. Alphys was unceremoniously dragged with him, and then you could no longer see her. You hoped she was safe, wherever Sans had hidden her.

One of the smaller canid skulls that obeyed Sans counterattacked; blue magic spilling from between its jaws to fire directly at one of the larger blasters. The attack worked surprisingly well; the larger skull cracking, then crumbling to dust with an ear-splitting shriek and vanishing. The other blasters snarled then, all four of them turning to face the one that had defeated their ally.

The blue blaster seemed to glance almost apologetically at its master, before facing the quadrupled attack bravely as it disappeared in a brilliant flash of violet light, its crumbling form shown in sharp relief as it turned to dust. You felt a pang of grief at the loss of the creature; a pawn that wouldn't be grieved or remembered in the devastating aftermath of these events. It had faced the end with a courage that you hoped you could imitate when the time came.

Gaster smirked, quirking an eyebrow as he faced Sans. **[Small, brave, and foolish. Much like yourself. Clever, but you'll never defeat me with weak imitations of my own creations.]**

"i know." The skeleton smiled grimly, before adding "that's why i asked for help."

[Help?] Gaster effortlessly dodged a dozen shattered bone spears, deadly and sharp, pulling you effortlessly with him mere moments before you would have been impaled. **[Nobody could possibly arrive in time to assist you, foolish boy.]**

Sans said nothing, focused on dodging a sudden barrage of magic from the four remaining blasters, while his own did its best to assist him by

interrupting the beams of energy with cyan magic. When the attack ended, he was breathing hard, still smiling despite the exhaustion and fury on his face. “they might be too late for me, but they can still stop you from taking her.”

The smug expression on Gaster’s face dropped slightly, and Sans chuckled, shakily raising on hand to point at the man. “see, even if i die, it was worth seeing that small moment of doubt on your face. you’re *not* all-powerful, and ___, as long as you remember that, he’ll never completely own you.” His gaze turned to meet yours, regret etched in his face. “even if they don’t get here in time, never forget that. promise me.”

“I prom-” you choked, your voice suddenly cut off by a large, knuckled hand around your throat. **[Now, pet…]** Gaster’s deep purple eyes glittered queerly, his grasp tightening as you struggled, **[Don’t make promises you can’t keep.]** He raised his head with a growl, eyes focusing back on his opponent. **[Besides, promises made to the dead are a futile and maudlin thing.]**

He released your throat, though his other arm still kept you held against his large, sinewy frame. He was muscled like a well-practiced predator; gracefully stalking as he surveyed the battleground. When another barrage of splintered femurs came hurtling toward him, he dodged it with ease, the expression on his face growing bored.

[It’s time this dance was ended. Don’t you agree, Sans? I’m sure your friends will grieve your death; especially that “brother” of yours. At least…they will until the barrier breaks. The bitter flavor of loss makes the taste of freedom even sweeter.]

An array of skeletal hands appeared on the battleground, dozens of spectral appendages that mimicked his own large, clawed hands. The single blaster remaining to Sans seemed to panic, haphazardly shooting rays of blue magic that disintegrated many, but not all of the new attackers. Sans himself was hard-pressed to dodge the slashing

attacks of the hands, nearly overwhelmed by the sheer number of them. For every one that he turned to dust, two more appeared from the sparkling cloud to replace it.

Watching, you felt the heavy stone of dread within the pit of your belly, your mouth dry as Sans's attacks became weaker and weaker. Tears stood unheeded in your eyes, every breath sudden, dragged inward with urgency as you forgot to breathe. Gaster's grip on you loosened, but there was nowhere for you to run. The narrow corridor was filled with shattered rock, the dust of his spectral hands, and beams of blue magic. You glanced up at his face and saw his lips twitch upward in a smirk. He knew that you were trapped with him. It just amused him to grant you that brief flicker of hope, before watching it sputter and die.

His body was tense and alert, glancing over with unnerving focus as Sans cried out, a summoned hand grasping him hard around the throat. The expression on Gaster's face was almost lover-like; passionate and intense as he watched the skeleton monster struggle against the vice-like grip that held him. **[No…]** the beast muttered suddenly, a soft sigh leaving his lips as he drank in the sight of his clone's final moments. **[This should be done…more…intimately.]**

He thrust you away from him, counting on the force of your collision with the cavern wall to stun you; which it did. You hit the rock hard, striking your forehead against a hard outcropping of stone. Dazed, you lay on the ground, watching helplessly as he stalked forward through the battlefield chaos with the confidence of a general who knows the battle has been won.

Perhaps in the great war between monsters and humans, this had been what his enemies had seen in the extremity of death- the towering figure approaching them with lithe grace, tenderly gazing at their wounds with an expression that felt like a violent, and violating, caress. Perhaps they knew the despair that you felt, at the approach of Death himself, or perhaps they felt relief that their suffering was ended. One thing was certain; they must have all had fear in common. For his stature was great; and his violence and depravity without

question.

Even Sans fell still at his approach, the choking hand releasing him to collapse on his knees in front of his creator. Gasping, he remained kneeling, though he shook from the strain of his defeat. It hurt to watch him. A flush of blue suffused his features, his smile fallen into a grimace of pain. You watched, helpless, as Gaster knelt before him, still towering over the other monster despite their similar postures.

[Any last words?] Gaster mused, reaching out to rest the knuckles of one hand against the skeleton's cheek. It was a terrible parody of affection, and you shuddered to see it. "S-stop," you muttered hoarsely, darkness blurring the edges of your vision as the wound on your skull throbbed. Neither of the monsters heard you. Your voice was far too strained, barely a whisper. Sighing in pain, you shifted your body, unable to hear what Sans was saying in response.

[Disappointingly predictable,] you heard clearly enough. **[But then, I knew you were a mistake from the moment I succeeded in creating you. It will be my great pleasure, now, to rectify that error myself.]**

That was when a shining, translucent blue spear was thrust into the ground before him, shattering the solid rock and crackling with magical energy. The attack was so loud and sudden, it startled him into withdrawing his hand, eyes narrowing as he hissed in anger, searching for the source of this new threat. When he saw who had dared to attack him, a feral snarl tore through his throat, and he stood, grasping Sans's throat in one hand and dragging him upward, before flinging him violently to the ground.

"GASTER!" You almost didn't recognize Undyne's voice, it was so distorted with rage and contempt. "GET AWAY FROM HIM!"

You could have wept with relief when she appeared wearing her full body armor, Alphys at her side as they raced toward Sans. Despite the heavy plate, she was quick on her feet, the weight of the armor seeming as nothing to the seasoned warrior. Seeing her in her war attire, the crimson plume of her hair trailing behind her, you wondered if she truly stood a chance against Gaster, who wore only his suit, but was deadly nonetheless. The subtle menace of the man radiated outward; a warning and a threat to everyone around him.

He was clearly furious at being interrupted, debating whether to stay or retreat. You saw him glance down at Sans's still form, and realized that he must still be alive, otherwise Gaster wouldn't be hesitating. He wanted to finish the kill. You saw him clench and relax his knuckled hands, staring down at his clone, before coming to a decision.

Turning abruptly, he glanced your way, teleporting to your side in an instant. You saw Undyne and Alphys pull up sharply, torn between helping Sans and pursuing Gaster. They couldn't see you, you realized with despair. The tight corridor was too cluttered and dimly lit. You were hidden behind the debris and clouds of dust, barely illuminated by the glowing crystals embedded in the rock. You tried, weakly, to call out to them, but your voice carried no further than before. Your windpipe was bruised, and exhaustion and fear battered you.

Unseen, Gaster scooped you into his arms, violet eyes flickering over your fresh wounds. The crimson of your blood paired well with his turtleneck, and the coppery scent was sweet in his parted jaws. Shifting your fragile body against his own, he sneered, glancing back once more at the unconscious clone and his friends. That one was fading fast, and would soon succumb to his injuries. Once fallen, only a short span of time remained before the final death. In a way, this was more satisfactory, he decided.

A quick death had been far too merciful for a monster who had tried to break his hold over you, and a waste of an opportunity to further punish Sans for making of his life nothing more than a meaningless existence. Using his skills to appoint himself the "judge" of monster society...how pathetic. It had been nothing more than an excuse to

exercise his will as a form of selfish, personal catharsis, taking out the frustration of too many aborted timelines on anyone he deemed unworthy.

Too weak to handle the strain of time distortion, too lazy to do anything to prevent that distortion...a disappointment and a failure in every sense. How fitting that death should come for him slowly, approaching with the same careless passivity that he displayed in every day of his worthless life.

Baring his teeth in silent satisfaction, Gaster tucked you to his chest, your limp form resting against him without resistance, for once. The last thing he heard before dragging you through the void with him, was the warrior's enraged cry when she finally saw you in his arms.

Her rage now was nothing to what it would be when his long-awaited plans were finally executed.

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you all so much for your kind words, fan art, voice acting, comments, EVERYTHING. Wow, you guys are amazing. Sorry this chapter was short, hopefully the next one makes up for it.

HP is Low - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

I'm going to take my time
I have all the time in the world
To make you mine
It is written in the stars above
The gods decree
You'll be right here by my side
Right next to me
You can run, but you cannot hide

Chapter Notes

Those wishing to avoid non-con/dub-con elements can click "more notes" to skip directly to the end for a summary of those parts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Did you know that I observed your dreams with him, pet? Does such dull, gentle lovemaking truly interest you? It does not call to your soul, as does the pleasure I can offer you.]

You gritted your teeth, turning your head away from the hot breath that beat against your cheek like a scorching desert breeze. A low chuckle met your resistance, his tongue lapping at the salt on your cheek as he shifted above you.

You had fallen mercifully unconscious for some time, waking up only briefly between the time he had taken you and now, when your mind had unwillingly shaken the welcome haze of the dreams you had escaped to.

His admission that he had been watching you and Gaster together was disturbing, though you were somewhat distracted at the moment.

Upon waking in the dusty old laboratory, he had appeared almost immediately, caressing your hair as you whimpered and hid your face in the pillow beneath your head. It was a fine parody of tenderness, his deep voice murmuring soothingly as his caresses grew bolder, trailing from your hair to your throat, then to your breast. You still wore the jeans and tank top that Undyne had given you, but it hadn't deterred him in the slightest.

He had laughed too, when you attempted to push his hands away, shuddering under his touch. Even on the bed, he towered over you, his eight feet of height balanced well by the broadness of his shoulders and his well-muscled form. Effortlessly, he grasped your shoulder and pushed you onto your back, forcing your legs apart with one well-practiced knee, and settling between them. The broad heat pressed against you was unbearable, sweat slicking your skin as he explored your unwilling body.

Now, he held one arm braced on the bed, beneath your spine, while the other trailed lightly over your skin, imitating what Gaster had done in your dreams, the gentle lovemaking that he had mocked so easily. It was nothing to him, to recreate the soft touches, to make of those touches a brutal reminder of his strength and cruelty. There was nothing gentle about him. Nothing. And yet your body remembered, betraying you to the demon that lay grinning above you, his hand down the front of your unfastened jeans as he dipped his claws into your slick folds.

[Mmm, so wet and willing, pet…] he murmured against your throat, parting his jaws to lightly fasten on the skin and leave a love-bite. "Don't," you whispered, the gentle suckling of his mouth sending unwanted heat to the pit of your belly. He nudged his face against you more forcefully, releasing his mouth to seek out new flesh, nipping and licking at your throat.

[Don't? But you're enjoying it so, darling.] His fingers thrust harder against your aching sex, sliding into you, testing the resistance of your walls even as you felt his growing erection against your thigh. You whimpered, pushing futilely against his chest. You hated yourself

for letting slip that one word, that plea. Begging was useless, and only further aroused him. And yet it was disturbingly surreal, feeling that familiar touch with the flame of cruelty behind it. Despite his skill, he couldn't hide the pleasure your pain and fear brought him. Your body might be fooled, but your mind and soul were not.

Snarling, you brought your knee up, intending to bring your leg past his own and piston your foot into his groin. He anticipated your movements, however, catching your ankle easily and frowning down at you as you struggled against him. "DON'T!" you screamed, renewing your struggles with sudden panic and thrashing in his arms. He growled, shifting to remove his arm from beneath you and cover your mouth with his hand. Your muffled screams vibrated against his palm, and he eyed you with undisguised interest.

[So, the little cat grew claws. I wondered if such a thing were possible, and it seems it was. A pity that you can only struggle helplessly in my arms, is it not?] The last was bit off with a snarl, as he rolled his hips against your heat, pressing his clothed arousal against the crotch of your jeans. You heaved and shuddered beneath his hand, clinging to his arm and pushing against it with all your strength. He was right, you were no match for him physically. All you were doing was increasing his excitement, and yet you couldn't stop yourself, couldn't force yourself to lay helpless and still under his touch.

He settled back over you, resuming his slow attentions with malice as he watched your expression, drinking in your resentment like bitter wine. Purposefully, he licked the tears from your cheeks, resuming his slow suckling of the skin on your throat. He was no longer smiling, playing out his game with deadly purpose as he expertly aroused you, his fingertips toying with your clit until you were panting and moaning despite yourself, thrusting your hips up into his hand. Then, the hint of a cool smile touched his lips, his violet eyes amused and hungry.

[Do not fret, my dear. I know what you desire. What you…need.] His voice was strained and breathy, the girth of his cock pressed hard

against your leg. Lowering his hand, he fiddled briefly with the zipper of his pants, undoing them easily and freeing his length to rest naked against your clothed thigh. **[Mmm, so soft,]** he panted, thrusting his hips slowly against you as his other hand continued to move beneath your jeans.

The hand that had undone his pants moved up toward yours, tugging them down your hips hurriedly. You writhed and struggled, but he removed the hand that had been playing with you, using it to assist the first in unclothing your lower half completely. The fabric was quickly discarded, his hands moving then to remove your top. You pushed at his face and fingers, irrationally determined to prevent him from exposing your breasts. Failing, your tank top soon followed your jeans and panties at the side of the bed.

When he dragged his tongue against your nipples, you choked on a moan, his hand reaching up to trap your wrists between the two of you. His fingertips dug into the tendons until you cried out in agony, and he slightly loosened his hold. He ground his cock against you, the blunt head of his phallus catching against your entrance, then slipping free as he repetitively pushed and nudged his hips against you. Your body tensed and quivered, expecting penetration, then relaxing.

Deep purple drops of translucent precum beaded and dripped from his throbbing length as he edged himself, smearing against your folds and further lubricating you for his eventual use. Still he abstained, denying the pleasure of penetration until you had exhausted yourself in your struggles, lying limp and docile beneath him.

[There now,] he murmured almost gently, if not for the edge of violence still in his voice. **[Sing for me a sonnet of pleasure, little dove, and I will not force you to cry out in pain. This time.]**

You were too tired to resist as he positioned himself between your legs. He tucked an arm beneath your lower back, forcing your spine into an uncomfortable arch to better angle you for his pleasure. You

bit your lip and turned your head to the side, letting your hair fall to cover your face. He was too far gone to care, shoving his length against you, into you, with a short, sharp thrust.

You closed your eyes, biting back a whimper of discomfort from the size of him. The arousal he had seized from your body only went so far. It was a tight fit, and it was not in him to be gentle, despite how he pretended at it. Pulling back, he rocked his hips forward again, burying another few inches in your resistant walls. You couldn't stop the sharp, keening whine that was pulled from your throat, his fingers fumbling at your lips to insert themselves and silence you. Then the only sounds you could make were muffled groans and whimpers, his large digits pressing forcefully against your tongue as his blown pupils focused on the enticing sight of his manhood entering your body.

A thin trail of drool dripped from your mouth, soaking into the sheets below you. He was almost fully hilted, his claws on your hip digging in painfully as he tightened his grip on your waist. Heaving with pleasure, he pulled back only just, and rammed into you, stuffing himself against your cervix with a low groan of desire.

[So tight, your delicate heat. Humans are so…fascinating.] Pausing, he took time to push harder against you, but found he had taken every inch you had to offer, and you could yield no further. **[The fit is enticing, yet I find myself wondering what would happen if I tore further into your soft, mortal flesh…]** he mused out loud, gazing down at your shuddering form beneath him. When you whimpered, his lips tugged upward in a lazy smirk. **[Do not fear, pet. It shall remain a theory for now. I would likely get no more use of you if I were to test my…]** he pulled back, hilting again with a small sigh, **[…hypothesis.]**

He began working in earnest, his hips tucking against yours urgently as he thrust, absorbing the small sounds of pain and pleasure you made as an offering upon the altar of torment. His own sounds were low and feral, his movements ungentle and demanding. The arm at your hips was tight enough to bruise, pulling you down slightly into each thrust, while the fingers in your mouth remained, curled against

your palate and gagging you into silence.

There was an intensity, a focus to his conquering of you, that had not been present before. You could not remember being so thoroughly assaulted since your time spent unwilling in the void. You wondered briefly what had changed, but realized in short order that it did not matter. He would have you, again and again, in whatever manner he chose. Sans was dead...or terribly wounded. Gaster had not visited your dreams in some time, and did not seem to be present now, as this imposter had his use of you. There was Undyne and Alphys, but they didn't know where you were, and even Undyne in her splendid armor seemed like a poor match for this eight-foot monstrosity that even now was licking the valley between your breasts, taunting you with sharp teeth against your nipple.

"he's not not all-powerful, and ___, as long as you remember that, he'll never completely own you."

[Promises made to the dead are a futile and maudlin thing.]

Tears left your eyes, staining the pillowcase. *I won't give up. I refuse. I'll stay determined, Sans...Gaster. This creature has weaknesses, the same as anyone. I'll learn them, and as long as I'm alive, I'll try to find a way to win.*

The silent promise bolstered you, despite the tender ache that spread from the juncture of your thighs to the rest of your body. He withdrew his fingers from your mouth, slick with saliva, and tangled his hand in your hair, pulling your head back to face him. Grunting slightly, he sought your parted lips, sliding his tongue between them and thrusting it against the back of your throat as he pressed you to the bed. The scalding tendril nudged at your throat in the same way that his manhood nudged at your cervix, and you could no longer focus on anything but the sensation of being brutally fucked in tandem.

He felt your body tensing beneath his own, and paused, stilling his movements with effort. Withdrawing his tongue, he panted into your mouth, your shared breath commingling in the stillness of the room. You could hear your heart beating, an anthem of betrayal and rebellion. You hated that after all this time, he could still make your body respond like a skillfully played instrument.

With a groan, he withdrew from you, leaving you raw and empty. **[On your knees,]** he muttered hoarsely, using the arm around your waist to flip you onto your stomach. You gasped and wheezed as he nearly crushed you beneath his massive body, before sitting up, drawing your hips with him. His arm hooked under your stomach, forcing your spine into a deep arch as he pressed the other hand between your shoulder blades, pushing you down against the mattress. With a warning caress, he then removed the hand on your upper back, positioning himself behind you.

Despite the abuse you had already withstood, fresh pain washed through you as his cock stretched and pushed through your walls. With a satisfied sigh, he rolled his hips forward and hilted, returning his hand to your upper back, and using the arm around your stomach to pull you back against his pelvis. He moved urgently within you, building himself back to the brink quickly. With long, sure strokes, he drew upon your aching sex, meeting your resistance with building need and hunger.

Snarling, he dropped to all fours, hovering over you as he began to work in shorter, sloppy thrusts, his pacing erratic. While he groaned above you, you clenched at the sheets, your face forced down into the bed with every buck of his hips. His forearms fell heavily on either side of you, and he bent his mouth to your shoulder, biting down with enough force to break the skin. When you cried out, he thrust harder, shoving you against the mattress with cruel efficiency, while his velvety tongue lapped at the blood he had drawn.

It wasn’t long until you felt him stiffen above you, his hips tucking hard against yours. He released a long, drawn out moan as his seed flooded your body, spilling and dripping down your thighs onto the

sheets. He rode out his climax with hard, rhythmic nudges that pressed into the pit of your stomach. Gasping slightly, he sagged, his strong forearms taking most of his weight as he pressed down against you. **[Pet…]** he said drowsily, and it sounded almost like a salute, like a tribute. Your anger for him grew as you lay pinned helplessly beneath his heaving body, his essence seeping from your folds.

He remained where he was for some time before finally stirring, withdrawing from your ravaged form with a faint sucking sound that disgusted you. You were bruised and battered, but not beaten yet, you thought to yourself, curling onto your side as he stood. You felt him glance curiously down at you, sensing your withdrawal, but not interested enough to pursue it right now.

[The shower is down the hallway to your right,] he said calmly, tugging his trousers back into place and fastening them. **[Avail yourself of it, and return to the sleeping area when you have finished. Water is available at all times, obviously. The healing monster food is dependent on your obedience. The other areas are locked, do not bother trying to escape. There is nowhere to run.]**

With that, he left you, the door swinging shut behind him. You had no doubt it had locked as well. You glanced around, and saw nothing but hospital beds, an empty dog food dish, and some potted plants. A small clock was mounted on the wall, but its hands had stopped moving a long time ago, and a thick layer of dust obscured much of the glass. You wanted nothing more than to sleep, although the thought of a shower wasn't entirely displeasing. You didn't really have much of a choice, regardless of what you wanted. Without food you would grow too weak to think clearly, to fight back when the time came. For now you had to…obey. The word caught in your throat like oily tar, and you swallowed hard.

It wouldn't be easy. Ahead lay what was perhaps the greatest challenge you had faced yet, and all of your allies were gone. You could rely only on yourself, on what Alphys and Undyne had taught you, on Sans's sacrifice and the lingering memory of sweeter moments

in your dreams with Gaster, who you hoped still lived.

Hope...what a fragile, bitter thing. But it was all you had left. The one thing he couldn't take from you, couldn't sully or ruin. He could hurt you, he could rape you, but he couldn't fully extinguish your hope. You wouldn't let him.

Chapter End Notes

Voidster rapes reader. Reveals that he had been watching her dreams with Gaster. Reader fights back, Voidster mocks her. Reader decides not to give up, to keep clinging to hope for the sake of Sans and Gaster and her friends. Afterward, Voidster tells her that all exits from this room are locked, except for the shower down the hallway. If she is obedient she'll receive healing monster food for her injuries.

Your HoPe is low, but it isn't gone yet! Don't give up, reader; everyone is counting on you!

Amalgamate - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Time spent in the True Lab.

Chapter Notes

Welcome to all the new readers, and thank you everyone who has followed the story thus far. Taking up writing has made my tendinitis tend to flare up once a month or so, depending on how hard I push it. I'm trying to take it easy and write slower, but I also want to assure you that I wont be stopping or abandoning this story just because of some silly medical condition, lol. I love you all, and please don't hesitate to send asks or messages on my tumblr at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com. I also love fan art/voice acting/comments/etc. :) Stop by and say hi, let me know what you think of the story so far!

The sharp edge of need he had built while trapped had finally been blunted. Certainly, subjecting his pathetic doppleganger to his more imaginative torments had been amusing, but it hadn't eased the building hunger for your wet heat, for the mewling, maddening *sounds* you made beneath him. He could only assume that the DT he had injected was partially to blame, for while he had retained a prodigious appetite whilst in the void, it was nothing compared to the molten desire that coursed through his veins now.

It was not an entirely unpleasant feeling, but could be distracting, at times. No matter. You were neatly trapped in his old home- the laboratory that the sniveling yellow lizard had taken as her own after replacing him as the royal scientist. The upstairs had been refurbished in a bright and gaudy manner, but he had rarely made use of that living area, anyway. The basement had remained relatively untouched, but had required repairs to fix the lighting, and summoned hands to remove the worst of the dust. Even his old DT extractor was here, unused and rusty.

The warped, disgusting amalgamates had been new, but easy enough to dispose of, though one or two still eluded him. What a pathetic replacement Dr. Alphys had ended up being; incapable of even using determination properly. The melted, slow-speaking monsters had intrigued him at first, but had quickly become nuisances, screaming nonsense about their families or how they had fallen. It had been a mercy to euthanize such tormented creatures. The rest had fled in terror, vanishing when he drew near. He would find them eventually.

For now, he focused on the task at hand. Asgore had been a useless shell of a man after losing his children, but the monarch could still rally his people against Voidster if he perceived him as a threat. And the king would perceive him as such, once the captain of the royal guard reported the death of Sans to him. Troublesome. Even before Voidster's own untimely demise, Asgore had been an annoyance to him, constantly interrupting his work and criticizing his methods. Just because the man no longer had a household to maintain, didn't mean that that he had the right to interfere with things he couldn't understand. At least *Voidster* had been proactively working toward a solution to the barrier. He had humored the king by providing the soul containment units for the human souls he had planned on acquiring, but collecting the souls of so many was a long and fruitless task. He had not even found one before Voidster had been pushed into his own creation by Sans.

Of course, a single human soul was immensely powerful. With one, the king could have crossed the barrier himself, though he was too much of a coward to do so. Voidster might have offered the soul of the child the King had raised as his own, if he hadn't known it would be a waste to do so. The man was much too foolishly sentimental to use the soul of his own child. He was easier to deal with, believing (as did others) that the soul had shattered along with the soul of his son.

The latter was truly gone, turned to dust as was the monster who housed it. The former... well, such a *determined* soul was not so easy to destroy. And so the essence of the royal child, Chara, had gone into one of his personal projects, one that required such power that only a soul would have been sufficient. A timeline alternator, built to travel to such a time as where the barrier had not yet been built, or had been

destroyed. The knowledge he would have gained from such an endeavor would have been invaluable, and while the resulting explosion hadn't been Sans's fault, his clone had pushed him into the blast, ensuring the destruction of that path of freedom.

For he had later repaired the machine in order to rescue *you,* had he not? If Sans had been able to do it, Voidster would only have achieved it more quickly. By now, monsterkind would have been freed, if not for the useless skeleton that had held the key for so long, but was too apathetic to make use of it. Apparently the freedom of his people had not been enough...motivation for such an indifferent creature. No, only the thought of you taken from him, possessed by another, had been adequate to push Sans to action. It made your rejection of him all the more amusing after the fact. What he had not been willing to risk for his brother and friends, he had undertaken for you, and you had turned your face from him, too lost in the pleasure of stolen dreams.

Of course, his clone had very nearly forced your hand, even he knew that. While he didn't care for such sentimental thoughts, it had been obvious how damaged you were, how much *pain* you were in. A firm or loving hand, perhaps both, could have corrected your course and prevented the spiral of self-loathing you had fallen into. Once again, Sans had failed in his task, not from apathy this time, but from lack of understanding. He might have admired your destruction if it had occurred with purpose, but it had been a result simply of ignorance, which he loathed.

Silently, Voidster entered the throne room, expecting to see the monarch tending the pointless golden flowers from his dead child's homeland. Instead he found silence, an emptiness that spoke volumes to him. How was such a thing possible? Frowning, he glanced quickly around, but found no sign of movement or life. Interesting.

He stalked stealthily forward, stopping to stand before the throne. A trace of silvery dust remained, spilled carelessly from the seat to nurture the flowers below. How fitting, given that the child these flowers had been a tribute to, had been the one to feed them with

their adopted father's dust. For the king was dead, of that there was no question. It was a pity that he had not been able to perform the execution himself, but how interesting that the human child had not only returned to life, but had found and reclaimed their soul from the timeline alternator.

It was only with a soul that they could have defeated the king so easily, for his parted jaws caught no scent of human blood in the room, and surely Asgore would have fought them, however it grieved him to do so. He was a sentimental fool, but devoted to his people and his cause. He wouldn't have let the cold violence of his former child put an end to the dreams of so many. No, there had been a battle, but it had been laughingly brief.

And yet, the child had not taken control of the timeline. No, that power belonged to another. His level of violence made him perceptive to such things, as did the determination within him. The child, too, would be able to sense the presence of this other, this creature with higher determination than either of them. Perhaps even now, Chara was killing it for him, removing the last obstacles before they approached him directly.

He had no real doubt of his strength where that one was concerned, but he suspected that they knew far less about him than they thought, if they *were* planning on approaching him. A wild card to be observed, but not a terribly important one. As long as his plans remained uninterrupted, he would suffer them to live. For now.

Humming thoughtfully, he ran his fingers through the dust, examining it. Well, with that taken care of, it was time to move on to the next part. The guard would ensure that monsterkind remained submissive, accepting him once more as the royal scientist- as well as their new leader and monarch.

***

You woke from a fitful sleep, sore and aching. The shower had helped, somewhat, but he had not yet provided you with any healing food, and your minor injuries remained. Claw marks, a bite wound, and the ache between your legs. Well, you had suffered worse at his hands. Perhaps he didn't think that your pain was significant enough yet to require healing. You weren't looking forward to discovering what that limit might be, if so.

He had not returned since his assault, and you had been grateful for the reprieve. It felt like nearly a day had passed, but you couldn't be certain, with the broken clock and no other way to tell time. Strange noises and soft creaking interrupted your thoughts at times, and made you uneasy. At times, you felt...another presence, as if someone were in the room with you, yet nobody appeared. You had kicked the blankets away before falling asleep, but had woken up neatly tucked in. Had Voidster done that? It didn't seem like something he would do. Shuddering, you stood, restlessly pacing in the confined hospital ward that was your new home.

A slight shuffling sound made you pause, and you shook your head, attempting to dispel the case of nerves that must be responsible for what you were hearing. Then it came again, and you glanced around wildly, rational explanation forgotten. This must be what going insane felt like, you thought bitterly. After everything you had endured, would this be the thing that finally undid you? The thought was depressing.

Turning to return to your bed, you heard a whining, keening sound, and stopped. You couldn't be imagining this. The keening continued, eventually devolving into a rhythmic, animalistic panting. You stared. The sound seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. What was going on? Cautiously, you continued toward the bed, recoiling when you saw movement near the white pillowcase. Bits of white matter and fluff (fur?) began coalescing into a larger shape, the panting, heaving sounds continuing to grow louder as the shape grew larger.

An odor like wet dogs began to fill the room, and you stumbled back a few more steps as the thing grew legs, a gaping orifice appearing in the center of a vaguely animal-shaped head. A tail sprouted, and began wagging fiercely. The whining, panting sounds transformed into soft, wet barks and gentle huffing. Between the six legs that had formed, you swore you could almost see glittering eyes that disappeared the moment you looked at them straight on. The white form heaved and shuddered, seeming to break apart and reform constantly, almost like a cloud. With a happy bark, it lurched toward you, its tail beating hard enough to put it off balance.

"Stay away!" you screamed, scrambling further away and snatching up the potted plant you nearly fell onto, brandishing it like a weapon. You felt a little foolish when the thing flinched, whining as its ears flattened and the tail tucked between its...six...legs. You felt like you had kicked a puppy. Wincing, you lowered the plant, unable to convince your hands to let go of it entirely in the 'face' of such a strange creature. This was no regular monster, for all that it seemed related to the dog soldiers you had met at Grillby's when Sans had taken you.

Still it cowered, soft whines making you feel even more guilty as it glanced toward you then away, beginning to disintegrate once more. "Wait! I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...scare you?" You let the plant fall to the floor with a soft thud, eyes fixed on the furry creature before you, which had begun to lift its head once more at your words. "Do you...do you want me to pet you?" You offered guiltily, unsure if it could even understand you. But it seemed that it could, and with a happy yelp, the beast surged forward, nearly knocking you over in its enthusiasm.

"Whoa, hey!" You laughed a little, overcome with the sheer absurdity of the situation. You tentatively reached a hand out, gently stroking the soft fur between its ears as it shivered and emitted a strange, purring sound. Flecks of foamy spit dripped from the orifice on its face, and you tried not to shudder as you carefully scratched behind the ears. Despite its horrific appearance, the creature seemed friendly, and lonely. Of a surety, your circumstances here had a lot to do with your own loneliness, but the cold, sterile environment was not terribly

welcoming, and you wondered how long it had been here by itself.

Whining, the doglike creature pushed at your hands, which had stopped moving. You smiled and resumed petting, silently wondering why Voidster hadn't killed the poor beast. Perhaps he didn't know it was here. It seemed to have appeared out of thin air, which was something you'd not seen in all your time in the Underground. If it could...dissolve like that, almost like a cloud, perhaps it had a chance of surviving his presence. Unlike you. You swallowed hard at the thought, but it wasn't one you were unaccustomed to. You'd already come to the conclusion that eventually you would die at his hands. It was simply a question of when, and how much more you would have to endure before that day came.

Shuddering slightly, you stopped petting the creature, sitting down on the bed and wrapping your arms around yourself. To your slight surprise, the beast didn't push, instead wagging its tail briefly, before trotting around the bed and disappearing from your line of vision. Sighing, you lay down on your side, wincing as you tried to find a comfortable position. You heard the faint click of claws on the tile floor, and a wuffing, snorting sound as the canine sniffed around the room with interest. At least it was friendly, you thought idly, although a killer dog monster was not high on your list of fears with Voidster around.

You were startled out of your reverie by the feeling of rough plastic nudging your hand. Glancing downward, you saw the creature holding the empty dog dish you had seen earlier. Guilty, you shook your head. It was hungry? How had it survived so long without food? The disrepair of the place gave it the sense of being long abandoned, but perhaps your initial assumption had been wrong. The dog...thing was clearly accustomed to interaction, and was expecting you to feed it now. Who had taken care of it before, and who would take care of it now? You couldn't even secure food for yourself, let alone for this strange being. Honestly, you weren't even sure what it ate. Dog food?

"Sorry bud," you said ruefully, sitting up again with a slight flinch. "I don't have any food for you." You opened your hands helplessly,

displaying them to the disappointed creature, who huffed, then dropped the bowl, laying its head on your knee. “I know, I know,” you said softly. the comfort of speaking to another living creature was unmistakable, despite the fact that it couldn’t respond. At least the face that gazed at yours was empty of those glittering purple eyes. It had no eyes, in fact, but you were becoming quickly used to the fact. Just another strange part of what had become your new reality down here.

The fluffy white tail dusted the floor hopefully, and you smiled, ruffling the fur between its ears. When it gave a contented sigh, you scratched its head, becoming more comfortable touching the strange, damp fur. You had wanted a dog once, or a cat. You loved animals, but hadn’t trusted yourself to take care of one when you had trouble taking care of yourself at times. You had never fully wrestled your depression under control, and it had been harder, living with someone like Alex. You had also feared that his unkindness to you would have carried over to a more helpless being. If you couldn’t protect yourself, how could you have protected an animal, when he was in one of his drunken rages?

Now here you were, the prisoner of a man whose violence made Alex seem a saint by comparison, with a strange dog that was not entirely made of solid matter, as far as you could tell. If you could have, you would have told it to run, would have made it leave this place. You still didn’t entirely trust that Voidster wouldn’t find it, and you couldn’t bear the thought of such a trusting creature in his hands. If he knew that you had befriended it, it would be all the worse, for he’d be able to wring pain from you by hurting it. And he would, you had no doubt.

Sighing, you took the furry face in your hands, gazing at it seriously. “You have to go now. It’s not safe.”

The canine huffed and whined, putting one of its six paws up on your knee. “Believe me, I wish you could stay. But if he finds you, he’ll kill you, and I…I want you to be safe. Please.”

You suppressed a sigh of relief when it finally obeyed, turning to vapor beneath your hands as it dissipated, the fluffy white bits of matter scattering, then vanishing entirely. Suddenly exhausted, you pulled the blanket around you, lying back down to rest, and await Voidster's return.

Closer - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

"Courage is a peculiar kind of fear."

-Charles Kennedy

Chapter Notes

Click "more notes" to see warnings for non-con/dub-con elements in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was well that you had told the canine monster to go, for Voidster returned not an hour later, humming cheerfully to the rhythm of the sharp staccato his shoes beat on the tile floor. He was dragging another monster behind him; the small yellow dinosaur stumbling and crying as he maliciously yanked at the rope binding her wrists in front of her. It was Alphys.

[Ah pet, I thought you might grow lonely here while I am otherwise occupied. I brought you some company,] he said with a smirk, giving a final hard yank on the rope, which flung the quaking lizard in front of him. He watched as she stumbled and fell, dropping the cord and tossing it casually to the ground with her prone form. Gasping, you struggled to your feet, limping over to the distraught woman. Your pain had only increased in the time he had been gone; soreness blossoming into bruises that stiffened your muscles and impeded movement.

“Alphys?” you dropped to your knees beside the hysterical monster, frantically grabbing her shoulders and giving her a gentle shake. “Alphys, calm down, it’s okay-”

“It’s n-n-not,” she wailed, reaching up to grasp your forearms. “S-sans

is f-fallen, and A-a-asgore is-" she heaved, and you felt your heart drop like a stone in your chest. Fallen? What did that mean? "Asgore is d-d-" she seemed unable to continue, voice raising in pitch as she shook like a leaf in your arms.

"Dead…?" you asked gently, watching with sorrow as she sobbed, and nodded bleakly. You shuddered, turning your attention to untying the ropes that cruelly bound her arms together. It took some doing to remove her bonds; the knots had been tied with an expert hand. Red marks had already formed from the tightness of the rope, and you rubbed at them, bringing circulation back into her hands, despite her exclamation of pain. The rope lay forgotten, as did the man watching the two of you, until he spoke.

[How touching. And how interesting to see the import of Dr. Alphys' welfare to you, my dear. Do you remember the rules I set for you earlier?]

Hatefully, you glared at him, giving a sharp nod of your head. You remembered. Obedience, or the healing food you needed to survive him would be withheld. And you knew what he was implying now. Alphys had become another piece on the chessboard, a pawn for him to manipulate you with. Now her welfare, as well as your own, was dependent on your obedience to him. Which meant you had to make a choice.

Shuddering, you rose, leaving the doctor speechless on the floor as she watched you walk quietly to his side.

[Ah, this is a gift unasked for indeed. You please me, child,] he purred, leaning down to wrap one muscular arm around you. You remained silent, passively letting him hold you against him.

[I am in a generous mood, it seems,] he announced to the both of

you, a summoned hand arriving to toss a large package of instant noodles on the ground before Alphys. **[That was upstairs. I suppose you can survive well enough on it, *doctor.]*** The title was sneered, and it was clear enough what he thought of his successor. Shaking, Alphys made no attempt to approach the food, staring wide-eyed at his arm around your shoulders.

He smiled at her, tilting his head down and tangling one hand in your hair, tugging your face back to give you a slow, smoldering kiss as she watched. When his tongue slipped into your mouth, you closed your eyes, not out of passion, but humiliation and anger. *I can do this, it's just an act, it's just a show,* you reminded yourself, bringing your hands up to rest on his chest and ignoring Alphys' slight gasp at your movements. Responding like this wasn't strictly necessary, but it made it easier to bear his attentions, and you hoped he would lower his guard because of it.

When he finally lifted his head, you saw the calculating expression in his eyes, and knew that your change in behavior had been too pronounced. He was too observant, far too intelligent for such crude methods to be effective. You had to be more subtle, or this would never work. You pulled slightly away, or tried to, but the grip about your shoulders had turned to iron, and he swept you up easily into his arms, holding you hard against the silken turtleneck that stretched against his broad chest.

[Pet…if you were to play me false, I hope you understand the consequences that would incur,] he murmured with terrifying gentleness against the soft skin of your throat. Shuddering, you turned your face away, using great care as you chose your words. "I…just…please don't hurt her." He seemed satisfied at your response, perhaps accepting the idea that you had responded willingly in order to prevent further harm to the scientist huddled pathetically on the ground.

[I won't. If you obey me…if you please me…the doctor will remain unharmed. She is valuable to me alive, but not undamaged. Remember that if you seek to defy me.]

“Yes,” you whispered brokenly, meeting his eyes with unfeigned fear and resignation. Satisfied, he adjusted you in his arms, glancing down at the terrified lizard monster cowering before him. **[I have sent a message to your lover, the captain of the royal guard. She will undoubtedly want to assure your safety with her own eyes. We will be meeting her in the throne room of the castle. It is an hour, perhaps, before she arrives. Make yourself presentable.]**

With that, he swept from the room, bringing you through one of the locking doors and into a new part of the lab. You desperately wished that he hadn’t; that you could have had some time alone with Alphys to talk, to figure out some kind of plan, but it was not to be. He clearly had other things on his mind, and you just as clearly had no say in the matter. When he brought you down the hall to a room that had been converted into a study with a desk, you clung to his shirt as he set you down, grabbing his attention.

“You promised that you would give me food,” you muttered, eyes downcast as he considered you.

[Is your tolerance for such minor pain already troubling you, pet? How disappointing.] He raised a brow, lifting your chin to gaze into your eyes. **[Yes, you shall be healed…eventually. For now, your pain serves a purpose, and it is not severe enough for what I have in mind. Let Undyne see her lover, unharmed. It will make the impact of seeing what I have done to you all the more poignant. A message, a warning, a promise. This is how you will serve me tonight. Afterward, we shall see.]**

You shuddered beneath his touch, withdrawing slightly as he leaned over you. Frowning, he caught your wrist in one hand, twisting your arm hard between you as he drew you against him. **[Such coy behavior doesn’t suit you, my dear, and I find it less amusing as time passes. You will come to me willingly, or I will take you anyway, and leave you with the cold comfort of your pain. What I have done thus far is the merest taste of what I am capable of.**

You know this.]

You did, and so you didn't resist when he backed you up against the desk, the ridge in his slacks pressed hard against your belly. He was massive and terrifying, and his unceasing hunger was vast and terrible. How much longer could you survive this kind of use without some time to rest and recover? At least he had brought you here, instead of taking you in front of Alphys. You felt sick relief at that, some small spark of gratitude for the privacy this room allowed.

You trembled when he withdrew, clasping his hands behind his back as he eyed you. **[Undress,]** he said simply, inclining his head toward you. Something inside you stilled, and fear became a living thing within you. In the silence of the room, you could hear the heavy drum of your heart, the shaking breaths of air you gulped. You could almost hear your skin prickle in the stillness, and it took all of your willpower not to start screaming, to rush from the room and away; a futile attempt at escape.

Somehow, this unwilling obedience he demanded was more humiliating than simply having him take you by force. His expression was unreadable, cool and distant, but you knew well enough that this was another tactic by which to break you down, to demonstrate his power over you. You had no choice. The door of this room had locked behind him as well; you had heard it. The instinct in your gut that screamed at you to *run, run, run* was pointless, and would only bring further suffering. Nothing to be done but cling to your remaining scraps of courage and sanity, and bear it.

Hands shaking, you slowly removed the tank top, exposing your bare breasts to the cool air of the room. Your nipples hardened slightly, and you felt the hot flush of embarrassment suffuse your cheeks. He smirked and said nothing, waiting for you to continue. It took you several tries to undo the buttons of your jeans, and a longer moment to gather the courage to slide both them and your panties to the floor. Your shoes had been left in the hospital ward, as you saw no point in wearing them while you slept.

Naked, you stood still under his gaze, the frozen posture of prey before a predator. Then he approached, reaching down to lift you so that you sat on the desk itself. You were slightly too low for him to access for sex, but he seemed in no hurry to have you, reaching up to trace the line of your cheekbone with one clawed hand, instead. It was a shock when he drew back that same hand, bringing it in a stinging arc to connect with the side of your face. The force of the impact almost threw you from the desk, and you fell back with a cry. Blood trickled from a cut on your cheek, and you knew that the blow would leave an impressive bruise.

Without giving you time to recover, he calculatingly wrapped his large, knuckled fingers around your throat, squeezing hard enough that you wheezed and choked. This was his game then. While you didn't doubt he took pleasure in it; every wound, bruise, cut, and scrape was planned. Visible injuries to draw the eye. The remnants of violence painted vividly on your skin. Minor pain, indeed.

He yanked your form back down to the edge of the desk, spreading your thighs around his narrow hips as he leaned over you. **[Remember, pet, obedience…]** he breathed intimately, one hand reaching down to unfasten his trousers with haste. **[Humans can survive a good deal more abuse than monsters, but that doesn't mean I am not well-versed in both. How well do you think that little scientist would survive me?]**

You made no answer. The image of Alphys alone, weeping on the hospital room floor struck a painful chord in your heart. If you could spare her some of this violence by keeping him satisfied, you would. You had experienced it before, and survived, just barely. For the sake of your friends, you could keep going. You were stronger now, too, thanks to the two women who had taken you in, healed you, and befriended you. You wouldn't be broken so easily. You would repay their friendship by protecting Alphys from worse harm than had already befallen her.

[This will hurt,] he murmured gently, forearms hitting the desk beside your face as he bent over you. There was no reply you could make. You knew it would hurt. You knew that he wanted you limping and sore afterward, and you knew that he enjoyed hurting you. The fact that he wouldn't kill you was cold comfort, but you bolstered from it regardless. The longer you lived, the higher your chances of putting the pain you had suffered to good use. Maybe Sans would live, maybe Gaster was still in there somewhere, maybe you could get Alphys away from this place.

You held onto *maybe* like a shining talisman against the encroaching darkness, and he sensed the change in you. **[Such a soft, red light spilling from your soul now, pet. How shall I describe it? It seems to be the color of… *determination* . But that's just a facade, isn't it? Even now the colors muddy and run together, returning to that muted gray. Do not underestimate me. The rebellion that shines within you, however briefly…I will strip it away until only compliance remains.]**

Running his hand through your hair, he grasped at the roots, yanking your head the side at an uncomfortable angle. His mouth fastened on your exposed throat, biting down to draw blood, then smearing the hot fluid over your skin with his tongue. When you gave a choked cry, heated violet eyes glanced up at yours, before he deliberately bit down again, harder. You screamed, and felt his throbbing phallus twitch against your thigh, cursing yourself again for giving him what he wanted. But what more could you do?!

He dipped his fingers in the slick blood he had drawn, smearing the fluid generously along the hot shaft that pressed demandingly against your folds. The realization of what he was doing made you nauseous, and your blood was too thin and watery to truly ease more than the sharpest edge of the pain as he slowly pushed into you. You felt yourself tearing to accommodate his size, and saw sparks of red blurring your vision as he pulled out slightly, then bucked his hips against yours is a short, vicious movement.

You were distracted briefly by the sound of somebody whimpering;

choked, breathy sounds interposed with sobs that shook your shoulders. It was you, you were crying. Your body had begun to ease a little, to produce its own lubrication to prevent further damage, but you could feel the stinging tears and aching bruises that had already formed. Your earlier assumption that he'd wanted you limping when Undyne saw you seemed ridiculous now; you were unsure if you would even be able to walk. Every thrust was agony, even as the slightest undercurrent of unwelcome pleasure rippled through your body as he struck against the deepest parts of you. You couldn't stop yourself from responding, couldn't keep your back from arching in pain, invitingly displaying your nipples.

He bent his head to the task; the soft velvet of his tongue a strange counterpoint to the harsh rolling and nudging of his hips against yours. The heat of pleasure from the attention he lavished on your breasts distracted and subdued you, confusing you enough that you lay limp and placid, moaning and sobbing beneath him. When his hot breath brushed the shell of your ear, you whimpered softly, turning your face away. There was nothing you could withhold, and in this moment you surrendered everything.

Smugly, he tucked one arm beneath your back, angling you to push still deeper within your bruised and tender body. It offered little resistance now, though your tightness remained unchanged. No, it was slick now with blood and desire, weak and relaxed with fatigue. Your soul pulsed idly in deep hues of scarlet and indigo, smoky tendrils of orange and yellow churning and dissolving within the depths. Pain and pleasure, small spikes of fear. A beautiful palette, worthy of a master's brush.

A dark bruise had begun flowering on your cheek, the bites he had bestowed upon your tender throat caked with dried blood and saliva. Deep red imprints graced your shoulders, throat, and hips from the grip of his fingers, and the cut on your face was deep enough that it might scar. Pleasure coursed through his body, flooding him with warm languor as he affectionately studied you beneath him. Truly a fragile bloom, so easily bruised. He could crush you without effort if he so chose, and oh how the thought tempted him. *Someday,* he promised himself, working himself nearer the edge with sharp bucks

of his hips.

Yes, someday he would take you, much like this, wrapping his hands around your tender throat, watching the life fade from your eyes as he neared his completion, the snap of your neck the sweet counterpoint to his bliss. For now, he merely played, watching the fear in your eyes as he stroked you; the metal of your blood and the salt of your tears sliding over his long, violet tongue.

Chapter End Notes

Safe to read until [This is how you will serve me tonight. Afterward, we shall see.] Voidster rapes reader, reminds her that now he has another hostage that he can and will hurt if she disobeys. Notices how her soul flares with determination, tells her that he will strip away her rebellion until only compliance remains. Voidster fantasizes about killing the reader, crushing her like a "fragile bloom" in his hand.

I write torture porn when I'm depressed, lol.

Svanire - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> Voidster meets with Undyne. You and Alphys have sad feelings together. Voidster persists in being a creepy rapist.

Chapter Notes

> Slight non-con in this chapter. Sorry for the long delay, depression makes it really hard to do...anything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It went as badly as you had feared. He had not even allowed you the dignity of your clothing, and the bite marks, bruises, and dark stains on your thighs were as humiliating to you as they were enraging to Undyne. The only adornment he had provided was a leash around your throat, tethering you to the throne on which he sat when he received the warrior in audience. You saw the way her glance flicked cooly over your body, the way she marked every small violation and cataloged it in her warrior's mind, remembering it for the day when she would exact vengeance. Except that you were certain that such a day would never come, and instead felt only shame that this was how she would remember you; as the bloody and broken plaything of a madman.

Alphys had been left relatively unscatched, despite the desperate fear in her eyes and the way she quivered and stuttered so badly that she couldn't even form coherent sentences. She was in a metal cage with strange magical symbols carved in the metal, although it seemed only to be for the purpose of ensuring that Undyne didn't attempt to take her and leave. It didn't matter that the small yellow dinosaur had been terrified into silence; Voidster did enough talking for you all. He had explained, in eloquent phrases, how your condition was one that would seem a tender mercy compared to what he would do to Alphys if Undyne did not cooperate with his instructions.

He had placed a sardonic hand over his heart, as if he had one, as he

announced the death of the king, and proclaimed himself the new ruler of the Underground in Asgore's place. Undyne had said nothing to this announcement, had not reacted at all, except to grip her spear more tightly as she listened to his monologue. He had told her that he expected the full cooperation of the people of the Underground as he undertook the task of breaking the barrier, and at that, she had been startled, though she tried to hide it. He had noted her reaction, and reminded her that he had no more desire than anyone else to remain trapped in the caverns that had served as their entire world for too many centuries.

He had told her that unlike the previous, weak and indecisive monarch, he would need but a single human soul to accomplish their freedom. When she had begun to point out that he already had several souls at his disposal, he had snarled **[A *determined* soul, ignorant wench! The souls that your late king had collected have been destroyed, the casing that held them shattered, just as-]** he had stopped, regaining control of himself as he eyed her coolly. **[It is no concern of yours. The citizens will bring me a single, determined human soul. I know of the child they have befriended, and such a soul would suit my purposes admirably.]**

Undyne's expression had hardened. You realized he was speaking of Frisk, and shuddered lightly at his feet, his hand on you absently petting in not a soothing, but dominating gesture. She had not asked why he simply did not use your soul, which you were grateful for, but truthfully you all knew the answer to that. You didn't have a determined soul. Yours was weak, colorless, and certainly not strong enough to break the barrier that human mages had erected to keep the monsters trapped here for eternity. You could feel no relief at escaping such a fate. Sacrificing yourself for your friends was a far nobler, less painful path than that of the slave of a mad king.

What choice did Undyne have, you wondered. You hadn't seen yourself in a mirror, but you could guess well enough how you looked. How could she condemn her lover to such a fate? You knew that she cared for Frisk, and yet you also knew the hatred she had carried in her heart for humans before meeting Frisk. Would it really be so impossible to extend a quick, merciful death to the child to save her

entire race? You felt ashamed for wondering, but despite her and Alphys' kindness to you, you had known them for only a few short weeks. How much time was required before you could know whether somebody would betray a friendship to serve a greater cause?

In the end she had agreed to his terms, giving her word as the captain of the guard that his demands would be carried out, and the search for the human child commenced. You realized that it wasn't just Alphys she was protecting by doing this. It was all of monsterkind- for now Undyne was acting as the liaison between monsters and the man who had returned from death to rule them. In a time of great danger, the needs of the many outweighed the needs of the few. And what was one human child to the hundreds of monsters that had lived their entire lives trapped under a mountain? You hoped that she was deceiving him, but if so, it was a convincing act.

Maybe if he'd not had such a compelling reason for his demands, maybe if Asgore hadn't been dead, or if he hadn't held Alphys captive. Maybe if Sans hadn't fallen. Maybe, maybe, maybe. Maybe things would have been different; but they weren't. He'd played his hand with consummate skill, and nobody else held the cards to defeat him. Everything had fallen neatly into place, and now he waited like a spider in the center of a web; patiently plucking the threads of his influence and waiting to capture his prey.

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"Y-you should t-try to e-eat s-s-something," Alphys whispered, her stutter worse than usual. After the audience with Undyne, Voidster had left the two of you alone in the hospital ward again, along with the monster food and access to the shower, as well as a promise to return for you later that night. While the hot water helped ease your aches and cleanse your skin, it did nothing for the deep bruises and cuts, or the wounds on your soul that had reopened under his attentions. Wrapped in a clean blanket, you shivered and tried not to think too much about the past few days.

Endogeny whined, laying its head on the hospital bed beside you. You had learned its name, as well as the fact that it was something called an “amalgamate” from Alphys. There was still something slightly unsettling about the creature, not the least of which were the glimmering eyes in the shadows between its six legs, flickering in and out of existence when you stared too long. Still, it passed for pleasant company down here, and the poor beast couldn’t help that it was so unnerving.

You toyed with the collar around your throat; soft leather that had been woven with some kind of magic to make it irremovable, or so Alphys said. Not all monsters had the ability to work magic, but the former royal scientist seemed preternaturally gifted with it, which explained how he had created inventions such as the Core; blending science and magic in strange and intricate ways.

The brand on your soul apparently wasn’t enough for him; he had to bind you to him physically as well. It seemed to amuse him to wrap the supple leather of the leash around his large, knuckled hand, making you stumble after him like a tame animal. And sometimes, it seemed that was all you were to him. You were unsure if that was a blessing or a curse.

For all the poisoned honey he had whispered to you while still in the void, his primary attraction to you seemed to be physical. At times he would still seem to stare through you, gazing at your chest where your soul must be and pondering whatever he saw there. You wondered if the kaleidoscope of colors still intrigued him, or if your soul was even capable of such displays anymore. It didn’t feel like it was.

Your emotions felt numbed, blunted and faint under the strain of not falling under his spell. Because some part of you still yearned for that control, for the ease of giving in and surrendering to a will far stronger than your own. Fighting not only his influence, but your desire for it, exhausted you, and took every bit of willpower you had. Nothing disturbed you more than when you caught yourself craving a bit of praise or a soft touch from hands that did nothing but hurt you.

You knew that he sensed your desire to submit, and that he also, to a lesser degree, sensed your refusal to give in to it. Luckily, for now it seemed to entertain him. He had paired kindness with cruelty, unexpectedly rewarding or punishing you for trivial matters until you cringed whilst yearning toward him all the same. It made you feel pathetic, easily manipulated, and weak.

"I'm not hungry," you said finally, ignoring the despairing glance she gave you when you said it. It was true. The thought of eating made you feel nauseous. You knew that you should, that you needed to, but what was the point of healing your injuries? Providing him with a clean slate so that he could make new ones? At least for now the pain helped remind you not to trust the honeyed words that dripped from his lips, nor the calculated gentleness in his deep violet eyes when he gazed at you.

"Alphys?" You toyed with the edge of the blanket you were wrapped in, feeling the rough fabric against your shower-soft skin.

"Y-yes?" She sat on the bed beside you, and patted your arm.

"Do you still hope that Undyne will save you somehow? That she'll find a way to stop him?"

To your surprise, the reptilian monster beamed at you, a slight flush suffusing her features. "O-of course! Undyne h-has been captain of the guard for a l-long time, a-and she's really very smart! Y-you shouldn't lose hope either, ___. Undyne and our friends will find a way to rescue *both* of us."

You sighed, pulling your knees up to wrap your arms around them, leaning your chin down. You couldn't bring yourself to ask whether

Undyne was capable of murdering a human child, even if she did rescue you. There was nothing you could do about it, regardless of the answer. “I don’t know how you do it. Sometimes it feels like the darkness is waiting to eat me alive. I don’t know how you find hope when everything seems so bleak. It feels so much easier to give up.”

“It is easier,” Alphys said gently, meeting your eyes with a compassion that you couldn’t bear to face. You turned your head away, letting your hair fall to curtain your eyes. Undeterred, she continued. “I had g-given up before I m-met Undyne. T-taking that step b-back from the abyss was the h-hardest thing I’ve ever done. Trying is t-the hardest thing you’ll ever do, b-but we have to, for our friends.”

A tear trickled down your face at her words. Her bravery shamed you. Unthinking, your hand closed over hers and squeezed. “I’m sorry,” you said, turning to face her. “Maybe I was being selfish, everything just seems so hopeless from where I’m standing.”

“I-it’s not selfish,” she replied softly, carefully drawing your attention to the dark, fingerprint bruises on your wrists. “It’s h-hardest f-for you I think. Y-you’ve been through t-this before. You know w-what to expect. M-maybe it’s e-easier not knowing.”

You fell silent, contemplating her words, then shook your head ruefully. “I thought I knew. At least before...there were times I was safe, times I was among friends and I could heal, rest. And some part of me still…” you trailed off, swallowing hard. “Some part of me still responds to him, to the way he touches me. I feel filthy admitting it, but there’s a part of me that wants to give in. Sans knew it, and I think he hated me a little for feeling that way. I know it disgusted him.”

At the mention of his name, you felt a pang of guilt and sorrow. “How...how was he, the last time you saw him?”

“N-not great,” Alphys admitted after a brief pause, moving her hand to absently scratch at Endogeny’s ears. “W-when a monster f-falls, they lose h-hope. When their hope is g-gone, all of it, t-they...turn to dust. P-papyrus and...and...and...Undyne…” her voice rose near the end, and she burst into tears. Startled, you put an arm around the monster, gently rubbing her back.

“Shhh, shhh. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked,” you said regretfully, eyeing the small yellow dinosaur as she tried to compose herself.

“N-no, really i-it’s fine!” She waved her claws in distress, rubbing at her face and sniffling. “I j-just miss her. I worry s-she’ll get hurt. B-but I was saying that they’re doing what they can, t-to help Sans hold on. Papyrus reads s-stories to him, and U-undyne is looking out for Papyrus. He’s j-just a kid you know, d-despite how t-tall he is.” She smiled sadly, and you flinched at the unintentional reminder of the lives you had affected with your choices.

“Is there a way to save him?” you asked quietly, turning away so she wouldn’t see the tears in your eyes.

“___…” there was too much understanding in her voice, and despite yourself, you turned to face her. “N-nobody has e-ever recovered from f-falling. I t-tried to save some m-monsters who h-had fallen, you know. Endogeny is o-one of th-those monsters. W-well, several of t-them.” Her voice was choked and odd, and you realized that she was admitting a failure she had probably only ever discussed with Undyne before, if anyone.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know…” you weren’t sure what to say. You *hadn’t* known, hadn’t suspected that the friendly, if bizarre monster had such a strange and tragic story behind it.

“It’s o-okay.” She smiled sadly. “I accepted my f-failure a long time a-

ago. Now Endogeny a-and the others...t-the o-others…" she trailed off, a look of horror on her face. "Endogeny, where are the others?! T-they can't h-hide l-like you can! W-where are they?!"

Endogeny whined and shivered, pressing its furry face against her leg and quivering. Alphys fell silent for a long time, unmoving as you watched in concern. It took you longer to reach the same conclusion she had, and when you did, a chill wrapped icy fingers around your spine.

"Oh no," you gasped, hands flying to cover your mouth. "He...he killed them?"

Alphys said nothing, staring straight ahead as Endogeny whined louder, beginning to lose its shape, disintegrating into cloudlike shreds of mist. "They were harmless," she whispered emotionlessly, shaking slightly as you watched. "It w-wasn't the l-life I wanted to g-give them, b-but it was still a life…"

[One day I'll kill that mutt too,] a deep voice interjected pleasantly, as if he were discussing the weather. **[You should be grateful that *somebody* had the backbone to put your failures out of their misery, Doctor Alphys.]** The click of his heel against the tile announced his approach, and you whipped around, glaring at him.

"How long were you listening to us?"

[Fortunately for myself, not long,] he replied sardonically, eyeing your blanket-clad form with amusement. **[The two of you are pathetic, would that I'd found a less...emotional pair of hostages. At least *you* are entertaining in other ways, my dear. The 'doctor' here is useful only for her connection to the captain of the guard. Some things are simply a waste of life, aren't they? Those amalgamates, and their creator alike. Perhaps when her use has**

expired I'll have the pleasure of disposing of her myself.]

Alphys said nothing, trembling at your side as you snarled, placing yourself between them. "Don't talk about her like that, Voidster. At least she was trying to help these monsters, not *hurting* them like you do to everything you touch!"

[Ah, but my dear, 'good intentions' only go so far, don't you agree? Look at the intentions of the deceased king…he intended to free all monsterkind from this tomb, and yet he lacked the *determination* to follow through. Now he is dust, and I am close, so close to accomplishing what took him a century to even reach for. But enough idle talk, I am a busy man, and I have need of you, pet.]

The bulge in his slacks was evidence as to what that 'need' was, and you shuddered, flinching as he reached for and easily snagged your arm in one long-fingered hand. "I-I haven't had time to eat," you stammered a bit desperately, pulling back against his grip as he raised a brow. You hadn't expected his need to rise again so soon, was what you were saying. Wordlessly, he twisted your arm in his grasp, bringing you up to your feet in agony.

Despite what you had told Alphys, you knew you needed the healing monster food in order to endure what could only be called rape. Despite your confused feelings, despite the sick desire that rose in your gut when he toyed with you, he took even the option of consent from you, grinding it beneath his heel like fragile moth wings. You knew he took sick pleasure in forcing you, and knew that the enjoyment he took in seducing you was a poor second to the thrill of hurting you.

[It's of no concern of mine if you were too mired in self-loathing to make adequate use of your free time, my dear. Consider it a lesson learned for the next time. Already, your training begins.] Smirking, he drew you from the hospital wing, leaving Alphys behind

in the dimly-lit rooms.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter features KITTENS WITH FRICKIN LASER BEAMS ON THEIR HEDS.

From the Ashes - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the long delay, I have been getting really caught up in writing The Sin Mansion with my dear friend, AllocateAloe. I am not abandoning this story. In a way, it's necessary to explain some things that have already been touched on in TSM, which takes place after this story.

I hope that you guys still enjoy this story. One day I would like to develop these characters to the extent that I have Voidster and Spot. Hang in there. Thanks to themathtestwizardcoffee for chatting with me and getting me to think about this chapter again.

“you get your soul back, and the first thing you do is murder your father?” Sans grumbled, eyeing Chara as they smirked back at him.

“Wouldn’t you?”

“i don’t have a dad, ya little weirdo,” he scoffed, a slight red tinge coming to his cheeks as they glanced at him strangely.

“That’s right...another one of those differences. Forget it.”

He was tempted to pursue the topic, but instinct told him it was something he’d probably rather not know. He was becoming more chary of his companion since watching them brutally slaughter the Asgore of this timeline; who had seemed to be a kind and loving monster. Nothing like the cruel monarch of his own timeline, although he supposed they had love of their children in common.

He was also beginning to suspect how deeply out of his pay grade this all was, watching the child heartlessly gut the paternal figure of their former life, going on to shatter the containers that had held human souls waiting for use in breaking the barrier. They had muttered something about humans not being able to absorb other human souls, and refused to even let him approach the faintly glowing containers.

The glass jars had resembled what had held Chara's soul in the timeline alternator. Tall cylinders precisely wrought with modern metals to form a simple, elegant containment unit. It looks exactly like something Gaster would design, which made him uneasy in more ways than one. Breaking it had proven a true challenge, and he had almost exhausted his magic before the glass had finally weakened enough to shatter, allowing Chara to take the soul back into their body. After absorbing the soul, the power of the child had grown immensely, and they had had no trouble destroying the souls of the other children.

Their power was making him nervous, in fact, as was their destination. "why're we goin' to the ruins, anyhow?" he asked bluntly, poorly attempting to cover his case of nerves.

"Not that it concerns you, Sansy, but control is split right now between the three of us. I sensed it when he escaped, but my power won't be sufficient to take *him* on until I dispose of the other human in this timeline to raise my LV."

To raise their LV? He cocked a brow and considered them. Considered their soul. He had never seen such high LV on *any* monster. Sweat beaded on his skull as he mulled over the implications of what he was seeing. How high was Gaster's LV, then? Already, Chara was strong enough to render a monster like himself into dust. They were also strong enough to take on any other boss monster that he could think of. Shrugging, he slipped his hands into his pockets and teleported them both to the ruins, hoping in a secret corner of his heart that the other human would be stronger than this one. He had seen what a world ruled by death was like, and had no desire to see this one succumb to the same fate.

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You lay on your side, naked, while Voidster caressed your body, one hand on your hip to keep you still. His constant attention was taking a toll on you, physically and mentally. Your eyes were dull with fatigue, and you trembled beneath his touch, mainly from exhaustion. He was relentless in his appetites, and keeping him satisfied was draining you at an alarming rate. His warm breath hit the back of your neck, and his scent, masculine and spicy, washed over you. You could feel the hot remnants of his seed slipping from your body, staining your thighs.

After some time, his fingers stilled, and you felt his weight lift from the mattress. You didn't turn around, instead closing your eyes as you listened to the whisper of fabric while he dressed. He took his time, humming to himself as he zipped up his trousers and adjusted the soft fabric of the turtleneck that strained across his broad chest. The lab coat followed, left open in front to drape around his muscular form. Then he paused, and you could feel his hard gaze crawling over your skin.

[Get up,] he commanded, his voice calmer than usual after spending his passions with you. **[Put your clothes on, I'm taking you back.]** Your body was stiff and tender, rebelling against the very thought of moving. But if you didn't, he would undoubtedly drag you back naked, and clinging to what little scraps of humanity you had left mattered to you.You rolled off the bed obediently, stooping to gather the articles he had discarded onto the floor in the heat of the moment. Slowly, you eased your bra and panties over your bruises, following with jeans and your tank top. Your feet remained bare, which was as well, because you doubted you had the energy to walk back, let alone put on one more piece of clothing.

With a faint, tremoring sigh, you turned to face the monster who watched you with a calculating expression on his face, taking in the dark circles beneath your eyes, as well as the way you moved; painful

and halting. Without a word, he walked over, gathering you up in his arms effortlessly. Straightening, he carried you out of the room, walking briskly down the hall to the room where Alphys waited. He deposited you unceremoniously onto a bed in the hospital ward, reaching out to tilt your chin up, forcing you to meet his cool violet eyes. **[Eat and rest,]** he said irritably, a faint frown marring his features, **[You're of no use to me half dead. Doctor Alphys, you have basic medical training, yes? Then make yourself useful and keep her ready for me. There is no excuse for such apathy.]**

He released you, and you slumped over onto the bed, feeling distant and cold. You winced as you hit the mattress, a raw ache developing between your legs. He hadn't been gentle, and you would only feel worse tomorrow. Voidster sighed and turned away impatiently, striding out the door, which cued Alphys to rush over to your side. "I found a s-sink with hot water," she murmured gently, feeling your forehead and frowning. "You f-feel a little warm, y-you should eat and rest l-like he said."

"Don't want to do what he said," you muttered stubbornly, half-drowsing already. "I k-know," she replied sadly, scurrying away to heat a package of instant noodles for you, "B-but I don't think he'll s-stop just because you're sick. I w-worry for you." You sighed, forcing yourself to sit up as she returned with the food.

"What's the point, Alphys? Even Undyne is doing what he says. There's no hope anymore." You took the noodles from her, the warmth of the cup seeping into your cold hands. Dutifully, you accepted the spoon, and began eating. The monster food was good, savory and filling. It returned a measure of your strength, and you stopped shaking. It would take more than this to heal the dark bruises on your wrists, hips, and throat, but it was a start. In what felt like no time at all, you had finished the noodles. You let Alphys take the empty cup and spoon from you, and lay back on the bed, pulling the covers up around yourself.

She came and sat next to you on the bed, not speaking for a moment. Then she touched your arm, meeting your eyes solemnly. "Undyne s-

said what she had to say." She glanced around, but the two of you were alone, it seemed. "B-but regardless of what she *says,* she has always done the right thing. I d-don't think that Frisk is in danger from her, or any of our f-friends."

You were comforted, realizing that what the warrior had said had been an act after all. It wasn't much, but a little hope was better than none. Then the rest of what the yellow lizard had said sunk in, and you frowned. "But they are in danger from *him.* " She nodded sadly, fidgeting as she stared at her hands. "I'm not s-sure what he's planning, b-but he needs a determined soul for it. Lady Toriel is a strong monster, b-but he seems to be the strongest monster I've ever seen."

"I don't see how he could possibly be a normal monster, like the rest of you," you murmured sleepily, fighting to stay awake. "Aren't monster souls made out of love and compassion? I doubt he even knows what those things are." You stifled a yawn, curling deeper into the blankets. You felt warmer after eating the monster food, and it was difficult not to succumb to the comfort of unconsciousness.

"He's not a n-normal monster," she said, nervously glancing around again. "S-something about him is wrong, terribly wrong. He s-seems like he must have a high LV, but it's not just t-that." You pondered her words, eventually realizing what you had forgotten in the extremity of your distress. "You're right," you said slowly, "It isn't just...LV? I'm not sure what that is, but before he came here, he possessed the body of someone I lo- someone very dear to me. I used to see him in my dreams," you added sadly, "That was before he escaped from Waterfall. Now I'm not sure if my friend is gone, or if he's still trapped inside his own body with that...creature."

The scientist stared at you, wide-eyed, as she digested this new information. "I've n-never heard of a monster being able to absorb another monster's soul," she said in confusion. "LV, or "LoVe" means 'L-Level of Violence.' It's something that rises when you k-kill another living being. I, um, well I h-had a theory that having a high LV would change a monster's soul. B-but I could never prove it because, w-well,

it's never happened before. M-maybe his soul gained such a high LV that it changed, and that's why he was able to t-take over your friend's body."

"Maybe," you murmured softly, your eyes closing despite yourself. "M'sorry Alphys, I think I do need to sleep." The warmth of the blankets relaxed you, easing your soreness and beckoning you to rest. Despite the sterile environment, the beds here were comfortable, the pillow plush and firm beneath your cheek. Somehow you doubted that Voidster had created this space. Alphys must have chosen these things, with care for the monsters she had worked with. You thanked her silently, for it would have taken more energy than you had to explain where your thoughts had drifted just now. When you woke up, you would thank her properly for small things like warm blankets and soft mattresses.

Her voice softened, the mattress shifting as she stood. "Of course. You just rest, I'll b-be here." She shuffled away, presumably to her own bed. "Thanks Alphys," you muttered, your mind already drifting into unconsciousness. Soon, sleep claimed you, and your body relaxed, your mind seeking refuge in the dreamscape.

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Perhaps it had been your conversation before sleeping, but dreaming brought back what had become a beloved, and familiar face. "Gaster…?" you inquired softly, reaching out to touch his cheek. He smiled at you, a melancholy expression that did nothing to ease the ache in your heart. "I'm sorry, love. You've needed me, but what that bastard did while he...while we...were trapped in Waterfall...I barely survived."

"What did he do?" you whispered, knowing in your heart that you didn't want to hear the answer. "Don't ask me that, dear one," he replied gently, reaching out to take you in his arms instead. He was warm, and his scent was familiar and comforting. For the first time in

weeks, you relaxed, truly relaxed, and rested your head on his broad chest. “I’m sorry,” you finally murmured, unsure of what else to say. You knew, intimately, the brutality that Voidster was capable of. Gaster really didn’t have to tell you. It was all terrifyingly familiar.

“So am I,” he responded absently, one large hand stroking up and down your arm in a reassuring gesture. “I haven’t been…fully present for some time, but distantly, I still feel him, hurting you. I feel the sick pleasure he takes in claiming you, and your pain beneath his…my…hands. These hands are covered with so much blood,” he trailed into a pained whisper, staring at his long, elegant fingers and hole-punched palms.

“Not your fault,” you reminded him, taking one of his hands and lacing your fingers through his own. “Gaster, I don’t blame you for what he’s done. If anything, it’s my fault for letting him take me, for bringing him out of the void. If only I hadn’t been so weak, so useless-”

“Hush,” he said firmly, his grip on yours tightening. “He manipulates, it is what he excels at, and you were vulnerable. Due in no small part to my treatment of you. You have survived so much, my dear, and yet here you are, comforting me.” He gave a brief, disbelieving laugh. “You are stronger than you know. Than any of us knew.”

“It doesn’t matter how strong you are, if you’re not strong enough to stop bad things from happening,” you muttered partially to yourself. A bitter truth that had embedded itself deep in your soul, nestling in a particularly wide crack of self-hatred. “Look at me,” he ordered gently, bringing a hand beneath your chin to tilt your face towards his. “What matters is that you haven’t given up. As long as there is Hope, that is all we need. Sans hasn’t given up, and you can’t either. He needs you. I need you.”

“Sans…?” you breathed, disbelieving. “He’s still alive?”

“Falling Down is a curious process,” the scientist replied with a small frown. “For some monsters, it means immediate death. Others linger for weeks, or even months. I had always fancied that one day I would find a cure, a way to bring back those who lingered on the brink, but my work on the barrier seemed so much more important at the time. Now I’m not sure. I’ve come to learn something of the value of life. The world already has so much destruction. Perhaps what it needs now, more than anything, is healing.”

He paused, recalling your earlier question. “Sans is alive,” he confirmed hesitantly, pulling you closer. “This man who possesses me has many ways of gathering information. From what I understand, your friend lingers in that deathlike state, but has not yet expired. I don’t know what his or any of our fates will be, but perhaps it brings you some comfort to know this?”

“Yes.” You smiled up at him, tears of gladness in your eyes. You didn’t know why, but knowing that Sans was still alive brought a small spark of joy to your soul. A feeling of hope. “Thank you for telling me,” you said softly, nestling back against his chest and feeling his arms tighten around you protectively. “I am glad to have brought you some happiness in such dark times,” he whispered, nuzzling into your hair.

Hesitantly, he kissed your forehead, then bent further to seek your mouth. “I know I have no right,” he murmured against your lips, “But will you pass this night with me, and let me heal some of the damage he has done? I understand if you cannot.”

You paused, feeling your body warm in response to his touch. Smiling, you leaned up into his lips, initiating a soft, passionate kiss. When you finally parted, he looked at you with wonder, as if you were some strange and beautiful thing he was seeing for the first time. “Yes,” you said again, bringing one hand up to rest lightly on his chest. “I thought maybe he had ruined me, that I could never enjoy something like this again-” Gaster eyed you with concern, but you continued, “But now, here, with you... I want this. I feel safe with you.” He didn’t

reply, but when he bent to kiss you again, you felt a warmth stirring in your chest, and knew he felt it too.

A World Without Mercy - Undertale

Chapter Summary

> Chara fights Frisk to try to raise their LV so that they can take on Voidster.

Chapter Notes

> Haha hopefully people are still reading this. I know it's been a month, I will try to update more regularly. Things have been rough and my living situation isn't ideal, but I will try to stay determined! :S

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The battle was long, and bitter. Sans kept waiting for Toriel to appear, to help the child named “Frisk” to defeat Chara, but nobody came. He, himself, stayed out of it. Humans were unnaturally powerful, and for a monster such as himself to intervene would have been certain death. And yet something in his soul ached, yearned to stop this madness that he had gotten himself into. He missed his old timeline, even the predictable abuse from Papyrus and his unsatisfying work with Gaster. His old fights with Chara. Everything had been simpler then.

Now, he questioned his very identity. There was another version of himself here, another version of Papyrus that had intimidated him at first, but when he truly thought about it, he had finally realized there was only one explanation for why a monster would have no LV. This Papyrus was actually, truly, a good person. And some part of him yearned to know him better, even to know the other version of himself. To learn more about this timeline, where it wasn’t “kill or be killed…” Or at least, it hadn’t been, until Chara had shown up.

The child, Frisk, was an impressive fighter. They dodged most of Chara’s attacks effortlessly, and yet when an opportunity to strike back presented itself, they refused. They were letting Chara tire themselves out, he realized, sapping their strength without harming them. If someone had told him about such a technique, back in his old

timeline he would have scoffed, assuming that a person so unwilling to do violence was weak and easily killed. Now, he saw the evidence before his eyes. Chara was weakening, expending their power to no avail, and while the other child was clearly tiring as well, it seemed to be less taxing for them to simply avoid the attacks than it was for Chara to continue attacking.

Sans was grateful that Chara was too prideful to ask for his help. Despite his respect for the strength of an adversary like a human, he didn't fear death. But he didn't want them to win, he realized. What if Frisk was the victor? Maybe he would be free of his pact with Chara. Maybe he could go back to Snowdin and actually make...friends...with Papyrus, and the shorter, blue version of himself. Maybe he could live in a timeline that wasn't warped and distorted with violence, where he didn't have to constantly watch his back. He was tired, deep in his bones he felt the exhaustion of his life catching up to him, and he didn't want to keep going this way. So silently, from a distance, he found himself wishing that Chara would fail.

And if this child was strong enough to defeat Chara, who knew? Maybe they could take on Gaster as well, whatever had happened to him. A human with a strong, determined soul...perhaps they could preserve the peace they seemed to value so much, enough that they would extend Mercy to the human trying to kill them. He could tell their compassion was getting to Chara. The rosy-cheeked child angrily slashed forth with their knife, screaming "Why won't you fight BACK?! You coward!" Frisk remained silent, bowing their head slightly as they continued to avoid the flashing blade.

Asgore hadn't even seen it coming. When Chara and Sans had appeared in his garden, he had seemed stunned, as if he were seeing a ghost. Sans knew he had believed his children to be dead, and yet here was the human, deceptively fragile and porcelain, smiling up at his disbelieving face. The goat monster had never even raised his guard, extending his huge arms to sweep his lost child up into an embrace, then staggering as the razor-sharp knife embedded itself in his chest. An expression of shock was the last thing Sans had seen, before the man crumbled into shimmering dust. It had disturbed him, to see a monster so obviously gentle and trusting, obliterated by a

human without a chance. But he had done nothing. This wasn't his timeline. It wasn't his responsibility.

"SANS!"

He jolted, dragged from his musing by the enraged voice of the royal child.

"Do something! Trap them, help me kill them!" Chara was enraged, seething as they gripped their knife, staring at Frisk, who regarded them both silently. They refused to fight, they had 0 LV, and yet Chara, who was so powerful, had been stymied. He swallowed hard, beads of sweat popping out on his skull. He was certain now, there was no threat to himself. Humans were powerful, but this human wasn't like Chara. They didn't want to hurt other people, refused to, even when pushed to it.

Sans had hurt many people in his life. He had learned to enjoy it, taking a vicious pleasure in the thrill of battle, of raising his LV. It kept him safe, in his world. It was the only way to survive. He couldn't even count the number of times he had killed Chara, reveling in the power he felt. It was intoxicating, to feel strong, to feel invincible. Now, they were telling him to kill another human. His old self wouldn't have hesitated, would have jumped at the chance to destroy such a passive foe. It was what they deserved, for refusing to raise their LV, he would tell himself. Acting like they were above violence, like they were better than him. In his old world, there had been no choice. Now, there was.

"no." He spoke lowly, yet they both heard him. He thought he saw Frisk smile at him from the corner of his eye, but his focus was on Chara, who had turned, still and furious. "What did you say?"

"i said no," he repeated firmly, backing away from the two

combatants. “you’re ruining this timeline. turning it into somethin’ like the old one. i came here to get away from that.”

“Do you WANT to die?!” They laughed maniacally, taking a menacing step toward him. “Because that’s what will happen, one way or another. If I don’t raise my LV, that *psychopath* will kill me, and you, and THEM.” They gestured angrily at Frisk, who was watching them with puzzlement. “If I do raise my LV, the first thing I’m doing is getting rid of *traitors* like you!”

A shiver of fear wound down his spine at their words, but he refused to be intimidated. “i already watched you kill asgore,” he growled, noting how the other human jolted at his words, shocked. “he didn’t have it comin’, and this kid doesn’t either. maybe i will die, but it’s better than watching something like you take control.”

They shook with exhaustion and rage. They couldn’t keep fighting, that much was clear. The knife fell from Chara’s nerveless fingers, clattering dully on the ground. “What am I supposed to do?” they whispered, almost to themselves. “I don’t belong here.”

You could.

Sans glanced up at Frisk in surprise. The human was mute, and somehow, was using their soul to speak. He heard their voice as clearly as anything, though their lips hadn’t moved. Slowly, they approached Chara, extending their hand as if to soothe a wild animal that might flee. *You don’t have to hurt, you don’t have to kill, Chara. We could be friends. You could be with Asriel again.*

“Asriel?” they murmured slowly, a tear streaking unheeded down their rosy cheeks. “Asriel is dead. We died together, you idiot.” Their shoulders shuddered, and for once, Sans saw a side of Chara that he had never dreamt existed. A lost, lonely child, who had lashed out at

the world to try to ease the pain inside of them. And the world had fought back, always, until this one human, this one extraordinary child, had refused. Now what would happen?

He's not dead, Frisk replied softly, placing a cautious hand on Chara's shoulder. *Alphys brought him back, he doesn't have a soul, but he's alive.*

"Really…?" The hope in their voice made Sans' soul ache. For this brief moment, Chara let themselves be vulnerable, turning to face Frisk without malice or violence. The two children were remarkably similar, Sans thought, watching the way that Frisk took Chara's hands, smiling that gentle smile. Crimson eyes instead of bistre, rosy cheeks on a pale face instead of tanned skin, but they were of a height, each in their striped shirts, and so...young. He felt a fleeting regret that he had given into his own LV, killing Chara over and over again. It had been wrong, and had only compounded the hurt they felt, the anger at the world. He wanted to be better than that.

[How touching.]

It happened so quickly, so impossibly fast, that none of them had time to react. He saw the shock on Chara's face, which then contorted into pain, then agony, as the front of their shirt expanded, before a bloody, disembodied hand ripped through the fabric. In its bony claws, the hand held a bloody, pulsating red heart-shaped soul. Strings of gore connected the Determined soul to its owner's body, before breaking free and splattering on the dusty ground below, along with copious amounts of blood. The wet sound of their flesh being torn filled Sans with fear and nausea.

Frisk drew back in shock, fists clenched to their mouth in horror as Chara crumpled to their knees, sinking slowly to the ground. "I'm sorry…" they murmured in a thin, choked voice, before collapsing in a rapidly expanding pool of blood.

A figure drew forth from the shadows, tall, and utterly menacing. **[I should take the other as well,]** he mused to himself, the bloodied hand darting back to its master as another took its place. **[After all, I might need a spare.]** He smiled malevolently, reaching forward to take the blood red soul in one of his true hands, before delicately placing it in a glass tube. It looked similar to the ones that Chara had destroyed in the throne room, Sans thought absently, more distracted by how much Gaster had changed.

He had never gotten a good look at the other man until now, and he didn't like what he saw. Gaster was practically bestial in appearance, with large, clawed hands, and prominent fangs. He was taller, and broader in the chest, and his violet eyes had catlike pupils that were dilated in excitement. A long, twisting violet tongue ran behind his fangs, and his muscular body practically shivered with anticipation as he gazed at Frisk, who suddenly seemed much smaller and helpless than they had with Chara.

And Chara...they hadn't stood a chance, Sans realized with shock. The LV of this monster was 666, far higher than anything he had ever seen. It also had two souls, an anomaly that he briefly remembered the other version of himself mentioning when they had escaped his old world. Was one of those...Gaster? Had his body really been taken over by some malevolent being from the void? This towering, grinning madman was far from the stoic, focused man he had known. He was so distracted, so startled, that it didn't even occur to him to intervene, as the monster stalked nearer the cowering child before him.

Luckily, others did that for him.

"LEAVE MY CHILD ALONE!"

A blinding firebolt shot forward, disintegrating the large, clawed hand reaching for Frisk. At the same time, a glowing blue spear streaked past Frisk's assailant, narrowly missing him as he dodged out of the way. His eyes narrowed, grin dropping as he surveyed the monsters

assembled before him. Toriel, Undyne, Papyrus, the royal guard, and a variety of other, lesser monsters, rallied themselves in front of Frisk, who was quickly gathered into the arms of the maternal goat monster.

[What is the meaning of this?] he growled, spreading his stance and gazing coolly at the assembled monsters. **[You dare defy me, while I hold hostage the scientist and the human? Interesting…]** He licked his lips, glancing at each of them in turn. His gaze rested on Undyne the longest, and Sans saw that her yellow eye was tear-bright, her expression determined. “You have your determined soul!” she declared loudly, another spear held tight in her hand. “Take it and go!”

Voidster’s expression twisted. He was loathe to submit to this loud, imperious woman. And yet if he destroyed her, if he destroyed them all, who would be left to appreciate his greatest accomplishment- the breaking of the barrier? No, he decided slowly, they were still of use. He had no desire to rule over the dead, to cause the extinction of monsterkind entirely. After all, humanity was still his- their greatest enemy. He would have need of warriors when the barrier was breached.

Reaching his decision, he took a step back, the blood-smeared glass container held tightly in one hand. **[Very well,]** he said disdainfully, preparing to launch himself into the void. **[Only remember, the safety of your friend…and your lover, are dependent on monsterkind’s submission to me. I will let you keep your little pet, for now.]** Then, abruptly, he vanished, disappearing before their eyes.

Only then did Toriel rush forward, handing Frisk over to Papyrus, and kneeling to turn over Chara’s body. Her eyes filled with tears, and she wept openly, grieving as only a mother can at losing one of her children not once, but twice. Sans blinked rapidly, unprepared for the depth of emotion he was witnessing, after the sudden, brutal death of the child. This Toriel, too, was unlike her counterpart from his world. Grief had not driven her mad. Instead it had only enhanced her compassion and love, and her soul shone brightly within her, despite

her grief.

Blood stained her snow white fur, but she didn't seem to care, wrapping a shawl around the small, pale body of the dead child, and carefully lifting it. The others watched respectfully, and Sans watched as Papyrus comforted Frisk, petting their head as one might a dog, while tears ran unheeded down their face. His Papyrus...would never have… He shuddered, overcome with unwelcome emotion. Memories of the cruelty he had endured, and inflicted on others. Memories of what he had done to you, in Gaster's lab. Memories of Chara, the cruel, vindictive child who had only been in pain, and had been loved regardless, by a wonderful mother. He wondered if Toriel knew that Asriel was still alive.

Not his problem, he remembered. Today had been...difficult. With Chara out of the picture, and his newly developed perspective of this world, he needed to talk to someone. That other self, the brother of this Papyrus that seemed so gentle and benign, would be a good start. With a soft sigh, he vanished before the others could notice him, and left them to their grieving. He would find the blue version of himself, get some information, and see if maybe he could start fitting in around here. It would take a lot of work, and he had a feeling he wouldn't like some of the changes he'd have to make, but he'd begun to understand what a world with Mercy could be like, and it was something worth working for.

Chapter End Notes

Yah Red, good luck talking to Sans now!

Follow me at www.dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com for my Kinktober stories featuring Voidster x Reader, as well as other random bullshit and sometimes bad MS Paint drawings.

Author's Note (Again)

I debated for a while about posting this, but I wanted you guys to know that this story isn't abandoned. I'm going through a divorce, and all my time and energy is being sucked into that. At the end of the day, experiencing something like this really puts a choke hold on my inspiration and creativity. It's hard to think about this world I've made when the world around me is falling apart. I plan on resuming the story once I have successfully moved and settled into my new home, which will take at least two weeks. In the meantime, I sometimes post silly doodles, and am available to answer asks at my tumblr. I am very lucky to have a lot of amazing friends and family helping me through this difficult time, so don't worry about that. I will return, and I still have another story arc planned after this one concludes.

Caged Heart - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Voidster's plans to break the barrier are almost complete.

Chapter Notes

On the one hand, he is planning to finally free all of monsterkind. On the other hand, is Voidster really someone you wanted to be indebted to?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was dark, here. Dark like the void, dark like the deepest shadows of the Core. Gaster had never been in the void, but memories of the place would sometimes invade his mind, unknowingly bestowed by the creature that inhabited his body. Those weren't the only thoughts that plagued him. For a time, he had withdrawn when the demon violated you, retreating to the dimly lit corners of his own mind as he tried to ignore what was happening. What his body was doing. But he had learned that attempting to retreat from his own body, only gave the beast greater power over it. Every time he relinquished his hold, it became harder to return, until he feared that he would be lost forever.

And so he held on, and he grieved when he harmed you, and silently resisted the influence of the demon within him. Drop by drop, he fed the determination within his soul, clung to the shreds of hope that prevented Voidster from consuming him whole. But he stayed quiet, he remained submissive, and in time, the intruder began to forget him. He didn't know what good it would do, but he wouldn't give up while you were still fighting. And he watched as the shadows grew under your eyes, as you lost strength and became fragile and weak. Every bruise, every scratch, was recorded in his mind. One day, he would make this man atone for his sins against you.

The day was coming, soon, when this monster would attempt to break the barrier. His plan was impressive, although Gaster could not see it in full. The fiend was clever enough to shield some of his thoughts,

but his intelligence and creativity were clear in the way he approached the problem that had plagued monsterkind for centuries. He'd had a lot of time in the void to think, and now he had the advantage of simply executing his plans, with nearly nothing left to chance. The human child's soul was paramount. Even Gaster's numbed senses could pick up the sheer power radiating from the blood red, determined soul. In a way, he was grateful that your own soul was far too weak for such a purpose, although he had come to pity Chara in the end.

He remembered sending Sans to senselessly murder the child whenever it had suited his purposes, and felt remorse. Sans had regarded it as decent entertainment, but Gaster had simply seen a means to an end. It was a fine line that had prevented him from devolving into the monster that this creature inside him had become. Then again, perhaps without events occurring as they had, he would have eventually turned down the same path. His hubris had been great, and he had already reached the point of torturing you in the pursuit of some undefined 'greater good.' What more would it have taken to push him off the path of pure scientific pursuit, into sadistic self indulgence? For the aversion of that path, at least, he was grateful for his suffering.

Even now, he felt the beast's thoughts turn towards you, his hands precisely assembling delicate circuitry as his mind wandered. You had been given a brief respite; a few days of rest and the healing monster food, for the creature gained little amusement from your state of extreme weakness. It ever sought to destroy, and you had no resistance left to crush after so long of catering to the demon's whims. He used you recklessly and without mercy, and the strain was simply too great for such a fragile soul to bear. But the artificial determination coursing through his veins drove his passions to great heights, and he was restless and distracted. Eons spent in the cold, unfeeling void had driven him to crave warm flesh, the violation of life and to delight in the administration of pain.

The warm glow of the red soul in the container cast an unearthly crimson glow on the dimly lit room. Gaster had barely begun his work with souls, but this creature was experienced, and despite the brutality

with which he had ripped it from Chara's body, the soul was undamaged, shining brightly in the glass that caged it. Once, that soul had been used to power the Timeline Alternator that had been his downfall, and your salvation. Now...

He knew that some part of Voidster's plan was to magnify that power, to focus it in a way similar to how light and energy could be focused. What he was building was a kind of laser, one that would use the Determined soul as its medium, with the power of the entire Core to stimulate and amplify that medium. This man was nothing if not determined, and he had already assembled a massive mirror and casing to house and focus the soul. Indeed, it seemed this had been part of his original plan to break the barrier, and many of the parts he needed had already been constructed before his untimely demise. Now, resurrected and even more powerful, he worked alone to continue those interrupted plans.

It was impressive, and concerning. For the first time, he began to wonder *why* this creature was hiding parts of his plan, instinctively guarding those parts of his mind specifically from the man whose body he occupied. Voidster was not foolhardy, but he was arrogant, enough that he had made no effort to hide the genius of his invention, or the overall design with which he was working. *The devil is in the details,* Gaster thought darkly to himself, and wracked his brain for what he was overlooking, what would be so important to conceal from him, a helpless bystander in his own body. Whatever it was, it refused to reveal itself, and so he let his subconscious chew away at the problem, knowing from long practice that trying to force a revelation was as productive as trying to halt the flow of water with his hands. No, better to let the water pool and meander until it revealed a new path, a new thought that had just needed time to be uncovered. The only trouble was, he didn't know how much time he had left.

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He didn't know how much time he had left. This Sans wasn't waking up, was barely even breathing. Papyrus had hardly left his side, sitting near the bed and reading him inane stories about everything from

“fluffy bunnies” to quantum physics. It grated at Red, enough that he eventually had to leave the room, too overcome with anxiety to stay. He hadn’t liked the guy. He was a smartass, had flat out told Red that he “wouldn’t belong” in this timeline, had criticized him with every glance, but he had been strong. And he had been smart. He was the only person Red could think of that could explain certain things. Like why every monster here seemed to care so goddamned much about a human kid. Or what monstrosity was currently inhabiting the body of his former employer.

Sans may have been annoying, a pain in his ass, and condescending as fuck, but he would have known. He would have helped lead the wavering band of monsters that had formed around the shaky leadership of their absentee Queen, a woman who had abandoned them centuries ago. He would have united them.

Now, Red was unsure of anything, including his place in this timeline. He hadn’t revealed himself to the other monsters yet, but Papyrus had accepted his presence at the brothers’ house without so much as a second glance, tearfully declaring that Red was no longer a prisoner, but a friend, and insisting he sleep on their couch. The excessively loud, emotional skeleton made him uncomfortable, but he also felt a yearning to know him better. There was the potential for a connection there that never would have been possible with his old brother in his old timeline. That relationship had been violent, abusive at best, but it had been all that Red had had. Now, with Sans languishing near death, and Papyrus desperately alone and afraid, he had the opportunity to make a choice. He could remain the distant stranger, wary and untrusting of the tall, boisterous skeleton, or he could become...a friend.

He made his decision late one night, listening to Papyrus’s broken recitation of “Fluffy Bunny Saves the Day.” The lanky skeleton had to stop every so often to blot tears from his sockets, and his voice wavered as he persisted in reading Sans the story that had once been read to him every night. Red was on the couch, watching some some brainless Mettaton rerun, when he realized the voice upstairs had fallen silent. Concerned, he finally slid from the couch, skulking up the stairs to peer through the doorway of Sans’s bedroom. There he

saw Papyrus, sitting quite near the fallen monster, both of his large, gloved hands over the smaller hand of his brother. He was murmuring something under his breath, but startled when he noticed the other skeleton in the doorway.

"OH, HELLO PRISONER," he said despondently, for though he treated Red in every regard like a treasured houseguest, the habit of calling him something other than "prisoner" was a hard one to break. "DID YOU NEED SOMETHING? I'M S-SORRY, I WAS JUST…" And then the taller monster burst into fresh tears, shoulders shaking as he covered his face. Red closed the distance between them, gently brushing his phalanges over the arm of the sobbing skeleton, voice gruff. "hey, no need to cry. i just...maybe i could make ya some tea, yeah? n' then i can read to 'im, you should get some sleep."

"Y-YOU WOULD DO THAT? B-BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL," Papyrus hiccuped, wiping at his tears with a look of exhaustion and wary hope. "all the more reason then," Red returned, putting a friendliness in his voice that wasn't terribly genuine, but sufficed to reassure the younger monster. "ya don't need to do this on yer own. i'm *your* friend, yeah? i can be his friend too." Papyrus looked fit to cry again, so Red hastily took his arm, leading the unresisting monster away from the sickroom, down the stairs to the kitchen.

Once there, he brewed a cup of Golden Flower Tea, a taste he had never really acquired, but was a favorite of Papyrus's. The other skeleton calmed as he sipped at the hot beverage, and Red felt something stir in his soul, a warmth that made him wary and uncomfortable. Neither of them spoke, but the silence was not entirely awkward, and he waited until Papyrus had finished his tea before speaking. "now you oughtta get to bed. ya can't take care of yer brother unless yer rested, got it?" Papyrus stood, nodding as he carried his empty mug to the sink. "YES, I UNDERSTAND. I WAS JUST- I WONDERED…" He trailed off uncertainly, and Red had to prompt him to continue. "ya wondered what?" "I JUST- SANS USED TO READ ME A BEDTIME STORY. THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN READING TO HIM. I-I DON'T WANT TO IMPOSE, BUT WOULD YOU…?"

Red paused, mulling over the request. He wasn't a damn babysitter. But when he saw the younger skeleton's face begin to fall, he caved. "y-yeah, sure. okay. which story do ya want?" He got a sinking feeling when the taller monster beamed, beginning to climb the stairs without waiting for him to follow. "I LIKE THE ONE ABOUT THE FLUFFY BUNNY." Sighing, Red jammed his hands into his pockets, following Papyrus as he walked to his own room down the hall. "i had a feeling," he muttered.

***

You were sitting on the edge of one of the beds, talking to Alphys, when he interrupted you. Her tale of how she had created Flowey, of how the Amalgamates had come to be, came to a stuttering halt, and you sensed, rather than saw, the presence of the large monster at your back. It was difficult, but you refused to turn and acknowledge him, ignoring his heat at your back until he finally stepped around the bed, glaring down at you with narrowed violet eyes. You glared back defiantly, faltering only when his expression slid into an amused smirk. Per usual, he found your rebellion entertaining, and without a word, he reached out, grabbing your wrist and pulling you from the bed with an effortless tug.

You stumbled to your feet, your mood turned grim as you mentally prepared yourself for what would come next. He seemed distracted, preoccupied with his thoughts as he pulled you down the long corridor, to the room you had come to associate with pain, and hateful pleasure. There was nothing extraordinary about the space itself; it contained only a large bed, a desk, and a lamp for lighting, but it was the room he always brought you to, and bile rose in your throat as you entered.

"Why don't you find someone else to fuck?" you spat suddenly, desperately trying to distract him as he paused and raised one brow. "I hate you, is that just what you get off on? You disgust me." He was silent for a moment, processing your words as he shut the door behind him, locking it with his free hand. He released your wrist, and you stumbled back from him and the door, toward the bed, the only

available direction to go.

[My dear…'hate' is such a simple word for what you feel towards me,] he began slowly, shrugging out of the black lab coat he wore while he worked. He tossed the fabric onto the desk, and approached you with slow, deliberate movements. **[Isn't there more to it than that? I can see your loathing etched on your heart, yet there is also…fear…pain…desire.]**

You scowled, folding your arms. "You're lying. I don't want you. I've never wanted you, you sick fuck. All you do is hurt me and the people I love." At this, a faint smile quirked his lips, and he glanced at you from half-lidded eyes. **[Ah, the people you *love* . Such as this man, whose body I have taken, thanks to you. Or Sans, who is but a hair's breadth from death. But did you really love him, or was he just a convenient escape, a knight to rescue you from your own distress?]**

"Wh-why are you saying this?" His words struck a chord within you, and suddenly you felt your stubborn facade crumbling, undone by the malevolent words of the beast before you. Your soul thudded painfully within your chest, and he eyed you curiously. **[It interests me to see how you respond, when the lies you have constructed to protect yourself are cast aside. It wasn't that long ago that you consented to receive my mark on your soul.]** He reached out one pale, clawed hand, delicately tracing over your breastbone.

[Everything I have done, was accomplished with your assistance, my dear. So tell me, where does your loyalty truly lie? With the weak scientist who failed you, succumbing and becoming my vessel? With the skeleton who abandoned you, blaming you for the flaws you could not help? No, I think….] He leaned down, towering over you as his warm breath brushed your face. **[Your conscience pushes you to reject me, and yet I am the only safe harbor you have truly known. I desired you so that I set my mark upon you. I embraced your imperfections.]** He brushed his lips against the juncture of your throat and shoulder, gently running his fingertips down your spine. **[Under my instruction, you have**

become a creature of exquisite beauty,] he breathed.

You blinked at him, overwhelmed and confused. “You hurt me,” you murmured, turning away from his coercive touches. “You only use me for your own pleasure, you don’t care about me.” You shuddered under his hands, his lanky fingers dipping under your shirt to lift it above your head, unfastening your jeans with one hand as he began to caress your bare flesh.

[My darling, you were made to suffer.] His long, violet tongue flicked from between his lips to lap at your skin, and you panted, raising your hands to push him away. **[Pain illuminates your soul, it elevates and magnifies your charm. Besides, I have left no scars so deep as those you have inflicted on yourself. Is it not better to hurt for my pleasure, than simply because your weak soul craves punishment and direction?]**

“I don’t understand.” He was removing his own, crimson turtleneck now, his broad chest scarred and massive. “Why are you saying this now?” He lifted you easily, tumbling you onto your back on the mattress as he pushed your legs apart and crawled between them. You put up a token resistance, but your mind was confused, your movements half-hearted as you tried to get away. **[Because,]** he began in his deep voice, the sibilant sound of his zipper reaching your ears as you felt his girth press demandingly against your folds. **[Soon you will be entirely mine. My plans have almost come to fruition, and in the end, there will be only me. Forget these others, pet. Soon they will be distant memories, and I alone will have a claim on your heart.]**

Chapter End Notes

Thanks everyone who has been so supportive!

The Calm Before the Storm - Undertale

Chapter Summary

The end is near.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! Hopefully this all makes sense, I spent a while going back through the story to double check.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He muttered faintly to himself as he worked, reciting specifications, the process, and the parts involved to stay focused. This was by far his most ambitious project, if only because he had no assistants to command, no manual labor to direct on his behalf, as he had with the Core. He was lucky that he had begun this project before falling into the tear in spacetime that had accidentally been created with the malfunction of his Timeline Alternator.

Lasers were not complex to work with. The Core housed hundreds of them in different capacities, both harmless and not, but this was one was not a simple tool, it was...art. The blending of power sources, the first use of a soul as a medium; it was groundbreaking science, and his only regret was that there was no one to appreciate the genius of his work. But they would, they would. When the barrier broke, when monsterkind, stunned by its freedom, sought out their savior, he would be there, ready to receive their accolades. With the king dead, it was possible, preferable even, that he would be asked to accept a position of leadership, of lordship.

He would keep you by his side, finally able to give you the attention you deserved, performing the experiments he had dreamed of on your fascinating, dim gray soul. Perhaps he would find more souls of this type on the surface. He had never seen one during the war. Yours had been the first he had encountered, and how beautifully it responded beneath his touch. Nothing so straightforward, simple as the typical soul archetype. No, you were something subtle, damaged and

precious, as fragile as a butterfly in his hand. The power he wielded over you was intoxicating.

[Thicker glass,] he murmured suddenly, critically examining his work. A beam powerful enough to shatter the Barrier would need incredibly strong housing, lest it shatter before its work was done. The mirrors were polished to a high sheen, no flaws to compromise the integrity of the project. The soul he had taken from the child pulsed brightly, so different from yours. While he appreciated the exploitable flaws and shimmering colors yours was capable of emitting, it wasn't nearly as suitable for such specialized projects. He preferred it that way, however. He had conceived a fondness for you, and would have been loathe to give up such an entertaining toy.

A faint hum of contentment brushed past his lips, remembering the games he had played with you earlier. Charming really, how confused and yielding you had become with a few choice words whispered in your ear. Your sense of self was fragile, easily manipulated and toyed with. He didn't doubt that with enough time, he could brutalize you to the point that you believed anything he said. The thought was intriguing, but was tempered by the realization that broken toys were rarely quite as fun. Still, it didn't keep him from imagining it.

Hours passed in this manner before he finally stood, stretching to his considerable full height, and gazing down upon his work. The instrument was complete. It lacked only the essential mediums that would be concentrated and magnified into a beam powerful enough to shatter the barrier. A human soul was the first ingredient. Powerful, determined. His preferred soul type to work with. The second thing he needed was no less important, and brought a faint smile to his lips. For the barrier was woven in such a way that a human soul alone was not enough to breach it. No, he would need a monster soul as well.

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The other monsters didn't trust him, that much was clear when they

came to check on Sans. Red lingered in the house, shielded in part by Papyrus's ebullience, which helped distract from the general air of wariness that pervaded the home. Everyone spoke in soft tones, the way one does when a loved one is very ill, or dying. As if a raised or even normal voice might shatter the fragile thread that anchored him to the world of the living.

He heard them discussing him, once. Papyrus's insistence that he could be trusted, Undyne's insistence that he couldn't. Toriel, attempting to mediate between the two while still clearly caught up in the grief of losing her husband and child. It was strange. Back in his old world they would have murdered him without a second thought. It was kill or be killed, after all. Here, even Undyne eventually agreed to extend a fragile thread of trust. He could have taken advantage of it. Sans was the strongest monster in this timeline aside from Gaster. One was unconscious, the other currently occupied by some demonic force that had been unnervingly quiet lately.

He had heard Undyne's harrowing account of her confrontation with the monster occupying his former boss's body. He sounded like a real fucked up guy, like more of a sadist than Red had ever been. Flaunting you, his pet human, covered in bruises and attached to a leash. Undyne had been unable to control the emotion in her voice as she described it.

Red pondered whether he was the henchman type, then decided he wasn't. If he ended up in a difficult situation, that might be different, but for now he was content to remain here. This monster didn't seem like the type that Chara had been, obsessed with wanton destruction. While his power and violence deeply unsettled the skeleton, he had said that he was going to break the barrier. If he wanted to keep a damaged human as payment for that, what did Red care? It was a small price to pay for the freedom of the Underground. He supposed the other monsters here might object to it, but in the end surely they would remember where their loyalty should truly lie.

There was also the matter of Sans. Despite Red's predictions, the monster remained in stable condition, his chest rising and falling

gently. He could sense a tendril of human soul magic attached to the dimming white heart that represented Sans's lifeforce. It seemed whatever bond had driven the other skeleton to rescue you, was now keeping him lightly chained to the world of the living. If the other monsters discovered that bond, surely they would do everything in their power to rescue you, dooming them all to an eternity spent in caverns with sparkling rock that only poorly imitated what real stars must look like.

No, he decided, for the greater good, it was better that Gaster remain placated. It was easy to stamp down the faint feeling of guilt at condemning Sans to probable death. Even easier to dismiss your fate entirely. Sans had been right, Red didn't fit in here. Not yet, at least. But he would do whatever it took to make sure that he did. Hopefully by then, the drama and uncertainty they had all been living with would be a thing of the past.

***

"Alphys, will you tell me again about souls?" You didn't know why, but the topic had been on your mind for days now. Listening to the former royal scientist was a good distraction from the aches and bruises, too. Your body needed to rest, but your mind actively grasped at every thread of information you could gather. Something big was coming. Voidster was more and more distracted, leaving you alone for longer periods of time, but treating you with even greater brutality when he returned.

"W-well," she began, fidgeting with the edge of the blanket, "You know that monster souls and human souls are different. A m-monster's soul is made of love and compassion…" Here she trailed off, frowning. "W-well, that was what was believed...I mean...Doctor Gaster...his soul is m-mostly held together by LV."

"You mean Voidster, the one that took him over," you corrected, folding your arms. "This isn't how Gaster...I mean, Doctor Gaster,

normally is. He was kind to me." She glanced over at you, your expression soft and unfocused. Oh, you missed him. It had been days since he had last spoken to you, but you thought about him all the time. It was one of the very few things left that you still looked forward to. You wondered if Sans was still alive, or if Gaster had gathered any new information about Voidster's plans. You were desperately trying to feed your own hope, trying not to succumb to the pain and despair that constantly nipped at your heels.

You were startled by Alphys taking your hand, coming to sit beside you on the bed. "I know that you l-love him," she said, blushing slightly as she spoke, "But before Sans fell, h-he told me about this monster. Two souls, one w-white like a normal monster soul, one blood red. Both have high levels of DT a-and...violence." You said nothing, staring forward as she withdrew her hand to run it comfortingly along your arm. "You told Undye and I about h-how Voidster hurt you. But you never told us about the time th-that Gaster hurt you." A brief silence followed, as she struggled to formulate her next words.

"He...Gaster...I think that knowing you made him a better monster. B-but I think that *before* he knew you, he...he wasn't such a great person. Even if he regrets it now, LV doesn't just go away. Undyne…" she trailed off again, before continuing. "Undyne has...regrets. H-hunting humans was p-part of her job, but sometimes she wishes it wasn't. I don't have LV, but maybe I should. I hurt a lot of p-people, even though it was on accident…"

"Alphys-" you tried, but she wasn't finished yet. "Just promise me that you'll be careful," she said. "I-if we get out of this, just remember that we all have a past. It's easy to talk about how monsters are made of love and compassion, but you've seen another side of us. M-maybe you'll be safer if you just go home when the barrier is broken."

You sighed, gathering up the pillow to hug it against your chest. "I'm not sure I'll have a home to go back to," you said glumly. "I've been trapped down here for...months now, at least. I'm not really close to my family, I doubt if any of my friends have noticed I'm missing, and my boyfriend...he's probably moved on by now. I wouldn't be

surprised if he dumped all of my things at Goodwill and found someone that's less disappointing."

Her expression was sad, but you ruthlessly continued. "Besides, do you actually think he would let me go? He might not even let *you* go. Weren't you a hostage in order to get Undyne to capture Frisk? Now he says that he has the soul he needs, but you're still here." Alphys didn't respond, and you started to feel a bit bad about your tirade. "I mean...I'm sure Undyne will come for you, Alphys. I just don't think anyone is coming for me. Sans rescued me once, and I let him down, too. Now he can't even save himself." A tear tracked down your cheek, and you scrubbed at your face.

"I'm sorry. I know you're just trying to be a good friend, but the last person you need to worry about is me. If you get the chance, just go, Alphys. I let him put his mark on my soul, there's nowhere I can go that he won't find me. I'll feel better if I know you're safe, at least. It's my fault that all of this happened."

"T-that's not-"

"Not what?" You smiled sadly. "Not true? It is, though. Without me, he'd still be caught in the void. Now he's in your timeline, hurting the people you care about. If anyone deserves this hell, it's me. You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time."

This time she didn't try to argue, just shook her head and patted your hand, then slid off the bed and walked away.

***

You were woken later that night, finding yourself effortlessly lifted by

Voidster's muscular arms as he carelessly dropped the blanket back onto the bed. You were too sleepy to resist, moaning softly as he braced you against his broad chest and began carrying you out of the room. His scent was spicy and masculine, the heat of his body radiating outward and easily piercing the thin clothing you wore.

It wasn't until he passed the room that he normally took you to, that you began to wake up. "Where...where are you taking me?" You tried unsuccessfully to stifle a yawn as he glanced down toward you, violet eyes revealing nothing. He didn't answer, and when you tried to twist around in his arms and get a good look at the hallway, he raised one hand and tilted your face toward his chest. You irritably shoved at his hand, and he gave a low chuckle, but didn't slow or stop his brisk pace.

It wasn't until he stepped into an elevator, that he began to speak, as the car slowly descended. **[I have a theory, pet. It's been some time since we heard from the man whose body I inhabit, hasn't it?]** You didn't respond. It hadn't been *that* long since Gaster had contacted you, but you didn't want this man to know that. Any information he didn't have was more power you held against him.

Not seeming to care whether you responded, he continued. **[He interfered only once, but it was to great effect. It allowed you to escape his native timeline, and me, albeit temporarily.]** You weren't sure where he was going with this, but it was starting to make you nervous. He seemed relaxed, and...excited. This wasn't his typical mood of hunger and violence when he normally sought you. This was something new.

[How much does he love you...?] he mused, glancing down with a smirk when you jolted in his arms. What kind of question was that? **[Coming to your aid drains him considerably. He was silent for weeks after the last time.]** You said nothing. The elevator came to a halt, and he swept through the open doorway. The scent of tepid water, rusted metal, and dust reached you, the lights flickering dimly as he continued, seeming not to notice the state of disrepair that surrounded you.

Shadows crept through the corridor, his tall, broad-shouldered frame describing any number of demons in the failing light. The click of his shoes echoed eerily in the quiet hallway, alternating with a strange shuffling sound, and the gentle creak of abused machinery. The only other sound was that of faintly dripping water, coming from far off in the distance. You shivered, glancing fearfully around you. By the time he finally halted, pausing to open a heavy door that screeched on its hinges, you were very nearly terrified.

Voidster carried you into a dark room, setting you down on a cold metal table and fastening your wrists to a chain above your head, working solely by the faint shaft of light that seeped in through the open doorway. Then, he flipped a switch. Stuttering light illuminated the room around you, your breath coming harsh and sudden in your ears. The walls were wet, rusted planks. He sensually placed his hand upon the glistening metal, dragging his claws downward in a painful cacophony that raised goosebumps on your flesh. **[Frightened…?]** he inquired breathily, running his twisting violet tongue over his fangs. **[I can see it in your soul, little human. I would be surprised if you were not. Even your beloved doctor was afraid, when first I brought him here. Afterward…he was in too much pain to care.]**

Tears leaked from your eyes. You swallowed hard, forcing the lump in your throat downward. You could feel yourself trembling, hear the chains you were tethered to rattling as you shook. He had brought Gaster here? You tore your eyes away from the smoldering violet gaze that was eating you alive, desperately looking for a way out. Instead you lit upon a worn, wooden work table, with dozens of glittering blades displayed above it. A faint, unwilling whimper escaped from your lips. Your breathing came faster, shallow and fearful.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Your heart thudded in your chest, strands of hair clinging damply to your neck. Wordlessly, he stalked toward you; every step imbued with violence. Upon reaching your side, he extended gentle claws, stroking your face softly. **[I’m going to hurt you very badly,]** he murmured tenderly, lowering his face to yours.

Chapter End Notes

And sorry for the cliffhanger! ;D Next chapter won't be too long of a wait though.

Do ya'll wanna see the torture scene, or should I just tastefully allude to what happens? Okay, let's be honest, when have I ever cut out the good stuff?!

Feed me your comments, feedback helps keep me motivated to write!

Come see me at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com, too. :) I love answering questions about the story and the characters. <3

Torture - Undertale (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Savor the time and the trouble,
Just leave me trapped in the maze.
I'll live and die in this bubble,
But I'll never give in to your torturous ways.

It's torture,
I cower when you're near.
It's torture,
The scars born out of fear.
The horror,
Your soul so black and chilled.
It's torture,
I can't stop what can't be killed.

https://youtu.be/b2jmC8-bP5g

Chapter Notes

This chapter is extremely dark. Skip to end notes if you're sensitive to such things. Big thanks to Aloe and Stealthnerd for talking with me about this chapter while I struggled through writing it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your first thought was regret, as he cut your clothes away. That had been your only set of real clothing since you had fallen, so long ago. Undyne had given those to you. Now they lay in tatters, yanked away and discarded by a grinning psychopath. It was unnaturally warm down here, but your skin still prickled, nipples taut as he traced the back of his blade against your breasts. Your chest felt tight, and you didn't breathe so much as you panted, your body filling your lungs just enough that you didn't lose consciousness.

Your arms were secured above your head, your upper body supported by the tension of the chain, lying partially off the table at an uncomfortable angle. He wandered down to your feet, absentmindedly clasping restraints onto your ankles as well. Your legs were not fully spread, which was a comfort, but you were completely immobilized now.

"P-please don't," you gasped, as he ran inquisitive fingers down the length of your naked body, focusing on the way your skin seemed to flinch beneath his touch. His violet eyes glimmered with intrigue, and he idly flipped the knife in his hand, holding it poised before your abdomen.

[Don't…do this?] he mused, before lashing outward in a brief, controlled strike, opening a shallow cut along your ribs.

When you screamed, he withdrew the blade, running his twisting purple tongue along the bloodied metal as he watched you. You heaved in pain, feeling a warm trickle of blood rush down your ribs and belly, trailing along the outside of your thigh. When your cries had quieted to gentle whimpers and sobs, he raised a brow, grasping your chin and tilting it upward to face him. **[Already screaming, and from such an inconsequential wound. I will be interested to see how you respond to more…serious injuries.]**

You said nothing, trying in vain to halt the tears that ran heedlessly down your cheeks. Unseen by you, he slid his fingers into his trousers, adjusting the hardened length that pushed demandingly upward. Ah, it had been far too long since he had last caused you pain. True, undistilled suffering, not just an aftereffect of lusting passion. He had almost forgotten how beautifully your soul could shine in extremity. It wasn't as clear and bright as it had been in the void, however, and even as he watched, the brief kaleidoscope of color faded out. Interesting.

He reached toward you again, ignoring how you strained against your

bonds to escape him. Dipping his fingers in your blood, he idly smeared it across your torso, withdrawing to lick the residual liquid from his fingertips. The cut was shallow, but long. A good start.

He felt the soul of his host, rousing sluggishly within him, responding to your pain and need. Too slowly. Grinning obscenely, he lashed out again, opening a second, deeper wound beneath the first. The choked cry you released prompted a swell of fury within that other soul, a faint, whispered threat rising to greet him. **[How slowly your lover responds,]** he observed, watching as you panned your gaze to meet his. **[Either he is weak, or your suffering does not move him as it should. Tsk.]**

"I'm not some damsel in distress that needs to be rescued," you snarled, writhing and baring your teeth at him. He gave a brief chuckle at that, affectionately brushing his knuckles against your cheek.

[Aren't you, pet? You have yet to rescue yourself from any of these situations. Even when *he* was the one tormenting you, it took my intervention to prevent further damage.]

You paused, eyes widening. " *You* were the one dragging me between timelines?"

He hummed in acknowledgement, inclining his head. **[I merely exploited an interesting quirk that resulted from your falling in the midst of a reset. Surely you had noticed that once I escaped the void, you were no longer being torn between worlds.]**

At this you glared, spitting, "I had other things on my mind."

[To be sure,] he murmured, eyeing your naked form. **[Hmm…]**

He clasped his hands behind his back, pacing before your prone body. You now noticed his blatant arousal, and swallowed a lump in your throat, disgusted and humiliated. Noticing your reaction, he snorted with amusement, caressing the bulge at his groin lewdly. **[I can't help it, my dear,]** he said with smirk, leaning forward to raspily inhale your flavors, **[Watching you suffer has always been so erotic.]** You flushed deeply in response, turning your face away as he chuckled darkly.

Manic, he strode over to the collection of knives above the wooden table, making a show of perusing the blades. **[Hmm, a scalpel, I think. A delicate blade for my delicate human pet. But which shall we use? One of these, suited to small, precise cuts? Or a larger, more...recreational blade?]** Humming thoughtfully to himself, he finally selected a shining silver scalpel, plucking it carefully from the assortment. **[You see, pet, a true master learns to use the knife more creatively, not limiting himself to the medically recommended uses of the tool.]** You keened softly as he pressed the blade to the upper swell of your breast, a faint, stinging pain sliding across your skin as he barely broke the surface. His hand trembled, and he laughed, true entertainment crossing his features.

[Is that the best you can do?] he sneered, eyeing his hand thoughtfully. You realized that Gaster must be fighting him, and bit your lip in concern. The tremor stopped, and he shrugged, lifting the knife once more. **[How disappointing.]** He had barely begun to cut you before his hand shook once more, violently. Smirking, he withdrew, setting the blade aside. **[I must say, based on her obvious attachment to you, I had expected something more impressive. Well, now that you're here, shall we start the real fun?]**

You were watching him closely, but nothing could have prepared you for his sudden strike, ramming his closed fist into the side of your ribs with a sickening *crack* . You let out an agonized scream, wheezing as you struggled to draw breath into your lungs. At this, his whole body shook, though you did not see it. He felt the influence of the other soul flooding into his limbs, but still, it was a pale shadow of what it

once had been. Perhaps this other monster truly had become too weak to fight him.

Gaster....A manic expression fleetingly crossed his face. That was a good name, suited better to his old self, or to this weak reflection whose body he had taken. You had begun referring to him by a new name recently, one that deeply amused him. Voidster. Simple wordplay, but appropriate nonetheless. He had already adopted it, a fitting tribute for a man who had survived the void and conquered two worlds. Back before he had fallen, the human tribes had kept such a tradition, giving new names to the young men who had slain their first monster. He had received precious few accolades for his achievements thus far, but the name...that was a good start.

Your ego grows much too large, the other monster muttered hatefully, still struggling against him for control.

[It is the proper size to match my abilities,] he responded, speaking over your moans of pain. **[Shall I mount the female you had claimed, and share every agonizing detail? If you found it as reprehensible as you pretend, this body wouldn't respond so enthusiastically to her suffering.]**

Liar, the voice snarled, quivering with emotion as he laughed. *I am nothing like you, I have never been like you. You are an abomination, a demon.*

[Yes, I suppose I am,] he replied, running his fingertips along the flowering bruises on your side. You whined and flinched away from his touch, still struggling to draw breath. Perfect. Unless he missed his mark, the bones were fractured. That would hurt for a long time, even with the assistance of the pathetic, captive doctor. It would also incapacitate you, making escape a near impossibility, unless you were carried. Walking would be difficult, running; impossible. Intimacy would be agonizing.

The soul within him rebelled at the last thought, and a cruel smile touched his lips. **[Can you stop me?]** Reaching for your wrists, he unfastened the restraints, letting your tender body fall heavily on the table. You groaned, cradling your ribs and continuing to breathe shallowly. Humming thoughtfully, he unfastened your ankles, one at a time. When you lay unbound and panting on the table, he grabbed your leg, pulling you down until you were on the edge. His hands trembled slightly, the muscles in his face twitching as he used one hand to hold you down, the other dropping to his trousers.

LEAVE HER, Gaster roared, the force his his rebellion causing Voidster to stagger sideways, a faint smile still on his lips.

[Truly an intriguing struggle,] he murmured, straightening and glancing down at you. Despite the anguish you must be in, you glared up into his interested expression, hands pressed to your aching side, baring your teeth in an impotent display of rage and pain. He frowned thoughtfully, gripping your jaw in his hand and staring into your eyes. Your soul pulsed and churned within your breast, aggressive flashes of color drawing his attention. Not the response he had expected from such a frail and vulnerable creature.

[All this time, I had thought of you as a delicate toy, a trembling butterfly crushed easily in my hand. And yet…] he shrugged gracefully, tilting his head slightly. **[Perhaps I underestimated you, pet. This energy, this light within you…it is strange to me.]** He noted how you dropped your gaze, tears leaking from your eyes to run over the knuckled digits that still grasped you controllingly. And yet the colors in your soul remained undimmed, flashing defiantly beneath his mark. These were different from what he had witnessed before. The hues that indicated pain and fear were there, but beneath them lay a softly glowing, nearly white light that pulsed with the beat of your heart. How unusual.

[It is of no importance,] he said finally, releasing your jaw and flexing his fingers against your hips, shoving his groin against you

impatiently. **[I fear I have neglected you, my dear. This rebellion in your soul, it calls to me for temperance, for discipline. Just as the vines must be cut back to pluck the rose, so shall I strip away the thorns of your resistance.]** You said nothing, your head falling to the side as you stared off into the distance, refusing to acknowledge him. Yes, that would have to change. Plenty of time to do so after the barrier was destroyed. He would set aside the time to cultivate you into a creature worthy of serving the man who had freed monsterkind. Soft, submissive, with no hint of insubordination in your fragile gray soul.

Already, he sensed exhaustion in Gaster's soul, fighting his movements as he reached down to free himself from his slacks. It was as if he were trying to move through some sort of viscous liquid, a subtle resistance tugging at his limbs and slowing him, but only slightly. When he pushed his rigid phallus against you, your body resisted the penetration, your hips twisting as you moaned and fitfully tried to escape. Growling, he shoved his hand against your cuts instead, your pained sobs further agitating the monster that fought him.

Bright, coppery blood spilled over his fingers, coating his hand in watery crimson fluid. His pupils dilated and he snarled, the scent of your pain further exciting his predatory instincts. Tucking his bloodied hand back down to his crotch, he coated himself well, then pressed forward once more, the slickness of his shaft gaining him entry to your tight, heaving body. He grunted as the head of his cock slipped within you, your muscles wound tight and uncooperative. Withdrawing, he thrust into you again, gaining a few more inches. You flinched beneath him, his movements horribly jarring your fractured ribs. He paused and panted, feeling the resistance of the other monster begin to fade as he buried further within you.

[He's abandoned you, pet,] he murmured vindictively, shoving forward to drape his long, purple tongue against your throat. **[Who else is left in this cruel world to shelter you? It was so easy for him to claim to *love* you, yet his actions speak otherwise.]** He could sense the frustration and despair that his words caused in the other monster, but his struggles remained weak, futile. Frowning, Voidster struck you hard against the face, his palm cracking against

your delicate cheek as your head was snapped to the side. He nudged his hips forward, the blood no longer useful as a lubricant, forcing his way in your tight walls as you mewled and shook in pain. The strange colors within you began to fade, running together in muddy streaks before leaving your soul as it should be; colorless and frail. His mark stood out in inky black against the fragile gray, flashes of pain illuminating the cracks and imperfections.

A deep, raspy groan left his lips as he sheathed himself, wrapping one hand around your neck and pressing against your windpipe. **[Beg,]** he commanded, his claws digging into the tender flesh of your throat. **[Sing for me, songbird. Let us see if your plight moves your lover to action.]** The fingertips of his other hand dug into your hip, leaving bloody gouges as he yanked you down against his cock.

"No," you whispered, baring your teeth in pain. "I-I don't know wh-what you want, but you're not getting it- *ah!* " Your words cut off with an agonized moan as he shoved up against your cervix, your breath whistling through your clenched teeth as you squeezed your eyes shut.

[Oh, my darling, naive human,] he snarled hatefully, pressing the heel of his hand into your damaged ribs until you screamed, unrelenting and tortured. **[Did you think I was not prepared for your rebellion?]** He felt the bones shift and creak beneath his hand, a maniacal grin spreading on his face as your cries became hoarse, faint and weak. You writhed against him, merely adding to his bliss as your body ground against his throbbing shaft. Blood smeared across your torso, leaking downward and blending with the lasting stains of rust on the metallic table.

"Gaster…" you moaned, eyelids fluttering, lip bloodied from biting into it to stifle your screams. You were delirious from pain, pupils dilated, your face pale and bloodless.

[He's listening,] Voidster murmured in your ear, his dark tongue lingering over the smear of crimson on your lip.

“Please…” you whispered, your body shuddering and going still. Exquisite pain burst through his veins, stinging wounds like lacerations on his very soul, as the monster trapped within him reacted to your suffering.

[Such a poignant request,] the demon sneered, taking advantage of muscles relaxed in exhaustion to fully hilt himself within your warm, broken body. **[It rends the heart to hear such pleas, does it not, *doctor* ?]** The hand around your throat tightened as he passionately rode the wave of fury from the other man, throwing his hips forward with harsh, uncaring bucks. The faintest of moans slipped from your throat as he ground into you, too near unconsciousness to fight him any longer. Never before had he fucked you so mercilessly, as if he meant to kill you with the violence of the act alone.

His hide twitched and shuddered with lust, his stance spreading as he balanced on the balls of his feet, grinding his abdomen against your wounded torso, the crimson fabric of his turtleneck eagerly soaking in the blood leaking from your injuries. The sound of his wet thrusting reverberated in the dimly lit room, echoing off the rusted metal walls as if you were in a cave. You heard a ringing in your ears, nausea welling in your throat as you gasped and swallowed against the harsh metallic taste in your mouth. Keeping one hand on your hip, he dropped the other from your throat to your breast, cruelly toying with your nipples until they were hard and aching. Even the slightest brush of his shirt against your flesh was agony, your breasts quivering as he cupped and clawed at them.

Finally, it was too much to bear. “Gaster!” you screamed hoarsely, your throat raw and abused. “Make him stop, *please, I can’t…. ”*

The beast grinned wickedly, rocking his pelvis against yours with sharp, heavy nudges. **[How sweetly you beg, my pet. Perhaps now that your lover has abandoned you, you will gift those delicate cries to your true master. Already, you push me to the brink of pleasure with such passionate mewling.]**

Deep within his stolen body, Gaster heaved in agony, clawing at his own face as his inner turmoil threatened to overwhelm him. Never before had you needed him so desperately, and yet he could not, he *dared not* come to your aid. For if what he suspected was true, the darkest hour was not yet at hand. He would need every drop of strength he could spare if he was to save not only you, but all of monsterkind from an eternity of suffering.

Chapter End Notes

Voidster tortures reader, taunts Gaster with his inability to rescue her. Gaster prevents himself from acting out of fear that he will need his strength in the near future.

Leave me comments/feedback! What do you think will happen? What do you WANT to happen? Seriously, even if you feel like you can't find adequate words, I love to hear from you guys. It keeps me going.

Shout out to my little Nutmeg, who has a thing for using blood as lubricant. ;)

Monster - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Under the knife I surrendered
The innocence yours to consume
You cut it away
And you filled me up with hate
Into the silence you sent me
Into the fire consumed
You thought I'd forget
But it's always in my head

This is the world you've created
The product of what I've become
My soul and my youth
Seems it's all for you to use
If I could take back the moment
I'd let you get under my skin
Relent or resist?
Seems the monster always wins

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“O-oh my god,” Alphys gasped, as Voidster laid you gently on the hospital bed. From the corner of your eye you could see her hesitating, torn between her desire to help you, and fear of the man who loomed over you. Luckily, the monster didn’t linger, pausing only to tenderly brush the hair away from your tear-stained face. He held a certain languid satisfaction in his movements; a contented predator basking in the bloody aftermath of his violence. **[Rest while you can, pet,]** he murmured, violet eyes flicking carelessly over your broken body. **[You won’t want to miss what comes next.]**

With that, he strode out of the room, his shirt sleeves pushed up to the elbows with sweat and blood streaking his pale, scarred hide. Alphys watched him go, tension in every line of her body, until the door swung softly shut behind him. Then, she turned her full attention to

you, tears glittering in her eyes as she wrung her claws together, clearly uncertain where to begin. Dried blood caked your wounds, fresh bruises flowered on your skin, but it was the way that you lay still, eyes dull with exhaustion and pain, that truly terrified her.

She fussed at your wounds, hands fluttering helplessly above the cuts and bites as you apathetically watched her. “I j-just don’t know that much about h-humans!” she finally wailed, watching anxiously as you struggled to sit up, unconsciously reaching toward your injured ribs.

“Need water,” you muttered, your voice raspy from screaming. Given direction, the yellow lizard calmed slightly, nodding and stumbling away to the bathroom. The thought of a shower was appealing, but you knew that was impossible now. You longed for hot water to wash the filth from your skin and ease the pain of your wounded body, but you were far too weak to walk there, even with Alphys’ help. Instead you braced yourself against the cold metal of the bed frame, a stabbing pain lingering in your side with every breath.

It wasn’t that long ago that you would have given up by now, you thought restlessly, gazing at the scars on your body, the dried blood on your torso and translucent purple fluid seeping from between your legs. Not that long ago that you had been wracked with depression and guilt, hurting yourself, refusing to eat. An unwelcome thought intruded; that perhaps you just needed to be hurt, and Voidster’s actions had merely fulfilled that unhealthy craving in your damaged, gray soul. Maybe he was right. Maybe you had wanted this all along.

You knew what he saw in you. It was something that nobody else seemed to see. Perhaps nobody else *wanted* to see it. Some part of you yearned for destruction, as a moth yearns for the glow of a candle flame, as the dead branches of a tree yearn toward the spires of lightning during a storm. For all his violence and bravado, beneath that sheer aggression was a subtle mind, with cunning that effortlessly saw and exploited your deepest weaknesses. Manipulation came easily to him; a natural gift that he constantly honed. You hated him. But you understood him, too. And he understood you, far better than anyone else ever had.

There was no point in denying it any longer. There was a connection between the two of you, something deeper than the invisible brand on your soul. A thread that bound you together, a darkness within you that sang at his touch, a craving within him that had narrowed to obsession. It terrified you. You knew that no matter how much time passed, no matter how he hurt and violated you, a part of you would always long for his cruelty. And despite his grandiose plans, the distraction of his freedom, and the power he craved, he would always seek you out to play these games. While he lived, he would never deny himself the satisfaction of toying with you.

Alphys returned then, a small basin of water and clean rags in her claws. Gingerly, she assisted you in wiping the worst of the blood from your chest, examining the gently seeping lacerations as she did. “Th-they’re not too deep,” she whispered reassuringly, her voice tremoring. You sighed. If only that had been the worst of it.

“I think my ribs are broken.” You tentatively prodded the tender area, hissing in pain at the sharp pain that flooded you, constricting your chest and making it difficult to breathe. Definitely broken. “Wh-what do we do?” the yellow monster asked, eyes wide. Despair tugged at your soul at her words. Gaster would know what to do. He wasn’t as terrifyingly familiar with human anatomy as Voidster, but he still knew quite a bit more than Alphys. It wasn’t her fault, but you longed for the reassuring presence of the other doctor.

Your thoughts must have been apparent on your face, for the yellow monster stared down at her shaking claws, a tear slipping from her eyes. “I k-know I’m not very useful right now,” she muttered anxiously, guilt striking you at her words. “I r-really... I work with machines. I’m an engineer, not a *medical* d-doctor. I’m so stupid. You’d p-probably be better off without me.”

“Alphys, that’s not true,” you murmured, wheezing slightly. “I think I’d go insane if I didn’t have you to talk to. Please, I know you feel bad, but I need you to focus.” It was true that her company had helped keep you sane, that knowing the yellow monster was waiting

for you had been a reason to keep going, not to give up. The other reason...Gaster...had been conspicuously absent near the end of this latest session with Voidster. You tried to shove your fear and doubt deep into your heart, but they only festered there, infecting your soul with panic. Why hadn't he tried to help you? Your face twisted in pain, and an errant tear slipped from your cheek before you mastered your emotions, forcing yourself to focus.

"Maybe if we bind my ribs it will help. I think I read about that, once." Trembling, Alphys followed your instructions, tearing one of the bed sheets into long strips, helping you wrap and secure the bandages tightly around your midsection. It hurt when she knotted them firmly, but afterward, the sharp pain subsided to a dull ache. "Feels better…" you murmured, more to reassure her than anything. Even talking hurt, but she needed you as much as you needed her.

Caught up in your own struggles, you hadn't realized just how harshly this life of captivity had affected her. Her normally vibrant ochre scales were pale yellow, almost ashen in appearance, and she had deep circles beneath her eyes. Her claws shook, and her voice was soft and uncertain. Even her stutter had gotten worse. Once when they had both assumed you were asleep, you had overheard a whispered, menacing conversation between Voidster and the lizard monster.

You gathered that he both resented her presence as his 'replacement' and found her inadequate for the job. It turned out that he'd had more than one reason for choosing her as a hostage, as well. The first had been assuring his control over the royal guard, with Undyne as their leader. As for the second, he had assumed, as you had, that Alphys had more medical training than she actually did have. He had retained her as a keeper for you. He was keenly aware of how fragile and easily damaged you were, and repairing that damage simply did not interest him, although he had assured the other monster he was more than capable of doing so.

[I have more…important…things to attend to,] he had muttered derisively, when Alphys had protested with her inability to heal humans. **[I suggest that you learn what you are doing, for if you**

fail me in this…if she dies…I *will* find the time to address your incompetence. Indeed, I imagine I may find *weeks* to spend on rectifying such an unforgivable error. A soul such as hers… Do not fail me, doctor.]

It was an ungracious thought, but you wondered how much of her fear was on your behalf, and how much was on her own. Though you couldn't blame her for fearing him. The man was terribly effective at threats; a sort of genuine malice imbuing his words that made them all the more believable.

You suspected he was watching you more closely than Alphys realized, since he had said such things to her in private. In all this time, you had learned a little about him. He was arrogant, but not foolhardy. He liked to take risks, but had limits as to what he was willing to wager. Deep down, you knew that your strange, damaged gray soul was more valuable to him than he would ever admit. The knowledge did nothing to help your current situation, and wasn't terribly reassuring in general, either. If ever you had hoped for death as an escape, any illusion that it might have been possible was shattered now.

A pained flutter in your soul distracted you, and you flinched as Alphys wrapped strips of fabric more loosely over the cuts on your torso. "S-sorry," she muttered, clearly taking your movement for one of pain.

"It wasn't you," you murmured in response, wondering. Had Gaster been responding to your thoughts? You had only interacted with him in dreams for such a long time now. And yet it seemed the closer Voidster was, the more clearly Gaster was able to communicate with you.

What? You thought bitterly, gripping the side of the bed as Alphys finished her patchwork job. *It's fine for him to torture me nearly to death, but wanting it to be over isn't okay?* Silence answered you, and you felt a little stupid, yet the bitterness remained. Voidster had clearly been trying to draw him out, and you knew that Gaster was

intelligent, as intelligent as the man who had taken his body. But could he not have spared the energy to throw you some shred of comfort, some sort of a warning before abandoning you?

You were drawn from your thoughts by Alphys tugging at your hand. You stared blankly at her, unsure what she was trying to do. “T-the sheets are s-stained,” she whispered, helping you stand, and wrapping a clean blanket around you. You stared at the deep crimson streaks on the white bedding. Irreparably destroyed, like your clothing. The blanket wrapped around your body, a token effort at modesty, was all you had left. You sighed. “Guess it’s a good thing there are lots of beds, huh?”

“Ye-” her words cut off as she stumbled, gripping your arm with far more force than was necessary. Wincing, you turned, seeing Voidster standing, tall and broad-shouldered at the doorway. He was clean, dressed in a fresh pair of slacks and new, crimson turtleneck. Polished dress shoes covered his clawed feet, a dark lab coat draping against his sides. It was rare to see him in his full attire- he usually opted just for the slacks and turtleneck, sometimes forgoing even shoes as he stalked around the lab like a feral beast.

His jaws parted in a sensual smile, the tip of his churning violet tendril slipping just barely past his lips as he studied the pair of you. **[Better than your usual performance, Doctor,]** he rumbled with amusement, taking in the way you gripped the blanket to your body; the thin fabric hiding none of your enticing curves. The cowardly lizard monster stood partially shielded by your small body, staring at his shoes, while your pain-filled, stubborn eyes locked onto his own. Your continual resistance fascinated him, and soon he would have all the time in the world to test the boundaries of your soul.

[Shall we, pet?] He inquired gently, extending a clawed hand courteously. As if he were asking you to dance, your dazed mind thought in confusion. Unthinking, you took a step toward him, despite Alphys’ desperate grip on your arm. The agonized beating of your soul returned, and your hand quivered as you extended it to grasp his. “What’s...happening…?” you breathed, as if in a trance. Your will over

your own body was weak, and you couldn't tell if it was his influence, or simply exhaustion holding sway over you.

[Oh, simply the freedom of monsterkind after centuries of imprisonment,] he hummed in amusement, raising a brow. **[I believe they've waited long enough- don't you?]** You felt Alphys' grip on you falter, and gently tugged your arm out of her grasp.

"Why do you want me there?" You felt lost. It didn't seem like a trap, exactly, but this unpredictable shift in behavior left you feeling paranoid. Why would he hurt you so badly, let Alphys patch you up, then return as if nothing had happened? The sharp caress of his claws down the side of your arm distracted you, and you found yourself fixated on the gleaming talons. They were clear and hard, blending perfectly with the whiteness of his scarred hide. He had washed your blood from them earlier, it seemed.

[The destruction of the barrier that has trapped my kind for centuries,] he mused, drawing closer. **[The cowardly king collected the souls of unfortunate children in a half-hearted attempt to free us. Do you know why such a thing was 'necessary', pet?]** Mute, you shook your head. His spicy, masculine scent was making you slightly dizzy, and you swayed on your feet, until he reached out to steady you.

[Asgore had...objections...to the method I had suggested,] he continued, a faint smirk touching his lips. **[It involved using the souls of his children.]**

You heard Alphys inhale sharply behind you. Stunned, you stared at him. "How could you think someone would let you use their children for one of your sick experiments?" He shrugged slightly, the heavy fabric of the lab coat rustling with his movements.

[I never understood the maudlin affection some have for their own offspring,] he muttered, the corner of his mouth twisting ironically. **[Had Sans or Papyrus been of use for such a thing, I would have chosen them without hesitation. It would be an honor, to make such a sacrifice for one's people.]** His grip around your arm had tightened, and when you flinched away, the muscles in your damaged ribs tensed, making you gasp sharply. He frowned, cool violet gaze lingering on your torso. **[In my enthusiasm, I perhaps…damaged you more harshly than I had intended.]**

It was as close to an apology as you had ever heard from the man, but you weren't in the mood to accept. "Yeah, it happens…" you muttered sarcastically, wincing as he stooped to gather you in his arms, bridal style. Leaving Alphys behind, he began striding out of the room. You cast her a final glance over his shoulder, but she was staring down at her hands, not at you. The direction Voidster took was unfamiliar to you; toward neither the room he had used for pleasure, nor the elevator that led to the underground hellhole he had tormented you in.

[You will heal, under my visage,] he murmured intimately against the side of your face. **[I look forward to such tender moments with you, my pet. You will soon have my undivided attention.]** His hot breath beat against your face, and you turned away as his lips brushed your temple.

"Why pretend like you care, when you were torturing me an hour ago?" you whispered, a tear sliding down your cheek. "You destroy my body, you get inside my head, you mark my soul, and it's still not enough for you. Why not just kill me, like you wanted to? Do you just need an audience that badly? You're insane." Your body shuddered in his grasp, pushed well past its limits for pain and abuse, yet he didn't pause.

[Shhh,] he cooed down at you, eyes narrowing thoughtfully. **[It is merely part of the process, my dear. Just as the Core was built from the ground up, of many intricate pieces, so must you be**

broken and reassembled, with care taken for the final result. Your unique soul grants me the power…no…the *obligation* to shape you. You are lucky to have me, pet. Only a practiced hand could guide you as you need to be, to reach your true potential.]

You were exhausted, and in pain. “I was good enough the way I am, for Sans. And for Gast-” A clawed digit pressed to your lips silenced you.

[You and I both know that is untrue. You were nearly driven to suicide by Sans’s inexperienced approach. Sending the warrior to save you from yourself was the only thing worthy of note the ‘doctor’ who replaced me has ever accomplished.] You realized he was speaking of Alphys, and your brow furrowed, about to speak further, when he continued.

[As for the other, he will soon be nothing more than a memory of the imperfect shadow of myself. As I was saying earlier, to break the barrier requires only two souls. A human soul, and the soul of a monster. The royal child provided the first. A determined soul of excellent quality. The level of violence only enhances its stability, especially for such taxing work as this. It’s an underrated quality.]

You said nothing, digesting his words as he spoke. It was the first time he seemed to be holding nothing back of his plans. Perhaps they were so close to fruition that it no longer mattered, but you were drawn in, regardless. “You said you needed *two* souls for this plan to work, who’s the other-”

[The *other* ingredient will be extracted from my own body. Another soul, strong with violence. Whole, unlike my own, which I divided when I created Sans and Papyrus. After all, it has grown rather crowded in here, don’t you agree, Doctor Gaster?]

Chapter End Notes

It's the beginning of the end for Arc 2 of this story.

Battle Against a True Hero - Undertale

Chapter Summary

Voidster's plans have finally come to fruition. Can anyone stop him?

Chapter Notes

Leave comments please! The more feedback I get, the more motivated to write I am, so it's a win/win. :)

Tumblr is dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com. Make sure you check out the #voidster, #tsm bonus stories, and #fanart tags!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blood red light bathed the scene, casting his cruel features in partial shadow as he set you down in an oversized chair. The only source of illumination in the room was that of a vibrant crimson heart, suspended in an intricate glass container. The result was an eerie scene; that of the tall scientist in the dark coat bent menacingly over the complex electrical panel before him, from which multiple tubes and wires crawled, like horrific parasitic worms. His long, elegant fingers tapped effortlessly away at a small keypad, muttering under his breath as he worked, focused entirely on the numbers he was working with.

Your gaze was drawn from the man before you to an enormous, terrifying metallic skull in the far corner of the room. Indeed, it took up most of the space that was available, a grotesque and strangely compelling fixture, mesmerizing you the longer you stared.

It was canine in shape, and reminded you somewhat of the magical attacks Sans and Voidster had used against each other in the past. Yet something was different about this...creation. It was shaped of an unnatural cacophony of rusted and shining new metals, as if parts had been cannibalized from other machines to build it. The empty, predatory eye sockets glowed dimly from within, lit by the determined

soul that had been implanted into the skull, as if in gruesome parody of a brain. Elegant 'horns' of shaped metal and corded wires surrounded the glass casing of the soul, and the end result was that of a nightmarish, mechanical hellhound. You could almost imagine hot breath beating past the fangs in the empty, gaping maw.

Voidster had turned, taking in your reaction with an interested, critical gaze. **[Not quite as great an invention as the Core,]** he observed, striding over to place a proprietary hand on the massive machine. **[But then, that achievement was nearly insurmountable. The creation of this weapon would not have even been possible without the magical energy the Core produces and channels.]** Your confused gaze crossed with his own, and he sighed, drumming his fingers impatiently on the surface of the skull.

[Perhaps I should have allowed the 'doctor' to join us. You have no way of understanding these things. Regardless, you have been chosen to stand witness, my dear. Fitting, is it not, that the destruction of the barrier be observed by a member of the race who had constructed it? You are no human mage, pet, but I can think of no human I would rather have here with me. And it serves another purpose.]

He stepped languidly from his creation toward you, putting you in mind of a stalking cat as he approached. You were bundled carefully in the seat of the chair he had placed you in, too weak to stand or move aside as he leaned over you. He placed his clawed digits beside your face, leaning down to brush his jaw almost affectionately against the top of your head. **[You will watch as the soul of your former lover shatters. The laser I have constructed will tap into his very essence, draining it of every particle of magic, and combining that power with that of the determined human soul. It is the perfect solution to not only the barrier, but the matter of your unfaithful heart. With Sans fallen…with Gaster destroyed…you will have no choice but to love me, and me alone.]**

A keening whine escaped your lips at his words, tears welling in your eyes before you fully understood them. "You- you can't do this. You

really are insane, I could never... *never* love you." Your voice rose shrilly, pain and fear tightening your chest. "You think killing the people who were kindest to me will make me love you?! You're delusional! *I hate you. I'll never forgive you for this."*

Your chest heaved passionately as you forced the words out, gripping your side and glaring up at him. His face was mere inches from your own, violet eyes piercing into your soul, watching your outrage with interest. Not the slightest spark of concern was in his gaze, nor any emotion but perhaps satisfaction and intrigue. It was the expression of a scientist. Interested, cataloguing the data and reaching conclusions, but ultimately detached.

A brief laugh welled up in your throat as the realization struck you, and you blurted the words out before you could stop yourself. "You don't even know what love is. You'll never understand it, and that...that makes me sorry for you. You hurt everyone around you, you think it's fun, but they have more than you can ever take from them, because they understand what love is. And you can't take love from them. You can't take it from me."

At this his expression fell slightly, irritation crossing his features. He straightened, gazing down at you imperiously. **[There is nothing I cannot take from you, pet. And there is *nothing* you shall not offer up on the altar of my dominion over you. Every part of your body, every piece of that fractured soul belongs to *me.*]** He paused thoughtfully, then shrugged, turning away. **[It will simply make this process all the more satisfying, seeing the realization enter those stubborn eyes of yours, as this Gaster is erased from existence more thoroughly than I ever was.]**

Your heart thudded painfully in your chest as you gripped the arms of the chair he had placed you in. He went back to work at the glowing panel before him, rapidly inputting data as you struggled to process the situation. Gaster was silent, except for the faint sensation on your soul that you suspected was his presence. But if he was conscious and aware, why wasn't he doing anything? What was the point of fighting, if even Gaster had given up? Your soul cried out in fear and anguish,

and you wrapped your arms around yourself, squeezing your eyes shut.

This was an impossible situation. Your hope was faltering... had everything really been leading up to this moment? You had known that Voidster had been planning his escape for years, possibly centuries, or even millennia, and yet you had still underestimated the depth of his ambition. What would happen now? Would Sans and Gaster truly die, as he had threatened all along?

No...you couldn't accept that. A sudden, painful realization flooded you. All this time you had been tamely submitting to this monster, accepting your fate like a lamb being led to slaughter. When had you really, truly fought back against him with all of your strength? You had always assumed that it would be pointless, that you were too weak, that trying and failing would be worse than not trying at all. But what if you were wrong?

You wanted the monsters to be free, and your heart ached with love as you remembered your friends. Sans, Gaster, Alphys, Undyne. Frisk, who was just a child. Was it fair to condemn them to a lifetime underground, even if the price for freeing them was the lives of the two monsters you had come to care for the most? You remembered how you had thought that Undyne was going to betray Frisk, giving up their soul to Voidster to break the barrier with, but Alphys hadn't let you believe such a thing. If they were willing to give up their freedom to protect one human child, surely they wouldn't want to buy it with the lives of two monsters, would they?

You felt lost, without your friends. You were all alone with this madman, the only witness to his monstrous achievement. Still, you clung to your best and brightest memories of them. The first time that Gaster had said your name. When Sans had shown you how beautiful your soul could be. The first night you and Gaster had made love. The taste of the golden flower tea that Undyne made for you while you relived the painful past. Alphys' stubborn refusal to give up on you, despite the dire situation you had both been placed in.

The red light behind your closed eyelids began to pulse, and hesitantly, you opened your eyes. The captive human soul was throbbing intensely, as if in time to a heartbeat you couldn't hear. The eye sockets of the monstrous machine flashed menacingly, and you shuddered. Voidster was reclined in a chair you hadn't noticed before, placed directly before the base of the enormous skull. The snout of it was pointed upward, toward some undefinable point you couldn't see. You assumed it must be directed at the barrier. Thick tubing ran from the sides of the skull, attached to the scientist's ribs with what looked like large needles. His shirt had been removed, his coat hanging open to expose his torso, thin streaks of blood running down from where the tubes had been attached. He wasn't paying attention to you at all, focused entirely on his moment of triumph. This was it.

Trembling in pain, you slid out of the chair, clutching the arm for support as your injured ribs were jostled painfully. The blanket around your body was more or less secure on its own, and allowed you to move slowly toward the scientist without hinderance, keeping your hand against the wall as you tried not to stumble, nor catch his attention. Unfortunately, you were so focused on making sure he hadn't noticed you, that you tripped over a large, loose cable, crying out involuntarily as the sudden movement caused you extreme pain. Your vision flashed white, and when you could see again, Voidster was staring directly at you, a brow raised curiously.

[What on earth are you doing, pet?] Gritting your teeth, you said nothing, instead slowly making your way over to him. He was more or less immobile now, tracking your progress with interest but no real concern. He had never seen you as a threat, you reminded yourself grimly. That would work in your favor now, if what you had planned worked. If Gaster was feeling despair, if he was unable to be your strength as he had been in the past, then you would have to be his, instead.

Reaching the monster in the chair, you grasped onto his shoulder, his arm automatically reaching up to steady you. The cool violet eyes were calculating and remote. No sign of the man whose body he had

stolen behind that detached scientist's gaze. But if he planned to use Gaster's soul, surely there was still some part of him left that you could speak to. Quivering with exhaustion, you took both your hands, gently cupping his face. For once, the monster didn't speak, his expression confused as you tilted your head downward and placed a soft kiss on his lips.

"I love you," you whispered, reaching out with your heart and soul. Voidster trembled in response, his chest heaving as the soul of his host rallied within him, spurred on by your touch.

[Get…get away from me,] he suddenly snarled, claws twitching as though he meant to strike you, but his body would not obey him. You refused, stubbornly clinging to him as you stared deep into his violet eyes, and saw the faintest spark of recognition within them.

"Gaster, I know you're still here with me. I don't know why-" you choked, regret wringing your airway shut before you could continue. Memories of cruel knives and deep, menacing laughter assailed you, before you shut your eyes and shoved them away. "I don't know why you couldn't help me, earlier. But whatever is left of you…just try. That's all I'm asking. Please just try. It's never mattered more than it does now. Fight him!"

A roar of fury interrupted your speech, a white taloned hand flinging outward to shove you away. You fell, a scream of agony erupting from your lips as your damaged ribs were further abused. Panting in pain, you stared upward at the scene unfolding before you. Voidster's fangs were bared, his skin glistening with sweat as he raised his hands and began to force Gaster's soul out of his body. The machine hummed and pulsed, rattling slightly with its intensity as the magic of the monster began to interact with the human soul he had taken.

Slowly, a white, upside-down heart began to emerge from his chest, flashing violently as though it struggled against the extrusion. And then you gasped, for the white heart was not alone. It had ribbons of alabaster light wound tightly around another soul; one that was blood

red and cracked, seeming to ooze as if the light that emitted from it were more of an oily sludge. As the white soul was dragged from Gaster's body, the cracked, crimson soul was forced to accompany it, bound inextricably to the other soul.

Gasping, you dragged yourself closer, unable to stand on your own. What was Gaster doing? Instead of fighting to protect his own soul, he was dragging Voidster's out with him. Was that his plan, to sacrifice himself so that this demon would finally be destroyed? You reached the chair again, and dragged yourself up by the arm. "Gaster, don't do this," you begged, watching futilely as the two souls fully emerged.

The maroon of Voidster's soul began to seep into the white bonds of magic around him, and slowly, the tethers began to snap. He was forcing Gaster to release him, destroying the connection that held them together. **[You fool!]** he roared, clutching at the arms of the chair, **[This will destroy us both, then what will become of the Underground? Of the girl you claim to care so much for?! Your sacrifice will be MEANINGLESS!]** The machine was humming more strongly now, and you realized there was no way to stop it, now. Voidster wouldn't be in such a panic if there was.

No. You hadn't come this far just to fail. You closed your eyes, focusing on your love, your hope, and what little determination you had clung to after all this time. A world without Sans...without Gaster...you couldn't allow that to happen. Gasping, you felt warmth begin to spread in your chest, as if a burning coal lay where your heart should be. Tears spilled down your cheeks as you focused once again on the moments of tenderness and love you had shared with these monsters. The light behind your closed lids intensified, and hesitantly, you opened your eyes once more.

Voidster was staring at you, or rather, at the softly glowing white heart that had emerged from your chest. It was still cracked and chipped. Opalescent colors slid across the surface like the sheen of a gemstone, but it was no longer gray and dim. Transfixed, you both watched as the pearlescent soul began to shine more brightly, wrapping its light around the struggling monster souls before it.

“What’s happening…?” you murmured, but neither Voidster nor Gaster seemed to have an answer.

[The pair of you seem well-suited for one another,] Voidster commented suddenly, bitterly. You glanced up to meet the impassive violet gaze that had sought out your own. **[Self-sacrificing fools, each determined to save the other. Pathetic. Maudlin. Pointless. Both of you will die, in the name of ‘love.’ I could have given you what you desired…what you *needed.* And instead you throw it all away in a grand, but ultimately futile declaration of *love*.]**

For the first time in your life, you met his eyes without fear. “Love is more powerful than you think. I don’t belong to you, and I never will. If we die…then it was worth bringing you down with us. And I won’t let Gaster do this alone, because I *do* love him. It’s past time I faced you myself.”

He was silent for a moment, then chuckled. **[As you say, pet. Only know that if I survive…if *we* survive…I will seek you out. I hope you are certain of this method of execution you have chosen. The last time someone tried to end my existence…well, you know what occurred.]** Even at the brink of disaster, his expression held a certain faint, self-satisfied look, the barest hint of a smile turning up his lips. He truly believed he was invincible, you realized. He had no sense of his own mortality, no acceptance of the possibility of failure, even now.

“We won’t let you win,” you said grimly. “I won’t let you live on to be unleashed on the surface, hurting both monsters and humans. This ends *now.* ” With your words, your soul flashed a brighter white, almost eclipsing your vision of the other souls. It seemed to feed from your emotion, and you clung to every scrap of hope you could muster. You would be determined. You would be strong. As the enormous skull roared to life, you felt it drawing on the power around it, draining your souls at an alarming rate. You began to feel faint, and soon fell to your knees, sliding over to your side as you watched your soul pulse bravely in the face of such an impossible task. *Maybe…I’m*

not as broken as I thought I was, you realized with wonder, before even consciousness was taken from you, and your world became dark.

Chapter End Notes

"And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

True Colors - Undertale

Chapter Summary

You with the sad eyes
Don't be discouraged
Oh I realize
Its hard to take courage
In a world full of people
You can lose sight of it all
And the darkness inside you
Can make you feel so small

But I see your true colors
Shining through
I see your true colors
And that's why I love you
So don't be afraid to let them show
Your true colors
True colors are beautiful
Like a rainbow

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His body was aflame, a burning pain spreading through his flesh, as the two souls struggled for dominance in the heat of the machine that drew magic from them both. It felt as though his physical form was tearing itself apart, and yet he was shielded from absolute destruction, veiled in the silvery light from your brightly shining soul. That alone was what kept him from shattering, from being consumed by the trap that had been set long before he had fully understood it.

Gaster clung desperately to consciousness, staring helplessly as the light in your eyes dimmed, before they finally closed. Unconscious, you had no way to stop the flow of power from your soul, no way to control what happened, as a machine designed to ruthlessly draw every scrap of power from its host fed on you like a greedy parasite.

The light reflected brightly in the cracks of your shimmering soul, sending errant prisms to reflect on the walls and intricate machinery that surrounded you all. Eventually, it even overcame the dread crimson sheen of the determined human soul.

Faintly Gaster could sense the presence of the other man, clinging to his stolen body, fighting the separation that Voidster's creation was forcing upon them both. At this rate, they would both be eradicated, fueling a vicious device that had been created with no intent of salvaging what was left of the souls after use. Voidster had invented this...thing...not only to break the barrier, but to destroy Gaster in the process, leaving him free to take total control of his body.

Now, Voidster had to make a choice. To guard against the threat of his own invention, or to let the other monster drag him into destruction as well. Gaster knew that Voidster valued his own existence above all else, which was why he couldn't let him win. This was his only chance to truly protect you, by erasing the other man entirely. No banishment, no temporary setback. A complete annihilation of the monster that had been fixated on you for far too long now. While he lived, you would never be safe. If Gaster had to die to ensure that safety, he would.

And so he fought, his soul brimming with determination, power, and most of all, love. Voidster's soul pulled in one direction, and Gaster's in the opposite, each struggling to drag the other with them. The light in the room intensified, and soon Gaster could see nothing, too blinded to keep his eyes open any longer. Pain clawed at him, agonizing and relentless. The taste of hot metal and chemicals filled his jaws, determination-laced scarlet spilling from his eyes and mouth, as the blood and magic coursing through his veins fluctuated wildly.

[NO!] the demon in his head screamed, clawing wildly at his own face as they grappled. **[I will NOT be destroyed. Not after all I have suffered to come this far!]** His toes flexed and splayed, muscles taut with suffering as the scarlet dripped from his face and clawed hands. The cries of the demon inhabiting his body melded with the shriek of abused metal from the rapidly deteriorating laser, until each was

indistinguishable from the other. Was the barrier breaking, or had Voidster overestimated his ability? Gaster could not tell, for even when he forced his eyes open against the blinding light, his vision was blurry and darkened by his own blood.

Gasping for breath, he tore the mechanical tubes from his sides, wires sliding out of his veins like silvery, bloodstained serpents. He felt himself fall heavily from the chair, sliding helplessly onto his side, facing your unconscious body. With his last vestige of strength, Gaster reached tenderly outward, his large, clawed hand brushing your tearstained cheek gently, as he gave in to the soul-shredding agony, and joined you in sleep.

***

Red was in Sans's bedroom, staring aimlessly out the window at the snow-driven pines. Chara was dead, and as much as he'd loathed them, they had been the last familiar part of his world. Without them, he was truly alone in this strange timeline, where LV was condemned, and self-sacrifice disturbingly common. None of these monsters truly understood what it was like to live in such a world, where it was kill or be killed. And yet, he did not miss the violence that had pervaded his previous life. Rather, he felt a yearning in his soul to find a place here, a home. A longing for family.

Sans lay on the bed, his chest rising and falling faintly, his soul a deep gray that Red had only seen in monsters on the brink of falling. It was odd, for Red had never seen a monster linger for so long, so close to death. He supposed that the glimmering traces of your soul's magic had something to do with it, or perhaps Sans's strong desire to care for his brother. Papyrus was sleeping. In some ways, Red had taken over for Sans, reading the bedtime story, lending what limited emotional support he could muster to the taller skeleton. Watching over Sans so that Papyrus could sleep, because otherwise the younger monster refused to leave his brother's side.

He and Papyrus had grown closer over the past weeks. Papyrus depended on him, was lost without his brother, and Red was the closest thing he had, now. The result had been unexpected. Red held a deep affection for the other skeleton, although the word “love” was far too strong to describe it. He cared for Papyrus’s wellbeing. He was good, pure, untouched by LV or any sin. And Red felt an irrational drive to protect that, to feed his hope and treat him gently.

Nothing had erased Red’s level of violence. Nothing *could* erase that. But he was changing, nonetheless. Under circumstances like these, a monster had a choice. He could resist the change, take advantage of the trust given him, and selfishly take what he wanted. Or...he could try to be better. And Red had done a lot of thinking. His old world, his old life...it wasn’t what he wanted for his future. Maybe Chara was right, and he was merely a distorted copy of the true Sans, without any past of his own. Regardless, he existed, and his actions mattered. And so he chose to be better.

Papyrus had tentatively started calling him Sans, but Red had gently rejected the name. He had told the other monster that he had no intention of replacing his true brother. “Red” was a fine name, and in a way, it was a symbol of this new life he had chosen. The “Sans” of his old world no longer existed. It was better this way. A clean break from his past.

And yet despite what he had told Papyrus, Red wondered if he might end up having to do exactly what he’d said he wouldn’t; stepping into Sans’s place when the time came. The monster was fading fast, and every nighttime vigil held the threat that he might hear the *crack* of a shattering soul, watching as his doppelganger disintegrated. For the first few weeks, he had been waiting for any sign of improvement. Now...he was waiting for the inevitable end. He hoped it wouldn’t happen in front of Papyrus. The monster didn’t deserve to see his brother die.

A faint vibration startled him out of his ruminations, and he glanced out the window. Nothing. Then the vibration grew stronger, an ominous rumbling causing the dresser to vibrate slightly. Frowning,

Red left Sans's bedside, and sauntered downstairs, slipping out of the front door. The air was still, yet gravid with expectation. On the brink, just like Sans. But what was happening? Glancing up at the sky, he saw a brief flash of light, and squinted, staring harder. Another flash of light, and then a distant cracking sound, as a shimmering, jagged line of searing white appeared in the sky itself. He frozen, staring in disbelief. Was that...the barrier? Was it really possible that Gaster had succeeded in his impossible goal?

"papyrus…" he breathed, broken from his trance by the realization of what he was seeing. He had to wake him up, he had to see this. Leaving the front door wide open behind him, he dashed inside, flinging open the other monster's bedroom door, and startling him awake. While the taller skeleton squinted at him, too stunned and exhausted to formulate words, Red wordlessly took hold of his hand and nearly dragged him down the stairs and out the front door. "ya have to see this," he muttered, tugging Papyrus out the door and into the snow.

"WH-WHAT'S GOING ON?" the skeleton monster yawned, his eyes widening as he followed Red's gaze and saw the glimmering cracks in the sky. Even as they watched, the fissures fragmented into a spiderweb of light, like glass on the brink of shattering. "IS THAT...THE BARRIER?" Papyrus asked breathlessly, staring just as avidly as Red at the fragmented sky.

"yeah, it's...it's finally breaking…" Red replied, overwhelmed by some unidentifiable emotion. He was startled when the other monster dashed back into the house, but understood when he came back out, holding his phone and frantically dialing. He listened as Papyrus called Undyne, Toriel, and a slew of other monsters he hadn't even met, telling them to come look at the sky. He realized that the barrier wouldn't be visible from some areas, and hoped that the other monsters would be able to make it in time to see. This was a sight unlike any other, the most important event of their lives. He felt a brief moment of shock when he realized that he cared whether the other monsters were present. Somewhere along the way, he had developed empathy, an emotion he had never thought he would need, or even feel.

A flicker of shame crossed his soul, as he remembered the sacrifices it had taken for this to happen. You and Alphys were still trapped with the monster who had orchestrated this. Sans was still fallen. Part of him was relieved that this new Gaster had such an obsession with you. He wasn't interested in facing what he had done to you in his old timeline, and it was easier to silence that nagging sense of guilt when you weren't around. He hoped that Alphys would be freed, though. He had never known her in his old timeline, but this one hadn't seemed half bad, despite her irritating insecurity and low self esteem.

Another loud crack rang out, and if the monsters had known of such things, it would have sounded like lightning had struck. The light grew brighter, and jagged fractures shot outward, enveloping the entire sky. The rumbling increased in intensity, the very air vibrating with the force of the magic surrounding them. Pieces of the barrier had begun to fall, leaving glittering trails of dust in their wake as they disintegrated mid-flight. Was this what stars looked like, when they fell?

"I WISH...I WISH THAT SANS COULD SEE THIS…" Papyrus said suddenly, his voice breaking. Glancing over, Red was unsurprised to see tears standing in the taller skeleton's eyes. He sighed, placing a tentative hand on the other monster's upper arm.

"i know, pal," he said softly, nearly unsettled by how much comfort the other skeleton seemed to take from his awkward attempt at kindness. Still, he kept contact, and the two monsters watched in silence as the human magic that had kept them trapped for centuries, dissolved in a sparkling nova of pure, white light.

***

Gaster woke first, his body aching and sore. The room was dark, and silent. Just beside him, you lay still, fragile and bruised, your soul returned to your body. Despite his exhaustion, he felt his sockets widen in surprise as he glanced at your chest. Your soul was still

cracked, damaged, and stamped with the seal of that monstrous creature, but instead of the dim, swirling gray color it had been, a new, pearlescent white hue had appeared. It was beautiful, reminiscent of a monster soul, yet with the faint, changeable rainbow of human traits that you possessed.

Then, he felt the earth tremor beneath him. Gasping, he struggled to sit up, glancing around. The lighting was dim. The determined soul had drained and shattered, and the only illumination now came from the softly blinking control panels Voidster had installed around the room. Another tremor shook the room, and small pieces of concrete scattered down from the ceiling. The laboratory was on the verge of collapsing.

He climbed to his feet, wheezing and coughing at the dust in the air, bracing himself on the chair he had previously been lying in. As he stood, he panned his gaze around the room. The monstrous machine that Voidster had built was partially melted by its own heat, the warped metal still steaming in the cool air of the lab. The case that had held Chara's soul was shattered, a fine gray dust sifting from it to spill on the floor with the other debris. You were lying in the same position you had fallen in, looking almost peaceful, the constant strain and agony having faded from your features in unconsciousness.

A slight movement in the corner of his eye caught his attention, and he turned quickly, staggering back as he saw the body of his nemesis lying prone on the shattered tile floor, one taloned hand twitching as his raspy breathing filled the room. Shocked, Gaster glanced down at his own hands, which were no longer bestial and scarred. They had...separated. Somehow, in their struggle for dominance, the power of the machine had snapped the bond that held them together, creating a separate body for each soul. He glanced back at Voidster, unconscious and...vulnerable, finally. He could finish this, once and for all. He could survive, he could save you. The rush of exhilaration made him giddy, before the Core ominously shook, again.

The reality of the situation pierced his fleeting joy. His hands twitched, clenching into fists at his sides. There wasn't enough *time* to

completely destroy the other monster, if he was to rescue you and Alphys. There were minutes left, at best. Furiously, he stared at Voidster's broad-shouldered, powerful body, lying helpless before him. Then he pressed the heels of his hands to his eyes, rubbing hard at his face to erase the frustration he felt.

He had once thought that there was nothing he would not sacrifice to destroy this demon, this creature of pure evil that had taken his body, and committed such heinous acts. Now he realized, there was something he would not, could not give up. Even for this. Your life was too precious to lose now. If you died here, even if Voidster was defeated, he would never be able to forgive himself.

Shuddering angrily, he stooped to pick up your limp form, wrapping the blanket carefully around your bruised, naked body. How he had dreamed of cradling you in his arms like this, but in love, not from necessity. Your weight was nothing to him, and he stepped carefully, mindful of your injuries. With one final glance at Voidster, who lay unconscious and baring his fangs in a menacing grimace, Gaster strode from the room, rushing to the hospital ward.

He startled the small yellow monster when he burst in, her eyes widening as she flinched back from him. At that moment, he wondered what similarities he still shared with the other man. But there was no time. "The Core is collapsing," he said roughly, unused to the sound of his own voice. "We have to leave, *now.* "

"Y-you're not him...are you…?" Alphys said with wonder, hesitantly extending her claws toward him. "Is he-?"

"Not dead," Gaster replied grimly. "No time, I'm going to try to transport us out of here." Her eyes widened, and he saw when she noticed your limp body, cradled carefully against his chest. "She's alive," he said shortly, "But her soul...I don't know. We need to get her out of here."

“But w-we’re- there’s n-no way to-” she stuttered, even as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her close. She didn’t fight him, and he was grateful, for despite regaining control of his body, his full strength had not yet returned. The vision in his right eye was off, distorted and slightly blurred. His hands shook, his breath coming in short, burdened bursts through his chest. This was it. He wouldn’t fail you now. With a deep, steady breath, W.D. Gaster flung the three of you into the void.

Chapter End Notes

> This is NOT the end of ITF. Not even close. ;) Let me know what you think in the comments!

Deep Waters - Undertale

Chapter Summary

I've become impossible holding on to when
When everything seemed to matter more
The two of us
All used and beaten up
Watching fate as it flow down the path we
Have chose

You and me
We're in this together now
None of them can stop us now
We will make it through somehow
You and me
If the world should break in two
Until the very end of me
Until the very end of you

Chapter Notes

I'm very excited for this chapter to debut, I hope you all enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were disoriented when you woke, the cool spray of mist against your face slightly revitalizing you. The lighting was strange; cool and dim, when last it had been blindingly bright. Slowly you became aware of being carried, propped against a warm, muscular chest. It was hard to breathe, and soon after that realization came a dull agony in your side- that of your broken ribs. A faint whimper escaped your lips, and you felt your body shifted gently, a murmured voice and the sound of your name drifting from somewhere above your head.

“Wh-where,” you rasped shakily, unable to stifle the hard, painful cough that assailed you as your abused vocal cords reacted to the damp chill in the air.

“Shh,” a strangely familiar voice murmured, calm despite the strain it carried. “We’re getting out of here. We’re leaving.” A large hand

reached upward, gently brushing strands of damp hair from your forehead. “Alphys, she’s burning up. Can you…?” You heard a stuttering voice reply, too low for you to make out the words.

“Damn,” the masculine voice responded, bitterly. “That jump took most of the magic I had. Maybe one of the others...if we can get to Snowdin in time.” More murmuring, a soft feminine voice questioning him. “No, I don’t think he’s following us. If we’re lucky, he was destroyed when the Core collapsed. Either way, he was unconscious when I left him. We have a head start-”

[Oh, is that so…?] a deep, malicious purr interrupted, startling the man carrying you enough that he inadvertently clutched you harder to his chest, which prompted another moan of pain from you. You had managed to clear your vision enough to see swaying, bioluminescent grass everywhere you looked, fluttering like seaweed in a dark ocean. Tall, glowing trees and mushrooms dotted the area, creating a sort of eerie beauty that reminded you of an underwater landscape. It would have been beautiful, if not for the terror clutching your heart at that familiar, malevolent voice.

All three of you fell still, straining to listen in the silent, misty cavern. A faint clatter of stones seemed to echo everywhere, the sound of claws scraping slowly against rock disorienting and menacing. **[It seems I have no further need of you…Doctor,]** the voice continued. It was impossible to tell where it was coming from. Everything was shadows and soft cyan hues reflected on glistening stone. **[I have my own body now. I’ve also broken the barrier, as promised. I do not ask for much in return. Simply leave the girl, and go. I will allow safe passage for you and your…accomplice. But the human belongs to me.]**

You realized then, who was holding you. Gaster. You didn’t know how, but he had finally regained his freedom. Tears of relief slipped from your eyes, and you rested your burning cheek against his tattered shirt, which felt cool in comparison to your feverish skin. “Gaster…” you said softly, and he tilted his head down toward you. His face was no longer unblemished and smooth, instead, two jagged

cracks now forced one of his eyes halfway shut, while the other tugged the corner of his mouth upward. “Leave me and go. You’ve already given so much-” You coughed again, a sharp pain in your side as you struggled to continue. “This was my fault, it always was. Go.”

[Such sweet sentiments,] Voidster murmured, causing Gaster to angrily jerk his head upward, glaring into the darkness. **[She’s right, you know. Her ‘assistance’ freed me from the void…allowed me to possess your physical form…she has been of such use to me. Now, all of monsterkind is free. You can leave, pursue whatever life you might desire. What is the cost of one, damaged, troublesome human girl weighed against the rest of what could be a long, peaceful life?]**

The sound of grass being crushed underfoot startled you all, and Gaster moved swiftly away from it, navigating the darkness with determined confidence. “You are nothing more than a narcissistic manipulator,” he said with a grimace, baring the edges of his fangs. “I’m sure you would like nothing better than to have her at your mercy, vulnerable to your unending cruelty and malice. And yet in your arrogance, you have forgotten something. *She belongs to no one.* She is not mine to give, and she is certainly not yours to take.”

With a snarl, he half stumbled, half ran through the unstable shadows, Alphys trailing close on his heels as mocking laughter pursued them through the strange, subterranean forest. “D-doctor Gaster,” she whispered urgently, panting slightly as she struggled to keep up, “If we can g-get to the Riverperson, they can take us…we can go… faster than this.”

“I don’t know the way,” he muttered back, his own chest heaving with exertion as he struggled to both carry you and drag Alphys alongside him so that she didn’t fall too far behind.

“O-oh! It’s um…l-left? The s-second left I think.” She sounded unsure, and you had a bad feeling about this, but you were barely conscious

enough to speak, let alone formulate a helpful thought. The fever in your body raged on, sapping your strength and making you fuzzy-headed. Desperately, you clung to Gaster, his movements making you feel disoriented. The air against your skin was refreshing, shades of blue like a watery blur before your eyes as the three of you fled.

There was some strange comfort in your state of mind. Whatever had happened back in the Core, whatever your soul had done, it had drained you entirely, and you couldn't feel the panic that you knew should be striking through your system. Even if the three of you died here...at least Gaster was finally free, you thought contentedly. You couldn't conceive of a future in which Voidster wasn't a persistent threat, always hounding you, nipping at your heels. The peace of finally dying seemed like a tantalizing reward, after all you had suffered. To rest, to truly fade from this painful, chaotic world...you were so tired.

And yet the monsters at your side refused to give in, their faces grim...determined, you realized. Alphys...she had someone she cared about, someone she wanted to see again. And Gaster...when he glanced down, briefly meeting your eyes, there was something in his gaze that was undefinable to you. You'd call it...love, if there wasn't so much uncertainty in his expression. A distant pang of regret echoed in your soul, and you smiled weakly up at him. His mouth hardened in response, his grip on you tightening as the swaying forest of luminous grass and cool shadows gave way to a damp cavern tunnel, the ceiling studded with glittering stones, like stars.

Gaster jolted as he suddenly stepped in ankle-deep liquid, the scent of garbage and stale water drifting faintly from the distance. "Is this the right way?" he snapped, and both you and Alphys flinched at his tone.

"Th-this is- Oh no, we have t-to go back," she muttered frantically in response, and yet you all heard the heavy footsteps of the beast pursuing you, echoing against the cavern walls. "It's a dead end ahead," Alphys whispered, trembling as she gazed up at Gaster, who seemed to be struggling with some internal decision.

“Then…we’ll keep going until we can’t,” he said heavily, his voice laden with emotion. “Do not blame yourself, Alphys. I fear we never had much of a chance to begin with.” The small yellow monster was silent in response, and you knew that despite his gentle words, nothing would keep her from blaming herself for this.

“S’okay Alphys,” you murmured softly, wincing as you shifted to get a look at her face. “You were so brave…when he had us…Undyne would be proud. I wish she could see how brave you were.”

Alphys looked shocked at your words, then pensive. She gave you a sad smile and sighed. “W-we’re almost at the end…Doctor Gaster…I won’t let you f-fight him alone. I c-can’t do much, but I won’t give up.”

Tears welled in your eyes at her words. The fever was making you emotional, and yet you suspected even if you had been healthy, Alphys’s courage would have touched your heart. She had come so far, from the uncertain, frightened monster she had once been. You had watched Voidster mercilessly taunt her with her fears and insecurities, every wretched day that he had kept you both as prisoners. And yet she hadn’t succumbed.

The faint splash of a stalking predator alerted you all, and Gaster resolutely turned around, giving you your first full view of Voidster since he had gained his own body. His face was cruel and handsome, smaller, similar cracks running down each side of his head, like Gaster. His scleras were pitch black, with glowing violet irises and catlike pupils. He was panting slightly, his jaws parted to reveal sharp, prominent fangs. His muscular arms ended in large, monstrous hands, each pale claw stretching from the tips of his wretched, knuckled fingers.

He was bare-chested, his frame broad and lithely muscular, like an enormous stalking cat. The balls of his bare feet were covered in inches of water, but he appeared to be standing on his toes, leaning

slightly forward in anticipation. Somehow, in his separation from Gaster, he had become more bestial; a demonic entity with feline grace and sheer physical power that couldn't be matched. A twisting violet tongue extended from his jaws to swipe over his lips, an obscene grin on his face as he eyed the three of you; trapped just before a waterfall that seemed to flow from above you into an infinite emptiness below.

[Truly, I underestimated your abilities, pet,] he murmured raspily, eyes raking over your disheveled form. **[I look forward to learning more about this strange new soul of yours. You will come with me, and let the Doctor and his useless assistant live out their lives in peace.]** A burning anger flared in your soul at his refusal to acknowledge Alphys as any sort of equal, refusing even to place her in the same category as himself and Gaster, despite her achievements. The scientist was quaking at Gaster's side like a leaf, but held her ground, despite her fear. She was twice the monster Voidster could ever hope to be, you thought bitterly.

The beast paced nearer, noting how tightly Gaster clutched you to him, and how Alphys trembled beside him. This was too easy. Like Gaster, his magic was completely drained, and he had only been able to follow the trio of you into Waterfall. But he didn't need magic to deal with such pathetic monsters. Sneering, he ignored Alphys. She was small, weak, useless. He wouldn't even bother killing her, once he had disposed of his clone. She wasn't worth the effort.

Instead, he focused his gaze on Gaster. A mirror of himself, but more lithe and...human-looking, though he was more broadly-shouldered and muscular than he had been originally. Voidster had his own theories about what had affected their appearances when they were separated, but time enough to ruminate on that later. He took another step, forcing the other man perilously near to the edge of the abyss beneath them. It wouldn't do to have him fall, and lose you in the process. But it sufficed to unnerve the other monster, and Voidster's smile only grew as the scientist glanced nervously to the side.

Gaster looked to his side, and found Alphys staring directly back at

him. The subtle current pulled against their ankles, murky water cascading down the ledge they stood upon, with nowhere else to run. Voidster wasn't paying attention to her, as she mimed dodging an attack, then pointed to herself. He wasn't sure what her plan was, but assumed that she wanted him to evade Voidster for now, instead of attacking. He would do his best. It was the only plan they had, and he had no choice but to trust her, now. Quickly, he turned back toward the stalking monster, glaring defiantly into that feral, hungry gaze. Voidster's haunches were tense, his clawed hands splayed, and Gaster realized that any moment now, the other monster would attack.

Sure enough, Voidster struck like a snake, impossibly fast. His claws just brushed your arm as Gaster threw himself to the side, barely avoiding the attack. He had been trying to snatch you from the other monster's arms, and snarled in frustration as he failed to catch hold of you. He had no time to recover from his aborted lunge forward, for as he began to turn, he felt small, clawed hands pushing against his legs with surprisingly strength.

Fangs bared, he whirled just in time to see Alphys, her face averted as she screamed in terror, shoving hard and forcing him to overbalance. He was falling, slipping, and snarling in rage as he lashed out, catching her face with his clawed digits as he attempted to grab the small, yellow monster and drag her down with him. His claws tore through her lab coat, and though she stumbled, Gaster suddenly appeared behind her, grabbing a fistful of fabric to pull her back from the precipice.

Arms outstretched, claws clutching at the air, Voidster tipped backward, the expression on his face a combination of horror and disbelief as he hung, seeming suspended in the pitch blackness as time slowed. Droplets of waters hung and glistened around him, the three of you watching silently as he locked eyes with you. Unrestrained fury shimmered in those catlike eyes, and you shuddered, but forced yourself to keep watching. You had to see this end. His mouth yawned open in a silent scream, and then he fell, his claws grasping at nothing as he plummeted into the darkness and was swallowed by the shadows.

The three of you were silent for several moment, Gaster panting hard, and Alphys holding a clawed hand over her face. Gasping, you wrenched around to look at her. “Alphys, are you hurt?!” you demanded, causing Gaster to snap to attention as he also turned to look at the small lizard monster.

“H-he got my face,” she said breathlessly, yellow fluid seeping out between her claws. “I’m okay. He didn’t get my eyes.”

“But you’re bleeding,” Gaster said with a frown, using his free hand to tear a strip from his tattered shirt and wipe the slightly luminescent blood from her face, as he balanced you in his other arm. It struck you that you had never seen a monster bleed before. The color was...unnerving, but mostly you were worried for your friend. It hadn’t yet sunk in yet, that Voidster was truly gone. The injury Alphys had sustained seemed so much more real, right now.

“Do all monsters bleed yellow?” you asked aloud, the question sounding ridiculous the moment you said it. Surely there were more important matters to discuss, right now, like what had just happened, but you just couldn’t bring yourself to acknowledge it yet. Gaster glanced at you in surprise, but a small smile upturned his lips.

“No,” he said, “Monsters bleed whatever color of magic they possess. Although Voidster would likely bleed red, due to the Determination he has injected himself with. Perhaps I will bleed red as well, now.” He shrugged. “It’s impossible to know for sure, unless I become injured.”

“Well, I hope we don’t find out any time soon,” you managed weakly, a light smile touching your lips as your friends chuckled. “Did- did that really just happen?”

There was no need to explain, they knew what you meant. An genuine

grin broke out on Gaster's face, and he carefully hugged you to his chest. "It really did," he murmured, turning to smile down at Alphys. "And it would seem you're the hero of the hour, Doctor Alphys," he said warmly, causing the lizard monster to flush bright red.

"Oh! I uh- um well, I-I did my best!" she finally stammered, using the cloth against her face as an excuse to hide her expression. "Do you think...Undyne will mind the scars?"

You couldn't help but laugh a little at the nervous question. "Alphys, Undyne is *covered* in scars. I bet you she'll think you look really badass! Especially after I give her a complete accounting of how *amazing* you were!" The poor monster looked about ready to hyperventilate from all the attention she was receiving, so you smiled and leaned back against Gaster's broad chest, still weak and feverish, despite your elation.

Gaster was gazing down into the endless chasm Voidster had fallen into, his features remote and serious. When he felt you pressed against him, he glanced down at you, a tender expression on his face. "Let's get you both to Snowdin," he said finally, receiving a nod of relief from Alphys at his words. "I think that's where everyone will be gathered, tonight. We could all use some rest."

You sighed gently, catching one last glimpse of the darkness below as Gaster turned to leave. It reminded you of the endless, lonely, void. Surely Voidster must be dead- there was no way anyone could survive such a fall, not even him. Truly at peace for the first time in months, you rested your cheek against Gaster's collarbone and closed your eyes.

Chapter End Notes

> Unfortunately, even though this was Chapter 69 there was no oral sex. Please accept this rain check for oral sex in the foreseeable future.
>
> I'm going down waterfalls, down waterfalls, into the unknown.. https://youtu.be/LkAdGfhNbtQ

Wings - Undertale (PART TWO END)

Chapter Summary

High is the way,
but our eyes are upon the ground.
You are the light and the way,
They'll only read about.
I only pray heaven knows,
when to lift you out.

10,000 days in the fire is long enough.
You're going home...

Chapter Notes

This story is not on hiatus, updates are just slower while I work on commissions and other stories. I apologize for the delay of this chapter, but here is the next part of the story. :)

As always, you can find me at http://dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were the last thing he saw before darkness swallowed him whole, his claws reaching upward still, as though somehow he would find something to grasp, something to halt this terrifying ordeal. Until this moment, he had never felt fear in his life. He would have screamed, but no sound could escape his gaping jaws; his breath stolen by the speed of his descent. His chest was constricted, his throat dry and burning painfully as the walls of the cavern flew past him.

Time had no meaning in the abyss; truly he could not tell for how long he fell. It was like being trapped in the void, but for the forces of gravity dragging him down, down, down. He knew now that even the directionless, drifting eons he had spent between timelines had been preferable to this. His body twisted and writhed in the air, futilely attempting to right itself before the inevitable landing.

When he crashed into the surface below, he could feel his bones snapping, his spine shattered from the force of the impact. Pain was slow to follow, sinking into his flesh at the same moment that the ice cold temperature of the water enveloped him. Helpless, he was pulled down into the shadows, his eyes squeezed shut in pain and terror.

Instinct forbade him from inhaling as he sank, yet he felt that burning pain in his lungs, the crushing pressure of the water, the agony of his injuries. Thin streams of bubbles slipped from his lips; invisible with no light to reflect in this endless darkness. He felt numbness encroaching on his hands and feet, crawling up his limbs like insidious serpents in his veins. He finally could no longer resist the urge to inhale, his rebellious lungs dragging inward great draughts of gushing water.

This can't be happening, he thought, filled with disbelief and rage. *It can't end like this!*

The darkness was in his head now, creeping inward, suffocating him. Without oxygen, his mind began to falter, and he realized that he was, that he had been, sinking for quite some time. There was no sense of direction, no urge to refuse his fate, any longer. His rage...his fear...everything was washed away. Giving in to unconsciousness, his body finally relaxed, cradled by the waves that dragged him downward.

***

You faded in and out of consciousness as your trio continued onward to Snowdin. At times, your group would pass a curious monster that asked Alphys excitedly if she had heard that the barrier was broken, and if she knew where the king was. After the first few stuttered denials, she began actively avoiding any monster that your group saw, averting her eyes and muttering half-hearted answers that quickly discouraged further conversation.

As for Gaster and yourself, the citizens of the Underground looked askance at the strange pair you made. None of them recognized the scientist, and none of them knew why he was carrying a dying human. You weren't entirely sure if you were dying, but it certainly felt like it. Aside from the fever, a deep exhaustion had settled into your bones, and a sort of calm acceptance that made it hard to care about any of this.

When you had the energy, you stared up at Gaster's face, pondering the grim, determined expression he wore. Despite your victory earlier, it seemed he was far more concerned with your injuries than his triumph. At times, he would glance down at you in concern, his eyes meeting your briefly. It seemed an invisible spark flared within your souls when this happened, and a thoughtful mien would settle upon him. He took care to keep his steps even and light, to avoid further jostling your injured ribs.

You slept for some time, and when you finally awoke, it was to the sounds of whispered discussion. You were resting on something flat and soft, covered with blankets. Your body was soaked in sweat, but no longer feverish and aching. Your ribs still throbbed in agony, and you winced as you struggled to sit up. Opening your eyes, you saw Gaster at your bedside, sleeping upright in a chair, his face tilted downward.

You didn't want to wake him, so instead you glanced around you, taking in your surroundings. This was Sans's room, you realized with a start. The garbage tornado was still whirling away in a corner, although the area was tidier than you had ever seen it.

"hey, kiddo," a tired voice called softly. Disbelieving, you turned your head sharply, and found the skeleton resting in his bed, beside your own.

“Sans…?” you whispered, a tear slipping down your cheek. “I thought...he said...you-”

“he always was a liar,” the skeleton said with a faint grin. “though from what i hear, it sounds like he’s been doin’ a lot more *falling* than lying, lately.”

A dry laugh escaped you, and then you coughed, wincing. A look of concern crossed his face, then the lights in his sockets bounced over your shoulder, as you heard the chair Gaster had been sleeping in scrape against the floor. “I see that both patients are awake,” he said with a tired smile. “Sans, your recovery is...miraculous, for lack of a better word. How are you feeling?”

“eh, could be better, but you won’t hear me complainin’,” Sans replied. His voice was stilted, awkward and a bit forced. You frowned at him, but before you could speak, Gaster turned his attention to you.

“You developed pneumonia as a result of your...injury,” he said, resting a heavy hand on your shoulder. Taking the hint, you let him guide you back against the pillows that helped your reclining form stay somewhat propped up. “None of the monsters here, myself included, know the magic to repair such extensive human injuries. Queen Toriel was able to set the broken ribs and begin the healing process, but you must rest.”

Your frustrated huff turned into another fit of coughing; a painful, wet hacking that drew his lips into a disapproving frown.

“Rest,” he repeated, his hand lingering as your eyes met. Carefully, you lifted your arm, setting your own hand atop his. Under your touch, his grip relaxed, becoming more of a caress than a restraint. He raised his hand and you let yours fall, as he caressed your cheek with the backs of his knuckles. “I thought I would lose you,” he said softly,

and for a moment, you both forgot that anyone else was watching.

You gave him a playful smile, tilting your head slightly. “Not that easy to get rid of,” you rasped, leaning into his touch and closing your eyes. You could nearly feel your soul responding to his touch, swelling with trust and affection as the two of you shared this moment.

Across the room, Sans could *see* the emotions gilding your newly alabaster soul, and awkwardly coughed, noting how you both flinched guiltily away from each other, as if what had just happened had been far more intimate than a simple caress. Perhaps it had been. All he knew was that he had fallen trying to save you, and while he lay dying, this man had made a claim on your heart. It filled him with bitterness that he tried to hide.

He knew, logically, that whatever the two of you felt for each other wasn’t meant to hurt him. And yet, could he be blamed for feeling hurt, nonetheless? All he had wanted was a chance...and it seemed he might not even get that. Carefully stifling his feelings, he turned onto his side so that he wouldn’t have to see, even from the corner of his eye, how Gaster hovered over you protectively. For now he would have to remain content with healing, with coming back from a point near death that no monster had ever recovered from.

If he knew you, and he did, better than Gaster might realize, it wouldn’t take long before the trauma of your captivity with Voidster began to settle in. Let Gaster see how tenderly he felt when you started refusing to eat...hurting yourself...falling into the same patterns you had after Sans had rescued you from that other timeline. Sans knew he had fucked up then. He had made all the wrong choices for all the right reasons, but the result was the same. It had ended up hurting you even more.

He sighed. Maybe Gaster would do the right things, if, or when, you started falling apart. Maybe your new, white soul meant that you had truly healed, somehow. That you would be stronger, this time. And yet

the cracks remained. There were even newer, deeper ones. He had had ample time to study your soul while you, and Gaster, slept. The most disturbing discovery he had made, was that while Voidster was dead, his mark remained. Sans didn't know how such dark magic worked. It was possible the brand was permanent, or that it would fade in time, now that its creator was dust. He hoped it was the latter. Seeing that man's name scrawled across your soul was disturbing, enraging. He didn't want to see you marred like that, forever.

The barrier was broken, though. He suspected that the massive burst of magical energy that had been released when it broke had been his salvation, washing over his soul and raising his hope, enough to bring him back from the edge of death. If it truly had been Voidster who had shattered that cage, then he was also responsible for saving Sans after the fact. A bitter irony, to be sure. He almost wished that the bastard was still alive, so that he could rub it in his smug, hateful face.

But no...this way was better. With Asgore gone, the Queen had taken up the mantle of leadership that she had abandoned so long ago. Even now, Papyrus and Undyne were running themselves ragged assisting her in spreading the word to monsterkind that they were free, and should begin congregating in New Home.

Alphys had wanted to help, but was healing from her own injuries. Instead, she had contented herself with assisting Mettaton in broadcasting the Queen's words to the citizens of the Underground. She had three ragged, healing wounds across her face that had somehow missed her eyes, barely, and was suffering the emotional effects of her time as a hostage. Undyne had been nothing less than supportive, congratulating her girlfriend on her badass new scars, and smothering the small lizard with so much affection that she hardly had a moment to feel doubt or weakness.

They were an odd pair, and he had never fully understood what drew them together, but their devotion to each other was obvious. It was even something he envied. A soft knock at the door interrupted his thoughts, and the three of you turned expectantly as the handle turned. It was Alphys herself who entered, carefully balancing a tray

with three bowls of soup on it.

"Alphys, you should be resting," Gaster reprimanded her with a small frown. "You've been through as much as any of us, surely there is someone else who could-"

"N-no it's fine, really," she stammered, blushing and setting the tray down on the nightstand. "Anyway, I wanted to help...and I'm d-doing okay. Queen Toriel is very gifted w-with monster healing. It barely hurts anymore."

She did look much improved, Gaster had to admit. But he couldn't help the twinge of frustration he felt at her words. Monster healing. For all that monsters had healing magic, some more than others, none of them had been able to heal *you.* It seemed that healing humans presented a unique challenge that even he, with his study of human biology, didn't fully grasp. You suffered needlessly, failed by himself and the other monsters who didn't know enough to knit your shattered bones or dry the fluid in your lungs.

Maybe that...creature...would have known. But Gaster doubted it. The man had been well-versed in causing pain, and completely disinterested in healing it. As much as Gaster felt guilt over his own actions, his own grey morality, it was nothing compared to what Voidster had been, or done. He was grateful that he had been warned, despite how drastically, by the nightmare that had been the demon's possession of his body. The fact that Voidster was himself from another timeline, the implications of that, were not lost on him. Gaster had the capability within him to become that kind of monster, and while it horrified him to know this, he remained firm in his resolve to never let it happen.

Even if no other reason had been present, he had only to look at your delicate, healing body to remind himself. Your familiar, beloved face. Healing bruises, cuts, scratches, and bites peppered your skin. Despite this, he found you beautiful, and your soul called to him as nothing

ever had. It sang to the mercy in him, that once he had doubted even existed. The self-sacrifice, the pain, the desire to be worthy of you. Despite his calm bedside manner, inside he quivered with powerful, conflicting emotions.

It wouldn't do to burden you with such things. Not now, at least, when you needed every ounce of energy for yourself. Perhaps after you had healed, after your...experiences...were not still fresh-healing wounds on your soul, he could express to you how he truly felt. For now, despite how it pained him, it was best to relegate himself to the role of caretaker, for both you and Sans. He was no fool, he had seen how the skeleton monster looked at you as you slept. The skeleton held a prior claim to your heart, but in the end it would be your decision. In the meantime, he was not so devoid of compassion that he wished to make Sans uncomfortable.

He carried the bowls of soup to both you and the skeleton, surprised to find that the third was intended for him, not Alphys, who had already eaten. "Y-you need to keep up your strength too, doctor," she murmured at him, pushing the bowl into his hands. "The Queen made it, it will h-help the healing."

In that moment, some small part of himself wanted to refuse. He wasn't the one who deserved caretaking, he wasn't the one who needed to be healed. In his dreams, you still writhed beneath him; bloody and covered in marks of violence. You had suffered a great deal at his hands. Despite Voidster's possession of his body, he had felt your tender flesh bruising beneath his fingers, felt his body's pleasure as he raped you. Even the scent of your blood, your sweat, and fear, were familiar to him.

He only realized that he had been staring unblinkingly at the bowl in his hands, when Alphys laid gentle claws on his arm, urging him to eat. He couldn't refuse without raising questions. And in truth, he *did* need this sustenance. To care for you, to undo the damage he had done...he had to be healthy, himself.

She's safe now, he thought, remembering the look of horror on the demon's face as he fell, plummeting into the abyss. Voidster would never harm you, nor anyone else, again. The barrier was broken, a new life awaited them on the surface. Once you were well enough to travel, you could be brought to a human settlement, and receive medical care from human doctors. It would be a strange adjustment for you, and for all of them, but you wouldn't face it alone.

Gaster would remain with you, for as long as you wanted him. He only hoped, that when all was said and done, you *would* want him by your side.

Chapter End Notes

> This chapter marks the end of the second story arc. The third story arc will begin next chapter, and will probably be longer than either of the first two arcs. It will take place on the surface, as the reader learns to live with her trauma, and faces decisions about her future.

Author's Note (Feedback Requested)

H'okay, so.

The next chapter is going to begin the third arc, which is the reader's life on the surface. As happy and carefree as that sounds, this is ITF, so it's not.

This arc will heavily feature domestic abuse. Mostly verbal and emotional, possibly physical as well. It will be based largely on my own personal experiences, which may make it uncomfortably real to some of you.

This arc will also focus a lot on the reader's mental illness that was mentioned early on in the story. Despite all she has done, and all she has accomplished, mental illness doesn't just go away. And often, the victims of abuse are the mentally ill, because they don't feel confident enough to defend themselves. I.E. we will be seeing a mentally ill person being abused by her boyfriend, the man she was running away from at the very beginning of this story.

The boyfriend's name has been changed from Michael to Alex, btw. But to continue, after over a year of writing this story, I've come to realize (belatedly) that many people who read or seek out darkfics like this one have suffered some form of abuse in their lives. Sometimes stories like this help them process the abuse, or help them feel less alone. I hope this will be the case with the third and final arc of ITF.

There's been confusion in the past when I have written the reader's thoughts about her boyfriend. It is normal in an abusive situation to have conflicting emotions or thoughts. "I hate that he yelled at me, but it's probably my fault." Or for their actions to not match their thoughts. "He's so cruel to me, but I can't leave him. I need him." I'm happy to clarify if you read something that is confusing, but please

keep in mind that the reader does not always have completely rational thoughts or actions. We are all human, we make mistakes, and sometimes we do or say things that don't make sense as a way to cope.

This brings me to my question. Do any of you want me to tag abusive scenarios and summarize them in the "end notes" as I have been doing with rape scenes thus far? If you don't feel comfortable replying here, you can let me know anonymously in my inbox at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com. I am not going to censor my writing for the sake of making the story less emotional or easier to handle, but I am more than happy to provide tools such as brief summaries of scenes that may be triggering. I take this very seriously.

Thank you all for coming along on this journey with me. Thank you for the kudos, bookmarks, and especially the comments and fanart. It means so much to me. I will have the next chapter finished this week, so look forward to it!

Raise Your Weapon - The Surface

Chapter Summary

Rippin' my heart was so easy, so easy,
Launch your assault now, take it easy.
Raise your weapon, raise your weapon, one word and it's over.
Rippin' through like a missile,
Rippin' through my heart,
Rob me of this love.

Chapter Notes

Contains strong imagery of verbal/emotional abuse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How’s my girl?”

Alex meandered into the living room, taking in your lounging figure on the couch. It had been some weeks since the monsters had emerged from the Underground, and then another few weeks before Gaster had allowed you be moved.

The shock you felt at seeing your car, still parked on that mountain road, was intense. That was impossible...surely by now someone would have come looking for you...would have found the car...right? Your face was pale as you opened the unlocked doors, finding everything exactly as you remembered, even the spare set of clothes in the trunk. A half-empty water bottle was nestled in the cupholder, and a pack of unopened granola bars was stashed on the passenger side seat.

Only Gaster was with you, during that time. The other monsters had begun filtering upward, preparing the humans for their arrival by sending a delegation led by Queen Toriel and Frisk. From what you understood, Papyrus was helping too. The other monsters had

expressed concern at you and Gaster going off by yourselves, and you had seen some repressed emotion in Sans's stiff smile when it was suggested. But in the end, they all agreed that whatever danger there might be, Gaster had gotten you through the worst of it so far, and could continue doing so.

That was, until you changed into your old clothes, and drove your car back to your old apartment. The radio played softly in the background, Gaster's impossibly tall frame hunched uncomfortably in the passenger seat. He listened as you stammered your way through an explanation of your current relationship, how you had been fighting when you fled to Mount Ebott, and you didn't know how much time had passed. Some part of you felt ashamed, that you had been intimate with him despite having a boyfriend on the surface. And yet at the time, there was no way for you to know if you would ever return to your home.

He wasn't very good with human emotions yet. His 'training' with Voidster's possession of him had taught him to uncover weakness in others, and he sensed a great deal of pain behind your words as you described Alex and your relationship. And yet surely you would not be returning to him if you didn't feel some strong attachment, a sense of love and commitment. In a way, he understood. He wouldn't have blamed you if he reminded you of Voidster, of your imprisonment, and the horrible things that had been done to you.

Still, it brought his soul a tender ache as he watched your profile while you drove. 'Cars' were certainly interesting contraptions, but a relatively simple human machine was not half as interesting as the way your eyes glimmered with unshed tears, your lips taut in a thin line as you kept your eyes on the road. Almost as if looking at him was more than you could bear.

He had enjoyed soft moments of friendship and non-sexual intimacy since your rescue in the Underground. Nursing you back to health, he had had ample time to get to know you, as a person, not an experiment. He learned that you liked cats. All animals, really. He learned that you had gone to school for a career in veterinary

medicine, but had been forced to drop out when your anxiety and depression grew too difficult to bear. Sicknesses of the soul were not treated as seriously as injuries of the flesh, he learned.

You couldn't hide the bitterness in your tone when you described how your friends had abandoned you, how your parents were separated and rarely acknowledged your existence. Only Alex had remained steadfast, and with Alex...something wasn't quite right. Every time he came up intentionally or not in conversation, you would hesitate, and change the subject. The light in your eyes as you talked about one day owning a kitten or puppy of your own wasn't there when you mentioned that Alex and you had been together for five years.

You had asked him if there was anywhere he wanted to be taken, since he couldn't stay with you. When he asked why, you fumbled an excuse about how Alex would probably be freaked out by a seven-and-a-half foot monster at his door. It's not like that wasn't true, but it wasn't the real reason you wanted Gaster to stay away. Gaster had gently declined, reminding you that he could teleport, and would likely stay in the communal monster area that had been set up, as if the monsters were refugees from a foreign country. In a way, you supposed they were. It still made you sad that you couldn't offer him a better place to stay.

"Why do you always zone out like this when I ask you a simple question? Jesus." Alex flopped down on the loveseat perpendicular to your couch, resting at ease with a beer in hand. His reaction upon finding you; pale, bruised, and shaking on his doorstep, had been a combination of anger and concern. He was furious that you had gone missing, and that you were being so vague about the details, but could tell you were fragile.

He had taken you to the hospital, and except for your brief "amnesia" after falling on the mountain, you were okay. Your ribs were still fragile, and Alex had no memory of you ever breaking an ankle, but the x-rays told the truth. You were kept for a few days to rehydrate and be kept under observation, during which time the police came to question you. They wanted to know if you knew anything about the

monsters that had shown up, but you had demurred. Now you were 'home.'

"I'm okay," you said softly, finally answering Alex's initial question. "Just tired." You could no more tell him that you missed your monster friends than you could have told Gaster that you feared coming back here. Alex was hardly the worst person you knew. He had a lot of good qualities, in fact. But you dreaded the first time his voice would grow cold and precise, telling you how worthless you were. Only the doctor's strict orders of bedrest had kept you from Alex's wrath so far.

You realized you could have just gone with the monsters. And yet your heart yearned for the familiarity of the place that had been your home for years. A hot bath, your favorite books, your blanket and pillows and stuffed animals. If only Alex was nicer to you, it would be perfect, you thought. But maybe this could be a new beginning. You could try harder, avoid making him angry, be the girlfriend he expected you to be. Maybe.

"So the other night, right," Alex began, grabbing your attention, "I was outside smoking, and I see this pale, tall *thing* standing a little ways from our apartment. I was pretty drunk, so I mean, who knows. But it's kinda creepy, isn't it? I didn't see any monsters that looked like *that* on the news, so maybe I just imagined it."

"Aren't most of the monsters in the refugee camp…?" you asked with a faint frown. It couldn't have been Gaster, could it have? You realized that he probably missed you too, but you hadn't figured out how to communicate discreetly with him. Surely he wouldn't just show up here?

"Like I said, might have imagined it," Alex repeated with a slight frown. "I was reading some slenderman shit earlier."

You rolled your eyes. “That stuff is bullshit, you shouldn’t read it before bed.”

He scoffed and threw the cap of his beer at you, where it bounced harmlessly off of your arm and onto the floor. “Just because you’re back now doesn’t mean you get to bitch about what I do,” he muttered, a slight scowl on his face. “Besides, now we know that monsters *are* real, so it’s not bullshit.”

You sighed slightly and rubbed your arm, absent-mindedly picking the cap up off the floor. “Sorry, I’m not trying to tell you what to do. But I mean, the monsters that are real aren’t like slenderman. They’re just like...people. But they look different.”

“How would you even know?” he replied, drinking his beer and staring at the TV. “You got lost on a mountain and had amnesia. Sure the ones they show on the TV seem harmless; it’s not like they would show us the scary ones since it’s the bleeding-heart liberal media. They love minorities, and this is just one more for them to push at us. They can’t really expect us to believe that *all* monsters are made of ‘love’ and ‘compassion.’”

You bit your lip and averted your gaze, joining him for a moment in staring silently at the television. Love and compassion, two things that Alex hardly understood. Scary monsters. Something you understood far too well. At least *he* was dead. Alex wasn’t perfect, but Voidster had been so much worse, it had made you almost pathetically grateful for the man who called you names and criticized you.

Alex was nicer when he was drinking. It relaxed him. It was when he was sober that the stress got to him, and he took it out on you. And so you never complained when he told you to get him beer at the store. Or cigarettes. You hated that he smoked, but both of these things calmed him down, and some part of you didn’t care that he was ruining his health. You had cared, for a long time, but it hurt less when he yelled if you cared about him less. You wished you could

stop caring for him at all, but in the end, you weren't perfect either. If you could just be patient a little longer, just love him and show him how to be kind, things would be better.

And truth be told, after so much time in the Underground, even Alex was comforting and familiar.

He side-eyed you, and put his hand on your ankle, rubbing up and down your leg in the very particular way that meant he was about to ask you for sex. Something you had avoided since returning home.

"You seem tense, babe," he said, finishing off his beer and setting it on the ground as he swung himself off the loveseat to kneel in front of you. You had your legs tucked to the side, a blanket on your lap. You almost rolled your eyes, but managed to stop yourself in time. Alex thought he was being subtle. He was drunk, and his alcoholic breath washed over you, along with the faint stink of cigarette smoke. "Why don't we go unwind?" He took one of your passive hands, and laid it against the erection in his jeans, grinding up against your unenthusiastic touch.

"I'm really not...ready…" you said, pulling against his grip until he released your hand. The very thought of intimacy made you nauseous, and you didn't say what you were thinking- that you might not *ever* be ready. How were you supposed to heal from someone like Voidster? You could only stall Alex for so long, and you were aware that soon it wouldn't be enough for him.

Instead of leaving you alone, he leaned over your reclining form, brushing his lips against your neck and sliding a hand up your shirt to grope your breast. This prompted a stronger reaction from you. Almost without thinking, you drew in a shocked breath and slapped his hand away, nearly falling out of the chair as you pushed him off of you. And just like that, his temper snapped. The relatively calm atmosphere was shattered.

“Jesus fuck, what is your fucking problem?!” he demanded, standing directly over you with his fists clenched. You flinched at his tone, wrapping your arms around your chest defensively and refusing to meet his eyes. “You act like having sex with me is such a horrible thing, you ungrateful bitch! Other guys, they would just force you. Or kick you out. I mean, you don’t even do any goddamn housework. The least you can do is get me off once in a while. Christ.”

He stood there, over you, and you started to shake slightly. He was scaring you, but you knew if you asked him to back off, he’d only get angrier. Your throat was dry, your jaw tight and your eyes burning with unshed tears as you refused to look at him. You stared at the floor, listening the angry heaving of his breath.

“Is that it? You’re not even gonna *try* to explain yourself?” He kicked the chair you were lying on angrily, and you flinched again, harder. His voice grew cold. “Don’t you dare act like I fucking hit you. You pull this sad puppy act whenever I call you on your shit, like I fucking abuse you. *You’re* the abusive one. I work all week to support us, and what do you do? Fucking nothing. You’re like a parasite.”

The tears spilled over, and you tilted your head downward to hide them. You didn’t want to prove him right by crying. “I’m trying,” you managed in a broken whisper, barely loud enough for him to hear.

He took a few steps away from the chair and sneered. “Trying? I pay for your medications, I pay for your goddamn therapy, but all you do is stay in bed all day. I’m the one trying. If you really had depression and all that other shit, then the things I’m paying for would be working.”

You could no longer force out any words. At some point in your relationship with him, you had lost your voice during these arguments, learning that if you tried to defend yourself, he would just

yell louder. Get angrier. With no other recourse, you began shutting down, feeling numb, goosebumps on your flesh as waves of cold dread swept over you.

Time seemed to distort and blur, slowing down as he angrily paced in front of you. You were beginning to lose your sense of self, beginning to agree with his words. You were lazy, useless, not trying hard enough. If you tried harder, he would stop yelling. You would be safe, and he would be happy again. You grasped for a string of coherent thought, and finally murmured, “I’m sorry.”

“What?” he still sounded pissed off, but he was listening.

“I’m sorry,” you said again more loudly, wiping your eyes on your sleeve. “I…I’ll try harder. If you w-want, we can have sex tonight.” Your body felt heavy, leaden, as if you had no control. Helplessly, you sat there, as he knelt back down and tilted your chin up.

“Are you just saying this shit because I’m angry?”

You shook your head slowly, every fibre of your being in agony as you denied your own emotions and gave in to him. “I love you. I want you to be happy. I was being selfish, I’m sorry.” Saying the words felt empty, yet he seemed placated, reaching down to help you up out of the chair.

“Just a quickie,” he said, leading you toward the bedroom. “I know you’re not feeling well sweetheart, after this you should rest, and if you want I’ll set up the Playstation so you can play that dumb game you like. Then later, we can get pizza or something.”

You smiled, but inside you felt hollow, like a shell on the brink of

shattering. You had bought your peace for tonight. In your heart, you felt relief and agony commingled. In your head, you knew that there would always be a price for happiness with Alex. For now, it was worth it, for some semblance of stability and normalcy while you healed. But you weren't really sure if you *could* heal like this. And yet you had nowhere else to go.

Blank and passive as a doll, you let your boyfriend undress you and push you gently onto the bed. You weren't really here. It felt like you were watching events unfold from outside yourself, his warm hands moving urgently on a body that couldn't feel their movements. Even as he thrust himself inside you, you stared into the darkness, your eyes and your thoughts empty.

Chapter End Notes

I did not mean to make the first chapter of this arc so depressing, sorry guys!

Still Here -The Surface

Chapter Summary

Every night, I dream you're still here.
The ghost by my side, so perfectly clear.
When I awake, you'll disappear,
Back to the shadows
With all I hold dear.
With all I hold dear.
I dream you're still here.
I dream you're still here.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay in updating. I have started a new story as an addition to TSM. It's called Doll, and can be found by clicking my name. :) I may also (hopefully) be starting a new job soon. If so, updates will be slow, but I promise to keep working on this story!

As always, come visit me at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com, and feel free to leave a tip in my jar if you enjoy my writing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gaster sighed to himself, leaning back against a shadowed wall near your apartment. The last thing he wanted to do was intrude on your privacy, especially since you hadn't given him explicit permission to contact you. And yet there had been a real connection there, in those days before you had parted ways. If not love, at least friendship. He had never bothered with friendship during the days of his tenure as the royal scientist. Friends were an unnecessary burden that distracted him from his work, and his colleagues at work were as close as he came to social connection.

The only reason he knew where you lived, was because you had forgotten to bring him to the small community of monsters that existed at the base of Mount Ebott. Distracted, you had automatically driven the car to your apartment as you talked to him, seeming stunned when you arrived at your destination. He had sensed your discomfort, and assured you that he could find his own way to the

monster community.

The emotions he had been picking up from you could be most accurately described as shame, guilt, and fear. They weren't what someone should be feeling at a homecoming. That alone had been weighing on his mind, troubling him, aside from his own loneliness. Despite your assurances that you were fine, that you would be safe at your home, he found himself restlessly compelled to return to the property again and again, hoping to catch just a glimpse of you from the window.

He had seen your human mate, and had instantly disliked the man, but reluctantly chalked his feelings up to mere jealousy. It wasn't this man's fault he had become so attached to you, when you already had a mate on the surface. The human was average in every way, but for the powerful, determined soul that flared within his chest. Determined souls were not common, and unique in many ways. Most of all, they were mercurial, and their owners often reacted unpredictably to given scenarios. Where a brave or kind soul was easy to predict, determination was unstable...chaotic. Gaster wondered what could possibly tie together such different souls as you and Alex.

A window on the second floor opened, and he was startled out of his reverie by the sudden familiarity of your face, as you settled on a seat below the window, and rested your head on your arms, staring out into the night. It hadn't occurred to him that what he was doing was very similar to stalking, until now. Embarrassed, he withdrew further into the shadows, but could not stop gazing up at you. He couldn't quite see your expression, but your posture seemed to be one of exhaustion, or sadness.

He hesitated. Should he go to you? Then he saw the silhouette of a man behind you, a hand laid on your shoulder. You didn't respond to the touch, but it was enough to remind Gaster of his position in your life. It wasn't his place to comfort you, but perhaps he could at least reach out in a less direct way.

Frowning in thought, he withdrew a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. He could neither write, nor speak, in your language. You had understood him in the Underground because of the excess of magic that resided there. He wasn't quite sure why you had continued understanding him upon leaving that place behind, but he did know that other humans had no ability to grasp what he was saying. Writing a note in hands would be a gamble, but he could think of no other way to discreetly communicate with you. If you were unable to read the note, he wasn't sure what he would do. He did know that it was impossible for him to continue standing passively by, without any word of your welfare, or confirmation that you were truly healing.

His brow furrowed, and hesitantly, he wrote a brief message.

May I see you tomorrow night? I don't wish to intrude. If yes, please find me beneath the large tree directly south of your apartment, after dark. - Gaster

He sighed faintly as he signed the note, glancing back up at your window. You were still staring pensively into the darkness, but the man seemed to have gone. He summoned a hand, giving the note into its keeping, then watching as it vanished, reappearing just above your head. Delicately, the note fell through the window. He saw you sit up, then disappear briefly as you bent to retrieve it. He watched your profile as you stared at the note, and wished there was some way he could tell if you understood the message or not.

Smoothing the note absently in your hands, you stared back out the window, but this time, seemed to be searching for something. Likely him. Unfortunately, Gaster didn't dare come any closer. Monsters were still technically forbidden from leaving the refugee camps. He couldn't risk being seen by any other human. After several moments had passed, your alert posture fell, and you turned away, closing the window. At least you had the note. He would learn tomorrow whether or not you had understood it, and whether you still cared enough to see him at least once more.

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You were glad that Alex had gone, once you saw the note. At first you stared at the symbols without comprehending, but suddenly, a translation wove itself into your mind. Realizing what the source of the note must be, you turned back to the window, but saw nothing but shadows, and the occasional passing car. You knew that monsters were being confined to the camps right now, and hoped that Gaster hadn't taken a great risk in coming here.

Sighing, you let the wind in the trees wash over you in a soothing rush, like feathers rustling. It almost drowned out the noise of the television in the background, or Alex yelling at the referee of the game he was watching. Part of you wanted nothing more than to flee into the darkness, wearing nothing but the nightgown that slipped over your shoulders in silken folds. Become part of the night. You imagined it must be calm and soothing, like being deep underwater.

A few errant leaves blew in, and as if Alex knew, he yelled from the couch, "Hey, close the fuckin' window. A/C ain't cheap, you're letting out the cold air!"

Sighing, you rose and closed the shutters, fastening them carefully and drawing the curtains over the glass. Maybe you should just go to bed. If you stayed up, Alex would either get annoyed with you interfering with his "me" time, or push you to have sex with him, again. You weren't tired, but it was the only good option you had.

For comfort, you brought the note with you, imagining you could smell Gaster's slight, masculine scent on the paper. Maybe you could. Either way, it helped. Curled on your side, you tucked the folded paper under your cheek, and drifted into an uneasy slumber.

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Sans attempted to reign in his temper, which wasn't easy, given what he had endured over the past few days. He was *trying* to help Toriel deal with the human delegates, but even those humans that were comfortable enough dealing with a seven foot tall goat monster were uneasy talking to a skeleton, despite his attempts at humor.

Life in the camps was...not great. The monsters had tents, fresh water, and food, but little privacy. They were all so grateful to feel the sun on their faces that they accepted it, but Sans knew that there was better out there. The humans were frustratingly slow to accept their reassurances of peaceable intent, and insisted on documenting *everything* in painstaking detail for later reference.

Doctor Gaster, who could have been a great asset in these discussions, was unsurprisingly frustrated by his inability to communicate, even with Sans or Papyrus available as translators. Even Red had offered to translate, but the doctor was reluctant to deal with such a wide array of humans, who feared him even more than they did the smaller skeleton monsters. While he had not retained Voidster's bestial appearance, he still had two large cracks running down his face, and was both impressively tall, and intimidatingly broad-shouldered. He couldn't quite be called a skeleton monster, with his fleshly appearance, but he still had two eerie eye sockets that fell empty when he spoke to humans. He looked with distaste upon the fear in the faces of the diplomats, and kept his interactions short, to the point of being cursory.

Sans supposed he couldn't blame him, but he was aggravated that the doctor spent so much time alone in his tent, when he could have been assisting them in explaining the urgent need for permanent housing for the relatively small monster population. Even a small human town would have been large enough for the population of the underground. A few hundred monsters might seem intimidating at first, but it was nothing compared to the thousands of humans in even the smallest cities.

He felt like they were getting close to a breakthrough, and they even had human protesters that held signs and signed petitions to give over a certain amount of land for the monsters to develop and use for living, but every time he thought they were nearly there, some other "small" detail came up that ended up being a massive headache.

Red had ended up being surprisingly useful, herding Papyrus away from reporters, where the boisterous skeleton tended to say well-intentioned but potentially damaging things, such as "WHY, A MONSTER PROBABLY *COULD* BEAT A HUMAN IN AN ALTERCATION, AFTER ALL, MANY OF US ARE TRAINED IN COMBAT! NYEHEHE. DO YOU WANT ME TO DEMONSTRATE MY FIGHTING SKILLS, HUMAN REPORTER?"

Mettaton was another surprise. Despite his vanity and generally shallow personality, the man had a certain sensibility when it came to dealing with the media. Toriel had him working on developing sympathy for the plight of the monsters, which he did with much drama and poise.

Despite her grief at the loss of the king, Sans admired how strongly Toriel led. In truth, she had lost everyone she loved. Her children, and her husband. It couldn't be an easy path. Sans was the closest thing she had to a family now next to Frisk; and he was just a connection forged mainly by telling knock-knock jokes through the Ruins door.

Frisk had probably been the greatest help of all, despite their youth and muteness. Using American Sign Language, Frisk had very eloquently explained the plight of the monsters, spoken well of their compassion and empathy, and made clear that they considered Toriel their mother. There had been some dissension at this, but after fingerprints had been taken, and failed to match to any child in the United States databanks, the human officials were content for now to let Frisk stay with the monsters, despite an outcry from the general public.

Sans knew for certain that Gaster had assisted with that little stunt, being able to summon ghostly hands. He wasn't sure *how* the monster had managed to meld one with Frisk's much smaller hand, or how he had created a passable human thumbprint, but he was impressed and grateful, nonetheless. Toriel needed Frisk now, more than ever.

He could acknowledge that while his feelings for you lingered, he was developing an attachment to the maternal goat monster as well. Her enjoyment of his puns, her strength, her affection, were all things that made him want to spend time with her. And yet part of him wanted to prove that he could make it with you. He could overcome his past mistakes, help you heal, and show Gas- show *you* that he was the better monster.

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In your restless dreams, you saw him again. Not Gaster, not the monster you had come to have feelings for. You saw the monster, the shadow, the demon. He stalked you from the darkness, his sockets empty, bones sticking out of his flesh, dripping with rivulets of water. Algae hung from his form like bestial fur, and ever clawed step he took toward you was full of malice.

Your soul throbbed painfully in your chest as you watched him approach, unable to scream, unable to move. The steady patter of rain outside became the dripping of lake water from his naked, torn and distended body. He stood hunched, expelling water with every exhale, staring at you silently from those dead, empty sockets.

[Ssoo quick to run back to the ones who hurrt you,] he gurgled, his normally deep voice hoarse and wet. **[You kill me, then embrrace the hrghuman that made you wghat you are.]**

Tears pricked your eyes, and you tried to speak, but when you opened

your mouth, nothing came out. You tried and tried, but only a faint wheezing sound escaped your lips. The dream wouldn't let you talk.

Voidster took another painful, slow step toward you. His claws twitched, filth and algae coating them, and the holes in his palms. He looked like some sort of nightmarish lake monster, slowly shuffling toward you. You stared at the ragged edge of the bone that poked out of his bicep, and he laughed, a wet and creaking sound. **[Being thrrrown from thegh highest cliff in Waterggrufall didn't do much for my appearance, I fear.]**

"Why are you still haunting me?" you choked out, the sound of your voice breaking your temporary paralysis and allowing you to scramble backward.

He paused, and seemed to shrug, if such a broken thing could do so. **[Maybe that marrk on your soulgh will let me haunt you forrrever. The glghleast you can do is keep me company in this lonely dreamscape.]**

You glanced down, seeing his initials still carved into the cracked glass of the surface of your soul. Black and imposing, they hadn't faded at all, despite his death. Whimpering, you writhed in your blankets, twisting them around you. When you felt cold hands grip your upper arms, you screamed, thrashing as an unseen force pinned you down.

"-up! Wake up!"

Your brain jolted, and you opened your eyes, staring up into Alex's concerned face. Tears ran from your eyes, and you panted, going limp in his grasp as he released you. You scrubbed at your face, embarrassed. "S-sorry. I was having-"

“A nightmare? Yeah, I kinda noticed,” he responded, glancing over at you. “You should go back to therapy.”

You were silent, turning away from him with your cheek against the damp pillow. Therapy had never helped you before, and somehow you doubted it could chase away this particular ghost.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcome, they help keep me motivated to write. Let me know what you thought!

The Grey - The Surface

Chapter Summary

Musing through memories,
Losing my grip in the grey.
Numbing the senses,
I feel you slipping away.
Fighting to hold on,
Clinging to just one more day
Love turns to ashes,
With all that I wish I could say.

I'd die to be where you are.
I tried to be where you are.

Chapter Notes

I am starting a new job on October 15th, but I will do my best to keep updating regularly! Thank you for your comments, I love hearing what you guys think of the story. <3

Luckily, the next night was one that Alex chose to spend out with his friends at his favorite bar, watching “the game.” He would be out until 1 or 2 a.m. at least. As soon as it got dark, you carefully navigated the apartment complex to a large maple tree that was just beginning to grow orange flames on the edges of its leaves. You didn’t live in the nicest area, and were worried about being alone, but a tall figure soon came into view, and your soul leapt gladly in your chest. His silhouette was too tall and broad-shouldered to be human, and you picked up your pace until you were right before him, and he pulled you into a warm hug.

You both lingered that way, your cheek against his ribs as he enclosed you in his arms. Neither of you said anything, savoring the silent contact. A tear trickled down your cheek, and you sniffled, which caused him to pull back slightly.

“Are you well, my dear?” he asked with concern, brushing the tear away with his thumb. “I’ve been...worried.” Worried was a poor word for the anguish and fear he had felt on your behalf, but he didn’t want to place further burdens on your shoulders. Tentatively, he swept the hand that was on your cheek to tangle in your hair, gently combing it in a soothing manner.

“No, I’m. I’m fine,” you lied, biting your cheek and averting your eyes. “I’m just so happy to see you again.”

At this, he blushed slightly, a violet hue gracing his high cheekbones. “I had missed you, as well. You are such a dear friend, to me. I wanted to meet you sooner, but the efforts of diplomacy between monster and humankind have kept me busy, and I wanted to see you...alone.” He hesitated. It was the closest he could come to voicing feelings that were inappropriate at best, since you already had a human mate.

You didn’t notice, gazing off into the shadows as you replied, “Yes, it’s better to see each other alone.” His heart leapt, and his grip on you tightened ever so slightly. “My boyfr- I mean...Alex...doesn’t really like monsters, I think.”

“Ah. Well, I can understand his thinking. There are some humans I have met that I disliked,” he answered casually, despite the flare of disgust in his soul. Why were you...someone so special, and gentle, and brave, with a man like this? He shook his head slightly. It was no good to let jealousy cloud his thoughts.

“Is he kind to you?” He asked suddenly, unsure from where the question stemmed, but suddenly desperate to know the answer.

When you didn’t respond, he gently drew you closer. “I’m sorry, was that a bad question?”

“He doesn’t *mean* to be unkind,” you whispered, close to tears again. “It’s just that I can be a…burdensome person to live with. Sometime he gets impatient, or tired of taking care of me. It’s not his fault.” Even as the words came out, you realized how bad they sounded, and tried to do damage control. “I mean, it’s fine. He’s just kind of an uptight person? Sometimes I’m not sure I’m the right person for him….” you concluded sadly, thinking of all the times you had disappointed Alex.

Gaster was silent for a long moment. You didn’t know what he was thinking, but he kept stroking your hair, the warmth of his body calming and comforting you. His scent, so masculine and familiar, was like coming home. Finally, he spoke. “…I didn’t fight against that maniac just to see you in another bad situation. Does he hurt you?”

Do words count? you wondered, but your lips automatically denied the question. It had become like a habit, you realized. How many times had you been asked if Alex hit you? Too many to count, and yet some part of you wished that he did. Hitting left bruises. At least if he hit you, he couldn’t pretend it had never happened, later. No, instead he just slowly shredded your self esteem, intimidated you, threatened you, and bullied you.

“Tell him-” Gaster’s words broke you out of your reverie, and you glanced up to see the violet light in his sockets dim, “-Tell him that if he ever hurts you, I’ll kill him.” The coldness in his voice was like being dunked in freezing water, and you shivered in his arms.

“There’s really no need for that,” you murmured uncomfortably, trying to pull back. Gaster hesitated, but released you, watching sadly as you stepped backward and wrapped your arms around yourself. “It’s just the way our relationship is. He doesn’t hit me. It’s fine Gaster, really. I wouldn’t want you and him to get into a fight.”

Gaster said nothing, staring down at you with a tense, pained expression. He wanted nothing more than to gather you in his arms and take you from here. Away from this pain, this uncertainty he felt in your soul. It was still white, but dimmer than he remembered it. And were those new cracks? He wasn't sure. He clenched his fists and looked away. He couldn't make this decision for you, especially against your will.

It was like watching you hold a piece of glass, bleeding as you clutched it. He could try to rip the glass from your hand, but all he would do is slice open the flesh. The best he could do is hope that his words reached you. That the situation wasn't as bad as it seemed. That Alex was a better person than he sounded like. That you would be strong enough to leave him, if he wasn't worthy of you.

Sighing, he reached out and took your hands in his, pulling you near so that he could place a kiss on your palm. Now it was your turn to blush, glancing away as you felt the warmth of his lips on your skin. "I only want what's best for you. You are beautiful, and the bravest soul, human or monster, I have ever known. Nobody else could have survived what you did. Please never forget your value. I still love you."

It hurt to say the words, when he knew you couldn't reciprocate, but then you surprised him. Stepping nearer, you placed your hands on his shoulders and tugged him down to your level. You placed a sweet, chaste kiss on his lips, and whispered, "I love you too." Then you released him, the moment was over, and it was taking all of his willpower not to lick his lips.

"Maybe…" you paused, seeming to argue with yourself. "Maybe this thing with Alex isn't what's right for me. I don't know, Gaster. But I really do care for you. If you and I could be together, I'd have to leave Alex first, though. It's the right thing to do."

How his soul warmed to hear these words, the spark of hope flaring

within him as he gazed at you with love. He would wait, he decided. He could be patient. Eventually the only possibility was that you would see how much more he loved you than Alex did. He knew in his soul that there was nobody else he wanted. Even if he couldn't have you now, he would dream of you, and the future where you were together.

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You spent some more time talking, then realized that over an hour had passed. Gaster had to leave, it was still against the law for monsters to leave the settlement, and someone might notice he was missing. You were frustrated with that stupid law, and asked if humans were allowed to visit the monster camp. He hesitantly said that they were, but they weren't the nicest conditions, and you might not want to spend time there. He felt a resolution to the quarantine was at hand, however, and was hopeful that in another week or two, monsters would finally be free to live outside of the camp.

Somehow you had ended up holding hands, and when he offered to walk you back to your apartment, you couldn't refuse. You walked slowly, it was dark, and none of your neighbors were outside. His hand was so much larger than yours, your thumb slipped right through the hole in his palm, but he didn't seem to mind.

Just as you were about to climb the stairs to your apartment, you heard a familiar voice from the open window above you. Oh no, Alex had brought his friends back. Sometimes they came back to the apartment instead of staying at the bar, and those times were always hell. They couldn't see Gaster. "Y-you have to go now," you stammered.

Gaster didn't respond at first, studying the response of your soul to the voices above you. It was brilliant yellow and gray with fear, a fear so strong it bordered on panic. He closed his eyes and could sense the frantic beating of your heart, the way your palm slid against his own,

slippery with sweat. “Why are you so frightened?” he finally said, unwilling to let this go. He couldn’t keep pretending that things were fine, even though that’s what you clearly wanted.

“I’m not, it’s just- Alex and his friends...they don’t really like monsters.” You offered the half-truth, hoping he would accept it. “I don’t want you to get hurt.”

He snorted. “They could easily enough harm another monster, perhaps. Not one like me...not one with a high LV.” He hated saying the words, hated remembering how he had gotten that LV. But it was the truth, despite how bitter it tasted. His words had another purpose however, and as he suspected, your fear only slightly abated. You were afraid for yourself, not for him.

“Come with me to the monster camp,” he said suddenly, throwing caution to the wind. “Humans are uncommon, but you’d be safe there.” You tried to pull away, but this time he held on, staring down at you fiercely.

“I can’t,” you whispered miserably, giving up your resistance with hardly a token struggle. “This is my home. It’s not perfect, but it’s the only place I have.”

This struck him hard, and his grip on you relaxed, letting you tug your hand out of his. “It’s not,” he said finally, raising a brow. “You can come with me.”

You wanted to, oh how you wanted to. But you were afraid, so afraid. Afraid of leaving. Afraid of Alex finding you had run away. And some part of you felt a sick comfort here, in this home with familiar furnishings and food, small comforts that kept you rooted in place. It was easier to stay here, where the dangers were known, than to leave and risk something worse. It didn’t even occur to you that it couldn’t get much worse than it already was. You were just afraid.

“I’m sorry…” you said, turning away from him. You weren’t strong enough for this. Your soul dimmed a little more.

He said nothing, and when you turned to say goodbye, you saw he had already gone. For some reason, a tear slipped down your cheek at his abrupt departure. You wondered if he hated you, or was disgusted by your cowardice. You hated yourself. You probably deserved to stay here, with Alex and his boorish friends upstairs.

Your shoulders drooping, you made your way slowly up the stairs, dreading every moment that you drew nearer. Your “safe” haven wasn’t so safe, now.

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He was furious. Not with you, but with himself. How could he have failed so completely to show you your value and worth to him? You wouldn’t even consider leaving with him. It hurt, that rejection from you, but he couldn’t find it in himself to blame you for it. Perhaps you still harbored painful memories of the time he had been possessed. You knew nothing about the monster camp, and while he didn’t really understand the concept of “home,” having spent all of his time in his lab, he did understand the comfort of being somewhere familiar.

And yet the pain, the fear he had seen in your soul! It made him angry, it made him cold and vicious and calculating. He didn’t fight the cruel visions of ridding the world of Alex for good. Hurting him...killing him… His violence had risen significantly since his possession by Voidster, and it had had unwanted side effects, such as these urges. But he could not find it in himself to resist the fantasies of blood splattering from gaping wounds, or watching the life fade from Alex’s eyes as he slowly strangled him.

He was quivering, shaking. He took a deep breath, and stopped. He should not encourage these ugly images. They fed a darkness in him that he knew would probably always exist. One could not live with a creature such as Voidster for so long without becoming warped and twisted themselves. Sometimes, he wondered if he was still good enough for you. He wanted to be kind to you, to nurture you and protect you, but what if his violence broke through, and he ended up hurting you just like Alex probably did?

Probably. He snorted derisively. He had seen how you flinched, heard the tremor in your voice, and the rough voices of the human males upstairs. Every instinct in him had come roaring to the surface, demanding that he protect you from these males. But you wouldn't let him. A small part of him hated you for that. How could you force him to watch you suffer like this? Oh, he doubted you were aware you were doing it, but still, it was happening, and his soul ached to witness it.

He rubbed at his face and was surprised to find dried tears on his skin. He glanced around, and took in his surroundings. He was somewhere on Mt. Ebott, some random place the void had deposited him as he threw himself into it without a thought of where he wanted to go. A dangerous thing to do; he could have lost himself in there again. The thought sobered him.

Shivering, he stared up at the stars, that glittered in the sky like diamonds. The surface was so different. So varied and strange, dangerous, unknown. Some of the humans he'd been forced to talk to had higher levels of violence than he wanted to see, especially when most monsters were so vulnerable to the species. What would happen when the first monster was dusted by a single blow? Would humanity turn on them, exterminating the weak until only the strong remained?

He had many questions, but no answers. He loved you, and he thought that you loved him, but he didn't have you, either. His soul ached, and he sighed, leaning against a rugged tree with needles instead of leaves. It smelled nice, like herbs and the surface and earth.

He'd better head back. He knew that Sans was aware of his little 'trips' away from the camp, but he didn't know if the skeleton was particularly loyal or fond of him, as both a reminder of his cruel creator, and competition for your love. He couldn't blame Sans, but he couldn't afford to trust him just yet either.

Rubbing his eyes tiredly, Gaster flung himself back into the void, this time with the monster settlement in mind. He found his bed and fell into it, sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion until morning.

Wreckage - The Surface

Chapter Summary

Disappointed disengage
You wrapped your limbs around me
Hard to escape
I'm catatonic, cannot run
It almost killed me

You crept into the apartment, silently walking past the television and the men watching it. You could feel Alex's eyes on you, and sure enough, it wasn't long before he spoke.

"Where the fuck were you?"

You froze, averting your eyes and wrapping an arm around your midsection. "I-I went on a walk. The weather is nice tonight."

He grunted in response. "Didn't leave a note. You can't just fuckin' leave without letting me know where you are. Remember what happened last time."

You nodded slowly, and he seemed placated. "Grab us some new beers, they should be in the fridge."

You cringed, but obeyed. You tried to ignore how his friends' eyes lingered on you like invasive hands, touching you all over. They wouldn't do anything with Alex here, but it didn't make you feel any less violated. You flinched when Mike's fingers brushed yours as he took the beer, and quickly finished handing them out. Of all Alex's friends, Mike bothered you the most. You knew he had a girlfriend, and you knew just as well that it wouldn't stop him if got it in his head to go after you.

You felt far too fragile right now to spend time out in the open, and quickly retreated to the bedroom. Sitting on your side of the bed, you turned your attention to the bedside table. Opening a drawer, you opened a small wooden box, and idly took a razor blade from the clutter inside, watching how the metal glinted in the faint light from the window. Just a few cuts, and relief would soon follow. You'd feel grounded and stable again. Alex didn't really care if you cut, and seemed unbothered by the scars. You weren't sure if it was a sign that he loved you more than appearances, or that he simply didn't care about your wellbeing. It was a mystery you were in no hurry to solve.

Tonight had been too much. The relief and pain of seeing Gaster again had triggered a dark mood within yourself. He had reminded you of how trapped and confused you felt here. At night, in the shadows, you weren't sure if what you felt for Alex was love, or...some kind of warped *need* to have him in your life. Someone to protect you. Someone to punish you. Flashes of violet eyes seemed to gleam in the darkness, and you shivered. Voidster had been far worse, yet he had fulfilled this sick need you had, this desire to be hurt for your failure to be *better* at life.

You made three conservative cuts on your forearm, watching the dark red blood well up. Not too deep, just enough to feel a little better. The blood began to trickle down your arm, and you realized that you needed something to absorb it with, lest it spill onto the carpet or mattress. Hurrying to the bathroom, you pressed a thick pad of toilet paper to the wounds, letting the blood clot as you sat on the closed toilet and stared expressionlessly at the blooming red stain beneath your fingers. Comfort followed, your body's reaction to being injured, endorphins rushing to your brain to numb the pain, both physical and emotional.

You spent a long time alone in the bathroom, the door locked to prevent intrusions. Long after the cuts stopped bleeding, you finally roused from the near-trance you had been in. You automatically washed your hands and arms with soapy water, patting them dry with a towel before exiting. The cuts no longer bled, instead gleaming

wetly under the bathroom light. You would retrieve your bandaids from the box, and cover the wounds.

In the darkness, it took a moment for your eyes to adjust, and alert you to the fact that another person was in the room with you. You automatically leapt back, a breathless cry rising in your throat before Mike's hand clamped over your mouth. He backed you up until you were pressed against the wall, his body tight against yours.

"Shh, no need to disturb the guys," he said conversationally. "Alex and Jones went out for more beer. If you tell anyone about this…" He slid his other hand into your hair, pulling your head back until tears were in your eyes. "Alex will be pissed, but not as pissed as he'll be when I tell him you came onto me. You know he doesn't trust you since that disappearing act."

You panted behind his hand, stressed and trembling. Just when you thought the night couldn't get any worse. Mike released your hair, and shoved his hand up the thin tank top you wore. He reached back and easily unsnapped your bra, fondling your breasts with a roughness that made them ache. He rubbed over your stiff nipples with his thumb, bending his head to inhale your scent. A whimper constricted your throat, remembering all of Voidster's assaults. *It turns out that humans can be just as evil* , you thought.

The small metal square of the razor blade you'd brought with you bit into your palm, and you shivered. There was an option here, a terrible one. Mike had turned his attention away from you, fumbling one-handed with his pants. Grimacing, you gripped the razor between your fingers. You slowly raised your arm. Mike's zipper was stuck, and you took it for a sign. *Be brave,* you whispered to yourself silently.

You brought the razor down in a hard arc across Mike's face. The fearsomely sharp metal, when wielded with such force, sliced through flesh as easily as butter. His cheek opened; a gaping red mouth ringed with white flesh and skin. You realized with shock that you had cut all

the way through his face, and the cavity of his mouth was showing through the cut.

He stared at you, his hand falling away from your face as he stumbled to his knees. “Wh-what did you *do,”* he slurred, staring at you with horror as blood began to bubble and cascade down his jaw and throat. Stunned, you dropped the razor, frozen in place at the sight of so much blood, drawn by your own hand. You had done this.

“I’ll kill you,” he whispered, and the moment was broken. Gasping, you fled from the scene, leaving Mike and the bloody razor on the floor. You flew down the hallway, past the remaining men watching television, and out into the night. You had to get away. Mike would kill you. Alex would be furious. You were terrified.

Absently your mind noted that it was lucky you had kept your shoes on, as you fumbled your way down the stairs and onto the street. Once out of the apartment you paused, but only briefly. You had no idea what direction to go. Your frozen mind heard raised voices coming from the apartment, and the instinct kicked in again. *Run, run, RUN.*

Blindly, you ran. It was late enough that few cars were in the streets, and nobody saw you fleeing. You ran to the park where junkies did their drug deals, and nobody looked twice. You instinctively sought dark, abandoned places, as if they would somehow be safer. For once you weren’t afraid of unseen murderers or creatures in the shadows. What scared you most of all were the looming specters of Mike and Alex.

When a cold hand clamped down on your wrist, you did scream. Nobody was around to hear, but you were tightly wound and ready to snap.

“jesus kid, what the hell happened to you?”

You stopped. Completely and utterly stopped. Your frantic heartbeat made you pant as you gasped out, “S-S-Sans?!” The short skeleton stepped into view, and the sight of such a familiar, trusted face was like a dash of cold water. With the adrenaline still racing through your system, you did the only thing you could do- you burst into tears, sinking to your knees.

You felt Sans awkwardly embrace you from above, shushing you and stroking your hair. “listen kiddo, i know you’re falling apart right now, but we have to go. someone might have heard you scream.”

Dizzy and numb, you nodded, tears still streaming down your face. Sighing, Sans knelt beside you, and you closed your eyes as you felt the void wrap around both of you.

***

Gaster woke at daybreak, having slept horribly. Stifling a yawn, he followed the scent of fresh coffee, coming from one of the medical tents. The last thing he expected was to find you there, wrapped in a blanket, talking to Sans. A mug was wrapped in your hands, and you held it tentatively, as if you or it might shatter at any moment. Conversely, Sans was the epitome of casual, leaning on the table as he gossiped about what had been going on since you had left for human habitation.

The moment he entered the tent, your eyes leapt to his face, and you trembled. Here you were, spending time with Sans, but you couldn’t even look at him? He remembered how you had refused to leave with him last night, yet here you were, again, with *Sans,* having coffee in the medical tent as if it were a social outing. What the hell?

He tamped down the irrational jealousy, and the urge to glare at you both. Clearly something had happened, as he had feared. Punishing you by acting petty was not what he wanted to do, despite the bitter taste in his mouth that his warnings had proved accurate. He could have been the one to rescue you, to bring you here. Instead you had shunned him, been attacked, and Sans had been the hero. You knew how Gaster felt about you, and he didn't think you seemed like the type to play games.

"What happened?" His voice was hoarse, and the question was out before he had a chance to think about whether he should have asked it.

Your face was pale, but you spoke calmly. "One of Alex's friends tried something. I cut his face open with a razor blade."

"Oh." He had no idea how to respond to that. You were clearly upset, but the expressionless way you had said it left him confused. Where had you gotten a razor blade? What had Alex's friend done? Why hadn't Alex stopped him? Why had you fled after defending yourself? It was too early for this.

Feigning calmness himself, he poured a third cup of coffee, and sipped it blithely. "You're in the main medical tent, and I'm the head doctor in the camp. Do you have any injuries that need to be tended?"

He saw you pause, considering his question. Then you shook your head. He got the strong sense that you weren't being truthful, but he couldn't see anything obviously wrong with you, and he wouldn't insist on examining you against your will, especially after what you had experienced, which he suspected had been an attempted rape.

He saw Sans looking at him, coming to a decision. “i’ve got stuff to do,” the skeleton said finally, sliding off of his chair. “why don’t you kick it with the doc for a while? we’ll figure out how to get this handled, no worries.”

Gaster gritted his teeth. He didn’t need or want Sans’s sympathy. The fact that his feelings toward you were so apparent, even to the skeleton, was humiliating. He gave a curt nod to the other monster, then took his vacated seat across from you. You quickly glanced down at your coffee, staring into the cup as if it might contain the answers to every question you had ever conceived.

“You don’t have to act like a stranger,” Gaster finally said dryly, capturing your gaze with this statement. You shrugged sheepishly, and the blanket fell away from your shoulders, settling against your back. Three dark red lines captured Gaster’s attention as he glanced down at your arms. Before you could protest, he had captured your wrist gently in one large hand, turning your arm so that he could better see the cuts. “Did Alex’s friend do this?”

Finally, you spoke. “No...I did.”

He nodded absently. He saw the scars on your arms. “Most monsters are healed using magic, but the human embassy did give us several “first aid” kits that we didn’t have much use for until now.” He stood and reached under one of the cots in the tent, drawing out the box of medical supplies. You said nothing as he mulled through the contents, eventually drawing out a small packet of antibiotic ointment, and a few bandaids. “This should do. Hold out your arm, please.”

You extended it silently, a tear tracking down your face as he applied the ointment and bandages. He didn’t think it was from pain- not physical pain at least. He had forgotten that self injury was something you had struggled with. It was a tendency that had made you particularly vulnerable to Voidster, who catered so explicitly to that need to be hurt.

“Thank you.” Your voice was soft and subdued. “Gaster...what have I d-done?” More tears followed, and soon he had gathered you and your blanket into his lap, moving to one of the cots and cuddling you against his broad chest. At that moment, feeling your warmth and softness pressed against him, he didn’t care who saw him. Your scent washed over him, and he held you all the tighter, while you turned your face and tucked it against his chest, similarly inhaling his scent.

The contact seemed to soothe you, and as your tears dried, he reluctantly loosened his hold. Now that the moment had passed, he realized how inappropriate it would seem to the other monsters for him to be holding a human in his lap like this. He lifted you and placed you on one of the cots, pulling a second blanket over you.

“Rest now, sweetheart. You’ve had a long night.” He pulled the half empty coffee mug from your hands, and you nodded, your face drawn and exhausted. “You’re safe here, I promise. No humans will look for you here. Even if they did, I wouldn’t let them find you.”

“Thank you Gaster. I...I should have listened to you, before. I’m sorry.” The apology went a long way toward soothing his ego. He wouldn’t have asked for one, after all, your choices were your own. He had no right to make them for you.

“I’m just glad you’re safe,” he said, after a short pause. He would get the full story from Sans later, he decided. You were beginning to drift off, warm under the blankets. His hand absently raised to stroke your hair, and you smiled a little.

“Me too.”

The Decision - The Surface

Chapter Summary

I've got the same deep wounds as you,
My love can double as a weapon too
Say that you trust it and I'll set it free,
Turn it back on me,
Turn it back on me

We trade our secrets when it's safe,
Our ammunition when the fever breaks
Show me the side no one else sees,
Turn it back on me,
Turn it back on me

When you woke up, you felt warm and relaxed. Then you inhaled, and the strange, sterile scent of the sheets and blankets warned you of the fact that you weren't at home. You opened your eyes, and gazed blearily around the dimly lit tent. It was empty, and the light outside seemed strong. It was perhaps early afternoon; but you couldn't be sure. Then you remembered your phone- tucked away in your pocket. The display lit up as you lifted it, and you saw that there were several missed calls from Alex.

You bit your lip. It hadn't even occurred to you to call him, to tell him what happened. You had panicked, and not been thinking clearly. Mike had said he would kill you, and you believed him. You had unread text messages as well, and you chewed your abused lip, opening them hesitantly. It was a long string of swearing, asking if you really had attacked Mike, and where you were. It ended with:

Don't disappear on me again. Come back by tonight or it's over. I can't keep doing this.

Tears welled in your eyes, and you choked back a sob, staring at those

final words. You knew he wasn't trying to punish you by saying it, and part of you even felt relieved at the possibility that he might end things himself. It took the choice out of your hands. You wouldn't have to explain why you didn't love him anymore, you wouldn't have to fight with him about it. You could just stay here, with the monsters, safe.

You trembled slightly as you considered the possibility. Then you sighed. You had to go back. You didn't own much, but you needed clothes to wear, and more importantly, your memory box. The small cedar box held your most cherished treasures. Photographs from your childhood, an antique necklace from your mother, trinkets you had collected over time that had meaning to you. You knew you would regret it always if you left those memories behind.

Crossing your legs on the bed, you stared pensively at your phone, going over scenarios of confronting Alex in your mind. What if Mike was there? No, surely he'd be in the hospital for at least a day.... Maybe you could send Alex a text first, to gauge his mood. That way you'd be prepared for whatever you walked into. Your fingers hesitated over the keypad, wondering what to say. Would it seem like a desperate lie if you told him that Mike had attacked you, or would he believe it?

I'm sorry, you began, running your free hand through your hair as you thought. *Mike tried to rape me.* You gazed at the sentence, at the ugly words. You were halfway convinced to delete them and start over, when you heard someone in the tent clear their throat. Startled, you glanced up, meeting Gaster's neutral gaze. You flushed, wondering how long he had been standing there.

"Hey," you managed, unable to force a smile to accompany the greeting. You were wound too tight to pretend right now. You dropped your gaze back to your phone, rubbing your free hand absently over the bandaged cuts on your arm.

“May I ask what’s wrong?” His voice was low and soothing, stepping nearer to the bed slowly, then seating himself beside you, but making no attempt to look at the cellphone’s screen. He reached over, brushing the hair from your face so that he could better see your expression. If his touch lingered slightly too long, it was because he was distracted by the softness of your skin. It had been such a long time since he had touched you intimately. He withdrew his hand and placed it on the bed between you, watching as your far-off gaze focused, and raised to meet his.

“Alex says if I don’t come back by tonight, he’s going to break up with me,” you said finally, glancing away again once you had finished the sentence. As a result, you didn’t see the spark of interest in Gaster’s eyes, a look of anticipation crossing his face.

“What will you do?” he murmured, trying to appear calm.

You frowned at the phone. “I’m not sure. I have things that I need from the apartment. And if he breaks up with me, I won’t have anywhere to live-”

“You can live here,” he interrupted, touching your hand. “We can find a tent for you, or you can stay in mine.” He hoped the latter wasn’t too forward of him, but it had slipped out before he could stop himself.

“I-in yours?” You blushed, but didn’t remove your hand from his.

“We could get you a separate cot,” he said quietly. “Whatever you would be comfortable with.”

You stared back down at your phone, at the message you had been typing. Some part of you still wanted to give Alex the chance, to believe the best of him. You left what you had written, debated

adding more, then shrugged, and hit send. You felt a little better once it was done, as if a burden had been lifted. Decisions always tended to weigh heavily on you, due in large part to your anxiety.

"I...appreciate it," you said to Gaster, squeezing his hand. "I'm not sure what I'll do, yet. I guess it depends on what Alex says."

He frowned down at you without meaning to, and you smiled softly, reaching up to smooth the creases from his face. Sighing, he scrubbed at his face. "I'm sorry," he said, standing and leaning against the table that held the coffee pot. "I'm not entirely unbiased in this situation. You should do what you feel is best."

Some part of you wished that he would just take charge, that he would tell you to leave Alex. But you realized how unhealthy the thought was, and wondered just how badly you wanted out of this relationship. It would have to be your decision. You couldn't rely on Gaster or Alex to make it for you. That was cowardly, and you needed to stand up for yourself. Inwardly you crumbled at the idea, wincing. The idea of standing up to Alex terrified you. What if he yelled at you, or hit you? He had never struck you before, but he might this time.

You closed your eyes briefly, remembering Voidster. He had done so much worse than hit you, and yet in this moment, you felt more afraid of Alex. With Voidster there had been a sick sense of comfort, as he made all of your decisions for you. You had never had a choice, and for someone that was terrified of making the *wrong* choice, it was a relief to give up that freedom.

Your phone lit up in your hand, and you flinched. It was a reply from Alex. It took a moment before you felt brave enough to open it. When you did, it was a bit anticlimactic. All he had said, was; *Just come home. We can talk about it then.* You couldn't help but feel let down. He had said nothing encouraging, he just wanted you to come back. You couldn't tell what kind of mood he was in, either. The message was terse, but not explicitly angry.

Gaster was watching you, and you shrugged unhappily. “He just wants me to come home. I guess I should at least talk to him.” The monster didn’t seem any happier with this decision than you were, but inclined his head, acquiescing to your choice.

“I can take you back when you’re ready,” he offered gently, his face emotionless despite the turmoil inside him. You looked pale and tired, and like this was the last thing you wanted to do. He didn’t understand why you were going back, when you so clearly wanted to stay. He wondered if he was doing you any favors by letting you make such a decision.

It was easy to reach the cold, authoritative side of himself that had thought of you as a test subject. That part of him would have kept you here, regardless of what you wanted. Even a fool could see how this relationship was damaging your soul, and WD Gaster was the most intelligent monster of the Underground. You were an intelligent human, and yet you refused to acknowledge the obvious fact that holding onto Alex was like grasping a piece of barbed wire. The harder you held on, the deeper it cut you. He didn’t understand such emotional irrationality.

A darker thought, that you were doing this because you longed for the painful discipline Voidster had given you, crossed his mind. Alex was not a terribly impressive human, but he was controlling. If all you desired was a firm hand, surely Gaster could provide that for you. However, he was wary of such behavior after his long imprisonment. Who knew what shadows had been left behind in his soul, that would eagerly grasp at an opportunity to abuse your trust?

He was broken from his thoughts by a gentle tap on his shoulder, though you had to stand on your toes to reach it. “You’re brooding,” you told him with amusement, your stress hidden behind a slight smile. “I’ll be fine, don’t worry about me.”

Your smile fell as he regarded you seriously, suppressed emotion in his eyes. “I do worry about you. And I’m not the only one. Alphys asks about you often. Sans...he cares, too. Undyne worries. Papyrus.” He sighed. “You came here only this morning, hysterical after being assaulted. Now, you’re returning to the same place you were attacked. I can still see fear in your eyes. But you won’t speak of it, not to me at least.”

“Gaster,” you tried, hesitating as he held up a hand.

“You and I are the only ones who knew what it was like serving that...creature. Alphys had a taste, but she doesn’t know the worst parts. Not like I do. Not like you do.”

Anxiety clutched your heart when you heard him speak of Voidster. You remembered the terrifying dreams you had been having, his nightmarish spirit still haunting you despite his death. You wondered if his mark was truly still on your soul, or if you had only dreamed it was.

“I was wealthy Underground. Here, I have nothing more than any other monster. A place to sleep. But you have no idea…” Here he faltered, his gaze dropping as emotion crept into his voice. “I grew to admire you so, after you persisted and didn’t lose hope. He was thrilled by your defiance, I was afraid of what he would do to shatter it. We survived somehow, and now we’re both here, on the Surface.”

He snatched your wrist roughly in his hand, clutching it hard enough to bruise as his gaze bored down into you. “Why are you going back to Alex? He’s another demon of a lesser breed, yet just as destructive as Voidster to your soul. You could have a safe place here with me, and instead you scorn me for that vile human!”

You gasped as he shoved you backward, suddenly releasing your wrist

so that you fell backward onto the bed. Within seconds, he had leaned over you, his broad upper body close enough that you could feel his heat through your clothes. His fingers thrust into your hair, tugging at your scalp and pulling your head back. Unwilling tears pricked your eyes at his strange and violent behavior. You had forgotten how much larger, how much stronger he was, how effortlessly he could hurt you.

“Let go of me, Gaster,” you gasped, totally unprepared for his attack. “Don’t be like them!”

He jerked as though struck, then narrowed his eyes. Just as he was about to speak, your hand cracked against his face, the blow stinging your hand as much as it hurt him. He paused then, seeming to realize where he was, and what he was doing. Releasing your hair, he pushed himself off of you, stumbling away with a shocked expression. Quickly, you sat up, glaring at him.

“I cut Mike’s face open with a razor blade. Christ, I could see his *teeth* through the hole, Gaster.” He looked as sick as you felt, but you continued. “And you know...I thought I would feel better. I thought that taking control for once, fighting back...was the answer. You have no idea how much it terrified me, to fight back. Even now, with you- I can’t stop shaking.” You gave a bitter laugh as his gaze dropped to your hands, which trembled as you spoke.

“It seems like no matter what I survive, no matter how strong I try to be, I keep getting pushed around by someone stronger. And even worse, some part of me *enjoys* being weak. Because then somehow…” You paused, your voice low and choked, “Then somehow, it’s not my fault for getting hurt. If I’m already weak, nobody can blame me.”

Silence settled between you, neither of you looking at the other as your words hung in the air, filled with self-loathing and pain. When you dared a glance up at Gaster, he was staring off into the distance, his expression defeated. It took several more moments before he finally spoke, eyes flicking to your face. “I don’t know what to say. I...I

lost control. I'm so sorry."

You sighed, running a hand through your hair. "I don't need apologies. What I need is...I don't even know. I guess someone I could trust would be a good start."

Your words pierced him, guilt striking his soul. He could hear the quiet desperation in your voice, see the way that you still shivered, dark circles under your eyes. He began to realize how close you were to truly breaking down, unable to handle the stress any longer. His behavior had been selfish, uncalled for. He had no real explanation for the surge of violence that had coursed through him, obliterating his rationality and self control. Telling you that he had been unable to stop himself because he hadn't been aware of what was happening would only scare you more.

"Stay," he heard himself say, watching as your eyes widened in surprise. "It doesn't have to be with me, but stay here. Please. You're so fragile, I can't let you go back to him in this state. I can tell that you don't want to go. Stay."

You felt numb and heavy, your will sapped away by the pain of explaining yourself to him. "Gaster...I can't just stay here forever. I need to get things from the apartment. Eventually I'd *have* to see him, even if I did choose to end it."

His mind worked rapidly, his confidence returning as he spoke. "No, you don't have to see him. Sans is good at remaining hidden, and he can teleport like me. We could set a watch on the apartment, and when he leaves, one of us could take you there to retrieve your possessions, assuming it's not too much to carry?"

You felt a tendril of hope, warmth returning to your sluggish body at his words. "It's not much. Just a small box, and some clothes. The rest

can be left behind." You hadn't realized how much you wanted to stay until he'd asked you to. Your uncertainty vanished, replaced with something stronger, something that had desperately needed to hear what he had said.

"I feel like a coward," you mumbled uncertainly, rubbing at the salt tracks on your face. "I wanted to leave him *years* before I ever met you, but I couldn't find the courage to say it. I feel like I at least owe him an explanation."

"You don't," Gaster said firmly, striding up to you, and draping the blanket around your shoulders. He tucked it tightly around your body, sitting back beside you, not quite touching you. He looked very serious, an almost fierce expression on his face.

Your shivering eased, and you peered up at him. "I don't?"

"Whatever you owe him is nothing compared to how he has treated you. He erased that debt himself with his cruelty." His words rang truthfully in the air, piercing any further doubts you had. Suddenly you felt lighter, calmer, more...at ease. Your tense posture relaxed, and you let yourself lean gently against Gaster, who didn't hesitate to put an arm around you and tuck you against his side. His body was warm and strong, his scent masculine and familiar. With the blanket and his arm cuddling you, you felt peaceful, safe.

You nodded softly to yourself, murmuring, "Okay." At this you felt him relax, his hold tightening slightly. The two of you remained that way for some time, and you put your cell phone facedown on the bed, not checking to see if you had any new messages. For once, you felt halfway toward being okay, and your only thoughts were of what the future might hold.

Close Your Eyes - The Surface (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

I'll keep you safe, as safe as I can
When all the elements around us
Have other plans
I pray we don't break in unsteady hands

I swear if you call I will come
So quick, I am at your command
As long as I live
As long as I'm breathing
You will be safe
As long as we're dreaming

Just close your eyes
Everything's gonna be just fine
You can peek on the other side

Chapter Notes

Super long chapter. Please consider leaving a comment at the end if you liked it, I am feeling a bit discouraged.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn't take long for news of your arrival to spread amongst the monsters, but Gaster kept them at bay, insisting that you needed peace and quiet for the time being. You were grateful, you didn't feel like you could handle being the center of attention. Luckily, your arrival coincided with a visit from local politicians, who were in the process of finding a suitable place for the monsters to live. Affordable housing was being built already, and the gold most monsters brought with them was happily accepted in lieu of regular currency. For those who didn't have much gold, loans were being written up by the bank to enable the monsters to own houses while they found work in the city.

Gaster didn't seem concerned with his own lot, despite what he had told you about not having anything in this timeline. You supposed that being an accomplished scientist and doctor, it wouldn't be difficult for him to find work, even on the surface. Despite how busy

he seemed to be assisting in negotiations with the humans, he checked on you often. It was strange to see him being so attentive. It reminded you of recovering from your injuries in the Underground, before you'd come back to the surface. You still weren't quite used to this side of him.

You passed time playing games on your phone, after you realized that Alex wasn't planning on texting you again any time soon. The radio silence was unnerving, and you wondered what would happen when nightfall came and you still hadn't returned to him. You doubted that he really believed you might not come back. Hell, you hadn't believed it yourself. Both of you knew how afraid you were to be by yourself, but what Alex didn't know, was that you *weren't* alone. You wondered if that was why Gaster kept checking on you, so that you wouldn't feel lonely. He had mentioned that Frisk was in the camp, having been unofficially adopted by Toriel, but you didn't really feel like wandering around looking for them.

In the end it didn't matter, because Toriel came and found you. You were burrowed under several layers of thin blankets, listening to music, when she arrived. You sat up when you saw her, hastily removing your earbuds and swiping a hand through your disheveled hair. "H-hi," you stammered, wringing your hands together in a familiar, anxious gesture. You weren't sure what the proper way to greet her was, but this seemed to be a casual visit. You were eased a little by the appearance of Alphys, who followed the Queen. They both drew chairs up to sit in front of you, and you awkwardly sat on the bed, unwilling to relinquish your blankets.

Toriel smiled kindly at you. "Hello my dear. Doctor Gaster told me of your arrival, and I wanted to assure you that you are welcome here. What little we have will be shared freely. But I have some concerns, and brought Doctor Alphys with me to address them."

You glanced over at Alphys, who still had noticeable scars on her face, but didn't seem to feel as self conscious about them as she once had. Despite all the abuse Voidster had put you through, you had only minor scars from his fangs and claws. You wondered if Alphys

remembered him every time she looked in a mirror, or if she'd found some way to cope with the memories. Did he haunt her dreams like he did yours?

"G-gaster told us y-you were attacked by another human," Alphys said, glancing down at your clenched hands. You forced yourself to relax, feeling embarrassed.

"It's fine," you muttered, not looking at either of them. "He didn't hurt me, I got away. I'm fine."

"My child, Doctor Gaster seemed concerned," Toriel interrupted gently, placing a large, furry paw on your hand. "I know that you two are...close. However, some things are more easily said to another woman. I brought Doctor Alphys in case you needed to be examined."

You blushed, glancing down at the floor. "No, I don't need to be examined. Really, it's fine." Her concerns only reminded you of the intimate damage that had been inflicted on you as Voidster's captive. You doubted that any human could compete with his warped, malevolent understanding of fear and pain. Your throat constricted, and you coughed, forcing yourself to meet her eyes. "Thank you for your concern, but I'm not injured."

She paused doubtfully, but finally accepted your words. "Well then, there is another matter to discuss," she said. "We are already short on tents, and most monsters are sharing them. Doctor Gaster has offered for you to stay in his tent, but I don't feel as if this is the best option for you. Alphys and Undyne are happy to share their own tent, or you could stay with myself and Frisk, if you wanted to. Frankly, I am unsure whether staying with him is in your best interest, based on what I understand of the situation that occurred between you."

You stared at her blankly, and she elaborated. "Alphys and Doctor

Gaster have explained the situation that occurred with that other monster…"Voidster." And I was made aware that this monster was possessing Doctor Gaster's body during the time that he held you and Alphys captive. I was not given many details, and I have taken this to mean that the situation was very disturbing for the three of you. The point I am trying to make, is that it might be best for you to stay with a monster that you do not have unpleasant memories of. Perhaps a female monster."

You hesitated. What she said was true, and she didn't even know about how you had first met Gaster. When he had treated you as nothing but a test subject, holding you captive in his laboratory and performing experiments on you. Of course, he had more than made up for that when he had regained control of his body and rescued you from Voidster. Your relationship had also changed, becoming so much more complex, so different. And what he had done when Voidster had possessed him wasn't his fault. Even though he and Voidster shared appearances, Gaster didn't have the malicious aura that had clung to Voidster like old blood. You didn't feel threatened by him. You found yourself thinking less about the ugly memories, and more about how his lips would feel on your skin when you were with him.

"I don't mind staying with him," you replied, flushing as she gave you a look. "We're...friends," you added lamely, mentally kicking yourself for your awkward responses. When you noticed that Alphys was blushing too, it only made it worse. She, at least, seemed to have no illusions about what your relationship with Gaster might entail. Toriel didn't seem fooled either, giving you a thoughtful look.

"Will you be needing your own cot?" At this you sputtered, sure that you must be bright red at this point. You knew what she was asking...were you going to share *his* bed?

"Yes," you finally said, "I'd like my own bed." Just because you were staying in his tent didn't mean that you were going to sleep with him. Your mind helpfully supplied images of the tender moments the two of you had shared before Voidster's arrival, which only made your squirming worse. His deep voice, his earthy, masculine scent… You

coughed, averting your eyes. “We’re just friends.”

“I’m sorry child, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable,” Toriel said apologetically. “Although you should know that some monsters may make...assumptions, based on your choice to stay with him. He’s not well known among us, yet. Most monsters have little else to do but speculate on any new drama within the camp right now. It’s not their fault. We’re all worn thin, living in such close quarters for so long, now.”

You nodded, biting your lip. You didn’t want to cause issues for Gaster, but surely he was aware of the social dynamics here already. He was very attentive and intelligent. He wouldn’t have asked you to stay with him without being aware of the drama it might cause. It warmed your heart a little that he cared more about being with you than what the other monsters might think.

You knew it hadn’t been easy for him, integrating into a community of monsters who closely resembled the ones he had known in his old timeline, while still being a stranger to them. The few who had seen him, had only seen him possessed by Voidster, except for Alphys. The fact that he tended to be cold and aloof with strangers probably wasn’t helping, either. You had seen him interact with others, and he tended to keep them at arm’s length.

You noticed Toriel watching you, concern in her eyes, and forced a smile. “Thank you, um, your Majesty? Was there anything else?”

She blinked, then patted your hand. “You may call me Toriel. After all...am I really a queen without my king?” The sudden pain in her expression startled you, and you fumbled for something to say, but the words wouldn’t come. *Voidster has left her with scars as well* , you thought. After a few moments of silence, she seemed to come back to herself, and smiled wanly. “I apologize, I know that we all have burdens to carry right now. Mine is no more important than yours.”

You protested, shaking your head. “Toriel, I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry you lost him.” You saw the expression of grief on Alphys’s face, and wondered if she had been close to him as well. “I never met the King, but I’m sure he must have been amazing to be loved so much.” You stopped there, afraid of crossing some personal boundary if you continued. You hadn’t lost anyone that you really loved, before. You didn’t know what she was going through, and to pretend you understood would be an insult to her loss.

A single tear tracked down her cheek, and she wiped it away brusquely, standing up. You let the blankets fall from your shoulders as you stood as well. “Thank you, my child. I don’t…I don’t know you as well as Alphys and Undyne do, but I can tell that you have a very kind heart. Humanity is blessed to have you among them, and we are honored by your presence.” She wrapped you in a warm hug, which startled you, but you didn’t protest. Her fur was soft and silky, and she smelled of cinnamon and vanilla. The oddly maternal moment made you teary-eyed as well. Your own mother had never been so affectionate, and the hug filled you with a bittersweet yearning when Toriel pulled away.

“We will have a bed set up in Doctor Gaster’s tent for you,” she said, turning to leave with Alphys. “And don’t hesitate to let me know if there is anything you need, my dear.”

“Okay,” you said softly, turning to watch them leave. Alphys gave you a tiny wave, which you returned with a smile, and then they were gone.

***

Gaster was pleasantly surprised by the way things were proceeding with the humans. The government officials were eager to work with them and provide them a place within the community, although there

had been pressure for them to move to federally-owned land. The monsters preferred to remain near Mount Ebott, however, as it had been their home for so long.

To that end, new housing was being built on the outskirts of the existing city at the base of the mountain, and Gaster estimated that it would be no more than a week or two before the first families would move into their new accomodations. It had been a long and trying time in the camp, but that was finally coming to an end.

He had already been approached by several major universities and organizations who were desperate to learn more about magically-enhanced scientific advancement, all eager to hire him at astronomically high salaries. The one offer that truly interested him, however, was a position at the city's largest hospital, doing research to learn how magic could be applied to heal humans.

He had never truly recovered from his feelings of frustration and helplessness when you were hurt, and he and the other monsters were unable to heal you. He felt that he owed it to you, and to your race, to learn how to rectify this lack of information. He had callously experimented on you, and on the rare human children who had appeared before you. As Voidster's vessel, he had done much worse. If there was a way to atone for his sins, this was it.

Of course, he wouldn't just focus his efforts on human healing. What he learned could be applied to monsters as well, and he wanted to ensure that a good portion of his resources were spent researching soul healing. You couldn't be the only human with a damaged soul, and if he learned a way to heal that damage, it would be a major breakthrough. Such techniques could possibly be applied to fallen monsters, as well as humans.

He pondered these things as he stepped carefully toward the medical tent, his broad shoulders hunched in thought. When he entered, he saw that you were gone, and had a brief flare of panic, before

remembering that Toriel had said she was going to talk to you about new accomodations. He wondered what you had decided to do. He was bracing himself for rejection, but secretly hoped that you had chosen to stay with him. Still, he understood the Queen's concerns about such an arrangement. Maybe it wasn't appropriate. Maybe he was overstepping his bounds by offering. He sighed.

Regardless of what you had decided, it was getting late, and he needed to sleep. He paused outside his tent, lighting a cigarette and inhaling the smoke. A human doctor had offered him one while discussing a possible job offer, and Gaster had found that they soothed his nerves. It was easy enough to obtain human goods now, especially with so many prospective employers eager to court him and his expertise. He took another long drag of the cigarette, and wondered if he should bother buying a house, or a settle for a small apartment, since he would likely be living alone.

After several minutes, he had finished, and snuffed out the cigarette in his palm. He turned to enter his tent, taking a few moments for his violet eyes to adjust to the dim light. Once they did, he saw to his surprise and pleasure that you were curled up on a smaller, human-sized cot near the foot of his bed. A light blanket covered your lower half, and your hair spilled over the pillow, curling around your face as you rested. He saw your phone playing music in your hand, traveling up wires into your ears. Then he leaned closer, and saw a notification for a new text message...from Alex.

He frowned. By now the man must have realized that you weren't returning to him. He couldn't tell what the message said, and he wouldn't violate your trust by checking, but it couldn't be good.

Somehow, perhaps because of the aroma of smoke, you were alerted to his presence, and slowly opened your eyes. "Gaster?" you yawned, setting the phone face down on the bed as you tugged the ear buds out and glanced up at him. You hesitated, then mumbled, "I hope this is okay. I wanted to stay with you…"

The words naturally brought a smile to his lips, and he cupped your face in one large hand, rubbing his thumb over your cheek. “I’m happy you chose this, and I am honored to have you here with me.” He petted your hair gently, hoping to soothe you back to sleep, but you gave another large yawn, and sat up. He retreated a few feet to his bed, sitting at the foot as he regarded you.

You seemed shy suddenly, and uncertain, but then you slid off of your cot and joined him, sitting nearer than he thought you would, leaning against his side. He took the hint, wrapping his arm around you and tucking you against him. You sighed, and he sensed that you were trying to find words to speak. After a few moments, you finally said, “I can’t sleep. I need a distraction.”

The words sent a flicker of heat throughout his body, and he unconsciously held you tighter, inhaling your scent and basking in the warmth of your small body. “A distraction?” he murmured, his voice low in his chest. He had been waiting for this, had been longing for this, for some time now. And yet it had never seemed right, not when you were already claimed. He didn’t give a damn about Alex, but he had known that being with him while another male held rights to your heart would have caused a conflict in your soul. Now, it was no longer an issue.

He glanced down at you, and saw you fidgeting with the hem of your shirt. “That one time that we had...that one night, before everything fell apart... it felt amazing. I...I want to feel that again.”

He could feel himself salivating, and swallowed harshly, prodding the tips of his fangs with his tongue. “Are you sure?” He could barely hold himself back, his fingers twitching as he yearned to push you down across his bed, tearing off your clothing and remembering the way your body quivered beneath his touch. Your words stirred sweet torment within his soul, his senses heightened as he waited for your answer.

Despite his distraction, he noticed that you had shifted, looking up at him. He met your gaze with his own heated stare, and saw his lust mirrored in your eyes. “I’m sure,” you whispered, your cheeks flushed, lashes lowered demurely.

“Take off your clothes.” His voice was calm and authoritative. He had planned on undressing you himself, but the words left him almost immediately, as though they had been rehearsed. He realized then that he wanted to watch you, revealing yourself to him, making yourself vulnerable for him. Submitting to him.

You blushed but obeyed, hesitating only a moment before slowly removing your shirt and jeans, sliding the fabric off until you were just in your bra and panties. He savored every inch of flesh that you bared, his eyes wandering over your legs, your stomach, the swell of your breasts, the fine bones of your shoulders and clavicle. When you removed your bra, his breath caught, wanting nothing more than to touch, to savor this softness. But he abstained. Your panties soon followed, and then he took your hand, bringing you over to him.

Still seated on the bed, he situated you so that you were standing between his legs. Then he bent his head, his warm breath washing over your skin as he kissed, licked, and nibbled his way from your throat to your breasts. The soft little sounds that you made only further aroused him, his hands delicately cupping your breasts as he lapped at your nipples.

With a light growl, he dropped his hands to your hips, yanking you forward so that the harsh bulge of his manhood pressed into you. A faint moan quivered in your throat, and he slipped his fingers under your buttocks, lifting you suddenly into his lap. The ridge in his slacks ground against your wet heat, and you squirmed as the rough fabric stimulated your sensitive folds.

You automatically placed your hands on his broad shoulders, letting your head fall forward against his chest as he supported you with one

arm behind your back, his other hand dipping forward to slide between your thighs. You were practically dripping, the heat from your sex was maddening as he slid a finger into your tight walls, then another, hooking the digits and dragging them back out slowly, stimulating your g-spot.

At this, you let out a louder groan, biting into his turtleneck to muffle your sounds. He smirked, nuzzling down to place a tender kiss on the juncture of your neck and shoulder. “Quietly now, we don’t want any interruptions,” he murmured into your hair, sliding his fingers back inside of you. Your back arched under his ministrations, and a muffled squeak left your lips, panting harshly into his chest as he brought you close to the edge, then withdrew his digits. You squirmed, your body tense and aching; so near to release, but he simply stood, picking you up and tossing you lightly onto the bed.

You lay there, stunned, as he disrobed. He pulled his shirt easily over his muscular torso, and discarded it. His trousers and boxers quickly followed, kicked off impatiently as he crawled above you. You had forgotten how large he was, Alex hadn’t been anywhere near as well endowed, and you knew this would hurt, a little. But you didn’t mind. In fact, the idea excited you. Your hands roamed freely over his pale chest, running over his ribs and muscles before eagerly dipping down to his sharp hips.

He took some time positioning you beneath him. He was much larger than you, and when you finally felt his shaft rubbing over your sex, you were still barely below his collarbone. He hoarded you beneath him, one arm braced over your head to support himself, while the other tucked under your hips, tilting them upward. The head of his cock dug against your soaking folds, his breathing harsh and labored as he forced himself to go slowly.

You were unable to control the needy sounds you were making, and his arm slid downward to stuff his fingers into your mouth, muffling you as his hips gave a short, sharp thrust forward. He grunted as he penetrated you, the first few inches pleasantly stretching your tight walls. You writhed in his arms, sweat making your body glisten as

your tongue slid over his long digits. He withdrew, then pressed forward again, sheathing a little more of his aching shaft in your wet heat.

“Mnn, so good,” he muttered above your head, shoving his hips even further against your pelvis. You cried out against his fingers, his cock nudging up against your cervix as he hilted inside of you. Tears pricked your eyes, saliva dripping from your lips as you tried to force yourself to relax, your walls clenched around him as he began to slowly, thoroughly fuck you.

The darkness in the tent was alleviated only by a cluster of small, glowing blue crystals on the bedside table. They looked like they had come from Waterfall, and cast a soft hue over your naked bodies as he moved inside you. The tent was made of thick material, but you still feared that someone might hear you and come investigate. Gaster seemed to feel no such concern, utterly focused on the way your body embraced and resisted him, on the expression of pained bliss on your face.

He removed his fingers from your mouth, pushing a thick fold of fabric between your teeth. “Bite down,” he murmured, combing his free hand through your hair and closing his eyes. The rocking of his hips became more intense, driving against your soft thighs as he sighed and bowed his head. He could feel your walls winding around him as you neared climax, the soft mewling noises you made becoming higher pitched and more frequent. It didn’t take long before you shuddered beneath him, your back arching as sweat dripped between your bodies.

He rode out your climax, and still he continued, his length sliding in and out of you in a slow, forceful rhythm. It was almost too much stimulation to handle, and you whined, but he only stroked your face and shushed you. It was difficult to hold himself back, he felt some dark, primal urge to thrust harder, dragging pained cries from your lips while he pushed your boundaries. You were so small, so sweetly wrung against his cock. It would be so easy to hurt you.

Angrily he shoved those thoughts away, his frustration translating to his movements as his hips became harder, his body weight pressing down on you. “Gaster,” you choked out, and he forced himself to ease back again, his need building with each jerk of his hips. He dug his fingers into the sheets, pulling himself into his rocking as his breathing became ragged, his jaws parted as he inhaled your scent, your lust, the slight tinge of fear and discomfort. A low growl sprung from his throat, ferality winding in his veins.

Finally, he gave one last, hard thrust into your tender body, hilting himself and pouring ropes of his seed into your small body, as a low groan rode out between his fangs. His hips nudged inward of their own volition, an instinctive breeding motion that only halted when he had finished. Then, he pinned himself to you, his strong arms keeping his full weight from crushing you beneath him.

After several moments, he finally withdrew from your body, a gushing wave of his essence spilling between your thighs. You were about to get up, to get cleaned up and sleep in your own bed, but as he sensed you preparing to leave, his strong arm wrapped around your torso, pulling you back against his chest.

“Gaster, I can’t sleep with you, what if somebody sees?” you muttered urgently, despite the warmth in your chest at this possessive, affectionate behavior.

He sighed, shifting to draw you closer against his body as he nuzzled into your hair. “I don’t give a damn what they think,” he muttered, lazily summoning a pair of hands to draw the covers over the two of you. “Stay.”

You huffed, finally relaxing in his arms despite your misgivings. You were an adult woman, you realized. Gaster was single, you were single, there was nothing *wrong* with what you were doing. Although

you supposed some monsters and humans might find an interspecies relationship a bit unsavory… This thought rapidly led to you imagining how Alex would react if he found out, and you shivered, which prompted Gaster to tuck you more tightly against himself. You didn't know if Alex had even sent you a message, and your phone was back on your bed. You had no choice but to wait until morning to check it.

"You're tense," Gaster suddenly murmured behind you, reaching up to pet your face. "Everything will be fine. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

You felt reassured at his words, but it still took several long moments before you could fully relax, inhaling his soothing scent and focusing on the softness of the blankets and sheets. You hadn't felt so safe, so...loved...in a long time. And you realized that you did love Gaster. The feeling was new and fragile, not a deep and abiding love. Not yet at least. But he had been through so much with you, and you realized he had been right, he was probably the only person who understood what you had gone through, just as you were the only person who understood what *he* had gone through.

As you drifted into sleep, cuddled against the large monster at your back, you felt a sense of peace envelop you. The morning would bring its own challenges, but for now at least, you could let down your guard.

Chapter End Notes

> "Just because you were staying in his tent didn't mean that you were going to sleep with him."
>
> ...A for effort.
>
> "You're tense," Gaster suddenly murmured behind you, reaching up to pet your face.
>
> "Yeah bro, I've never had sex while camping before. That was

fucking in tents.

Cause for Concern - Surface

Chapter Summary

It's the morning after your tender night with Gaster.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the very long (3 month) delay! I am hoping that now I will be able to update more regularly, hopefully at least once a week. I had to read through the story and correct a few errors, but now I am ready to continue.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You slept deeply and well in Gaster's embrace, but were startled out of your peaceful slumber by the sound of glass shattering. Blinking in alarm, you felt his arm around you tighten, pulling you back against his warm chest.

"What?" you croaked, peeking over the edge of the blanket to see Alphys staring blankly at the two of you. The situation was slow to unravel in your sleep-addled brain, but within moments you had bolted upright, clutching the blanket to your naked chest. "Oh my god."

"I-I didn't know you w-were uh...with...I mean...I b-brought coffee! But I d-dropped it."

"Oh." The two of you stared at each other in silence, while Gaster grunted and yawned, rolling up onto his elbows.

"Alphys, what are you doing here?" He sounded mildly annoyed, and rubbed tiredly at his face as he regarded the blushing yellow monster. The blanket fell from his body, exposing him down to his waist.

Alphys momentarily seemed to lose the ability to speak.

"C-c-coffee," she finally stammered, gesturing wildly at the shattered cups on the ground. "I'm sorry!"

Gaster sighed. "I appreciate the gesture, but we need a few moments if you don't mind."

"Ooh. R-right. I'll uh-" She slipped out of the tent, giving you both one last glance. You buried your face in your hands, sure that you must be bright red. Last night you had been emotional, and while you didn't regret sleeping with Gaster, you weren't prepared for everyone to find out about it so...immediately. When you heard a low chuckle at your side, you glanced over to find him looking at you with an expression of amusement.

"Oh my god Gaster, it's not funny," you strained, flopping backward onto the bed. "By the time I get dressed, every monster in the camp is going to know about the human that jumped into bed with you on her first night here."

He regarded you equitably, and you felt your irritation at him growing. He wasn't remotely concerned about this. Then he reached out, brushing a strand of hair from your face. "Alphys is no gossip, my dear. But everyone will find out eventually if we keep this up...which I hope that we do," he added softly, cupping your cheek. "I don't care what they think. We've earned some happiness."

You sobered a bit at that, remembering everything that had happened. It felt so near, and yet so far away. As if it had happened in another lifetime, or perhaps a dream. You knew that he was right, that it wasn't wrong for the two of you to find some solace with each other, but you still felt a nagging guilt that you hadn't gone back to Alex. And then there was Sans...you sighed. Somehow you had gone from

feeling completely undesirable, to having too many men interested in you. Then again, maybe Sans had moved on. You had noticed him spending time with Toriel, but you didn't know what kind of relationship it was.

"Why are you so troubled?" Gaster murmured against the side of your face, gently stroking your skin under the blanket. It was a bit unnerving how well he could read you now. He had undergone changes as well. From the cold, reserved scientist who only saw you as a test subject, to this passionate, attentive man.

"It just feels wrong for me to be happy right now…" You sighed, turning and pressing against him. "I feel like I should be sad about leaving Alex, I was with him for so many years. And doing...this…" you gestured at your two naked bodies, entwined, "It feels kind of slutty, I guess. To sleep with another man while Alex was still waiting for me to come home."

He frowned, contemplating your words. "You feel guilty?"

I deserve you more than he ever did.

"Well, a little. Everything is just happening so quickly. I don't know if I'm making the right decisions, or if I'm being selfish."

He traced the curve of your hip as you spoke, listening. After a brief silence, he spoke again. "It's not selfish to do things that make you happy. After spending so long being forced to please others, it seems healthy to pursue your own interests. When was the last time you truly lived for yourself, without letting guilt determine your choices?"

This question brought you pause, and it took a long moment to answer. "I...I don't know. Before I met Alex. I can't remember feeling

like I had the freedom to do that."

He was silent, watching you. His face seemed unreadable, but you could sense some deep emotion beneath the surface.

"Right now, being with you makes me happy. But I don't know if that will change. I'm afraid of running into a new relationship after everything that's happened. I'm afraid of being trapped by my choices."

He nodded slowly, thinking. "I won't pretend that I don't want that commitment from you. Knowing you has changed me in so many ways. You are so precious to me. And yet...I think if I grasped too tightly, you would crumble like sand between my fingers." He felt the slight tremor that shook you at his words, and caressed you reassuringly.

I sound like him.

"Let's not worry about it for now. We have more immediate concerns, anyway. We need to retrieve your belongings from that apartment, and you need to decide where you will live."

Where you would live? "I- I thought I would be staying here," you said in confusion, twisting the blanket anxiously in your hands. "I'm not sure where else I could go."

"You misunderstand me," he said gently, tilting your chin up. "Soon the monsters will be leaving this camp, moving into proper housing. It doesn't have to be with me, but I think it would be best if you moved into a monster household. Unless you have human friends or family you would like to stay with. As a doctor, I don't feel it's wise for you to be alone right now."

You can't choose somebody else. Not after every thing I've done for you.

You nodded, still struggling against the anxiety clawing at your heart. "I'll think about it. My friends are pretty distant. And my family…" You trailed off, not finishing your sentence. "You're right, I don't want to be alone."

"Yes, think about it. You'll need to decide soon, but arrangements can be made if you regret your decision," he said softly. For some reason it sounded like he was talking about more than just the housing situation, but he had given you no reason to think that he was pressuring you into deciding on *him.* You yawned, stretching in the oversized bed before lazily reaching down for your clothes. There was a lot to be done today.

Once you had dressed, you found your phone, hesitantly flipping it over so that you could see the screen. You had missed messages and calls from Alex, shit. A wave of nausea washed over you, and you sat abruptly back on the bed, your heart pounding. This was no good, you were useless like this. You heard Gaster stepping lightly in the background, then his large hand came to rest on your shoulder. He had dressed as well, and looked concerned.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," you muttered in frustration, wiping at your eyes, which had begun to tear up. "It's just my stupid anxiety. I don't have my meds, I hate it when this happens. It's pathetic."

"Why is it pathetic?"

“Because it’s not real!” You hated the sharpness in your voice, but he was prodding at an old wound, one that still hurt. “The depression, the anxiety…it’s all just in my head. Other people can get through life just fine, and here I am almost having a panic attack over texting my ex boyfriend. Jesus.”

He said nothing at first, and you felt even worse. You had lashed out at him, and he was only trying to be kind. You didn’t deserve him.

“I’ve learned to read souls in much more detail,” he began slowly, his hand still on your shoulder. He didn’t explain further; you both knew it was because of Voidster’s inhabitation of his body. “When you say that these things aren’t real, you don’t have the benefit of seeing what I see. Seeing your soul right now, is like seeing shards of glass trembling against each other. The color, the patterns of light…it’s the same as if you were experiencing physical pain.”

You were silent. You wanted to believe him, you wished you could see what he was talking about. It felt so real, and yet there was no physical evidence beyond your rabbiting heart and trembling hands.

“Humans have physical illnesses that are invisible to the eye, yes? They can only be seen with machines that look within your bodies, and you simply have to trust that what the machine says is accurate. I don’t see how this is any different.”

You felt relief and frustration simultaneously. He made it sound so simple. You wondered if he could even understand what it was like, trying desperately to be normal, to claw toward freedom and independence only to be dragged down again and again by your own mind. “Even if you can see my soul reacting, it doesn’t matter. It’s still broken. I’m still broken. You just have more evidence than other people to support that fact.”

He sighed. “Having an illness doesn’t make you broken. Life is harder for you, but you’re stronger than you think you are.” He sat beside you on the bed, wrapping an affectionate arm around your waist. Giving in, you let yourself lean against his muscular body, your head resting below his shoulder.

“I guess after winning against Voidster, Alex shouldn’t be that much trouble, right? At least...he’s a lot shorter. And not as evil.”

Gaster dipped his head in acknowledgement, but he still couldn’t stop the intrusive thoughts in his head.

That human doesn‘t deserve to live. It would be easy to make it look like an accident.

“Hey.”

He blinked down at you, distracted. “What is it?”

“Alex...sent me a lot of messages,” you hedged, restlessly moving the phone around in your hands. You paused, sighing, then continued in a wavering voice. “In the last one, he said that he called the police and told them what I did to Mike, and that they’re looking for me now.”

There were tears in your eyes as you spoke, but for a moment, you seemed to freeze, staring up at him in shock. When he looked at you inquiringly, you laughed nervously, and glanced away, wiping your eyes.

“S-sorry. For a moment there you had this look on your face…” You trailed off, looking back up at him as if for reassurance. He could

guess what you had seen, for he had felt an insurmountable fury sweep through him at your words, at what Alex had done out of spite. It must have been apparent on his face before he could hide it. He rubbed tiredly at his eyes, and gave you a light squeeze before releasing you, and standing up.

“I’m sure you must still be feeling anxious, my dear. Perhaps it’s best if we have some breakfast before we- before you decide how best to deal with him. It will help calm your nerves.”

You stood as well, tucking your phone into your pocket with a grimace. “Yeah, it’s probably best if I have a little time to calm down before I reply. I just can’t believe he would do this.”

I can, Gaster thought darkly, but kept it to himself. You had been right when you had realized that Alex was a lesser danger than Voidster had been, but still you underestimated the threat that he posed. Until that threat was eliminated, Gaster didn’t plan on letting his guard down.

He had been ready to sacrifice everything to save you once, and that dedication remained. But now that he had you with him, now that you were *his,* he had even more reason to keep you safe. The only future he cared about was one with you in his life. He didn’t want to frighten you, didn’t want to hurt anyone to secure it. But if he had to, he would.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo Gaster. What's goin' on over there?

Out of My Head - The Surface (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Gaster calls Sans out. Sans just came out here to have a nice time and he's honestly feeling so attacked right now.

Chapter Notes

Have this chapter, I hate it, lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the end, you chose to stay with Gaster. It seemed like an easy decision to make, yet you still felt a bit awkward with his looming presence behind your shoulder as you spoke to the queen. Toriel hadn't seemed concerned though, and you realized she must be respecting your decision, regardless of what she thought personally. It would have been a comforting realization if you had more faith in yourself to make the right decisions.

Gaster had already accepted a position at a human hospital, and would be in charge of the new project they were funding on soul study, and healing with magic. You were impressed that such research was already being aggressively pursued, and hoped it would be successful, although you didn't hold out much hope for your own soul.

Thanks to this job, Gaster could easily afford the apartment that you had both liked, near the heart of the city. It was much nicer than anything you had lived in before. At first you were surprised he hadn't chosen to live with most of the monsters in the new housing near the outskirts of the city, but when you thought about it, it made sense. This location was closer to where he would be working, and he hadn't really forged any strong friendships with the other monsters. He was affectionate towards you, but only courteous to everyone else, if he acknowledged them at all. You weren't sure if this was due to his discomfort about the incident with Voidster, but it earned you many curious glances when he would forget that you were in a public area, and lean over you protectively, running a large hand down your arm.

Once you had caught Sans staring at the pair of you, but he had only shrugged when you glanced his way, and continued walking. You wanted to talk to him privately, but it was difficult to avoid Gaster, who was constantly checking on you as the monsters made their preparations to leave the camp. You understood his concern. Technically you were wanted by the police, and more and more humans had been showing up recently, but you felt safe enough for now. Besides, once you went to stay with Gaster in the new apartment, you'd have even less chance of seeing your old friends.

You bit your lip as you navigated the dimly lit camp, taking advantage of a brief moment in which Gaster was distracted by a conversation with Alphys about Determination, and its effect on monsters. You knew that he was perplexed by the fact that Voidster hadn't died when he had injected himself with a full syringe of artificial determination, and he thought there was something more to it than just two souls inhabiting one body. You hated talking about Voidster, or hearing his name. It triggered anxiety within you, constricting your chest and making you break out in cold sweat. It didn't help that even beyond death, his spectre seemed to haunt the edges of your dreams, always watching, waiting.

You were so focused on the memories of your dreams, that you nearly ran into the stocky skeleton, who reached out and steadied you when you wobbled. "hey kiddo. long time no see." He removed his hands, but the tips of his phalanges lingered ever so slightly on your arms, before he tucked them into his pockets.

It had only been a week since he had rescued you when you were running from Mike, but you knew what he meant. It felt like ages since you had seen him, or truly spent time with him. "Sans, I'm sorry it took me so long to find you. Thank you for...that night. I don't know what I would have done without you."

He flushed slightly, and nodded. "no problem." An awkward pause followed, where he seemed to be weighing the words he wanted to

say. Finally, he spoke again. “heard about you and the doc.”

You winced, wondering what he had heard. Surely Alphys hadn’t told him about how she had walked in on you, naked in bed with Gaster. Noticing your expression, Sans chuckled, and raised a brow. “i know the camp is pretty *bare bones,* but moving into an apartment with him already?”

You flushed, glancing down at your shoes. He wasn’t wrong. “I...didn’t really have a choice,” you said slowly. “The monsters will be leaving the camp, and I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

“you know, for a smart human you can be a little *thick skulled* at times,” Sans responded. “what about alphys and undyne? or me and paps? you’ve lived with all of us before. i know i fucked up before, but things are different now.”

You sighed, twisting the hem of your shirt in your hands. “I didn’t want to intrude...after everything that’s happened, I didn’t want to assume I was welcome with any of you. Because of me, you almost died. And Alphys has those scars…” You gestured vaguely to your face, remembering the horrific claw marks Voidster had given her. “Gaster is the only person that I knew for sure didn’t blame me for what happened.”

Sans reached upward, brushing his knuckles against your cheek. “...how could i blame you for that? it wasn’t your fault. you forget, that *demon* created me and papyrus. i know better than anyone how skilled he is- i mean *was,* at manipulation.”

You flinched at the contact, and he removed his hand.

“I’ll think about it,” you said finally, after the silence had stretched

uncomfortably. “I’ll just...I’ll let you know. About staying with you and Papyrus.”

He nodded, unusually somber. “i guess you two went through a lot together. but it doesn’t mean you owe him anything, or that he’s the only one who can understand.”

You opened your mouth, about to respond, but were interrupted by a new, familiar voice. A broad heat appeared at your back, Gaster’s large hand resting possessively on your shoulder as he stood, tall and eerie at your back.

“And what would you know about being violated by that demon?” he growled. “I was inside his head, I saw his memories. He abandoned you, taunted you, was cruel to you...but he never touched you. How could you *possibly* understand what she endured?”

Sans was silent, glancing from you to the much taller monster at your back. Gaster was glowering down at him, his violet eyes cold and hard. “You say that Voidster was the one skilled at manipulation, but what do you call this? She’s already made her decision, yet here you are trying to undermine her choice. She may not owe me anything, but she certainly doesn’t owe *you* anything.”

“Gaster,” you murmured, reaching up to touch his fingertips. “It’s alright, you don’t need to say things like that.”

His hand tightened briefly, then he released you, clasping his hands behind his back. “As you wish.” He paused, then added, “It’s getting late, we should retire for the night.”

You took the hint, sighed, and nodded. “Sans...good night.”

It took a moment for his gaze to drop to yours, then he shrugged. “yeah. ‘night.” Turning, he walked away, as Gaster took your hand and tugged you in the opposite direction.

***

Once you were back in your tent, alone, you turned to Gaster. “Why did you say that to Sans? He was just trying to be a good friend.”

He glanced at you, his brows slightly drawn. “Do you really think that he understands what happened to you? To us? Do you think that he’s truly changed from the monster who drove you to the brink of suicide with how clumsily he handled the trauma you underwent?”

“I-”

“People don’t easily change,” he interrupted flatly, crossing his arms. “Sans can say whatever he wants; but without evidence his claims are meaningless.”

“ *You* changed,” you retorted, ignoring the brief flash of disapproval that crossed his face. “When I had first met you...we wouldn’t even be having an argument like this. You would just tell me what to do, because I was your *test subject,* and what I wanted didn’t matter.”

He was silent for a moment, then stepped closer to you, a strange expression on his face. “Yes, I did change. Even before I was possessed, I had begun to care for you. And after Voidster took control...I had no choice but to continue to change.”

You unconsciously stepped backward, bumping up against the edge of the bed. The look on Gaster's face unnerved you. He was becoming more and more unpredictable lately. You had seen him talking with Sans, and seen Sans translating for him and the humans. You'd had no idea that he harbored such resentment for the skeleton until tonight.

Your retreat only intrigued the scientist, who continued moving toward you until you were trapped between him and the bed. He could see your soul fluttering with anxiety, and felt his own pulse quicken; a strange, predatory instinct unfurling within him. He raised a hand to your cheek just as Sans had done, brushing his large knuckles against your skin. You flushed prettily beneath his touch, dropping your gaze and biting your lip.

"Trust me," he murmured, tilting your chin up. You reluctantly met his eyes again. His expression was intense, and you didn't resist as he bent to gently kiss you, your lips parting against his probing tongue. He slid his hands up under your shirt, easily grasping your sides in his long fingers, before unhooking your bra. He then broke the kiss to carefully tug the fabric over your head, dropping it carelessly on the floor.

There was something about the way he touched you, the way he moved. It didn't trigger your anxiety, like intimacy usually did now. Instead you felt relaxed and aroused, finding yourself craving him despite your lingering resentment at his treatment of Sans. When his thumbs traced your hip bones, tugging your jeans and panties down, you helped kick them off to the side. You hadn't expected this to happen again so soon. Even though your loins still gently ached from last night, you were wet and ready when he slid his fingers into your slit.

"Get on the bed," he instructed, turning you so that you were facing away from him. "On your knees." Your belly fluttered at his words, and you felt yourself blushing, crawling carefully onto your hands and knees on the bed. He quickly closed the distance between you, grinding a hard bulge through his trousers against your heat as his fingers wrapped around your hips. When you gasped his name, he

shushed you, tightening his hands to draw you back against his pelvis.

You let your hair hang over your shoulders, curtaining your face. Behind you, you heard him unzipping his trousers, not bothering to remove any of his clothes as his cock pressed against your slick folds. He took his time, teasing you with light thrusts that slid his erection between your thighs, not yet penetrating you as you quivered and panted. Once he was thoroughly coated in your arousal, he paused, dipping his hips so that the head of his shaft pressed against your tight entrance. You squeaked, your back arching as he began to penetrate you, easing his hips into a slow rocking motion that gave you hardly any rest as he worked his way inside of you.

You couldn't help the moans and whimpers that spilled from your lips, as this position let him strike all of your sweet spots. Suddenly, a summoned hand darted forward, grabbing onto a pillow and bringing it to your face. "Bite down," he grunted, his hips picking up in speed and force as he rolled them into your backside. The wet slap of his pelvis against your ass was punctuated by his ragged breathing, and the muffled sounds you made with your teeth gripping the pillow. Your fingertips clawed into the sheets, the tension in your belly becoming unbearable as he leaned further over you.

His hot breath beat against the back of your neck, and he kept you tucked easily beneath him due to his large stature. His fingertips dug into your hips as he forced himself to slow, grinding himself deeply into you with deliberate, lusting movements. A delicious heat built within your core, skillfully stoked by the monster who dug his girthy arousal into your tight body.

He could feel your walls winding around his manhood, adding resistance that pulled blissfully at his aching cock. When you let out a stifled scream against the pillow, he merely panted, and continued his movements. Your climax had nearly brought him over the edge as well, but he resisted, forcing himself to withhold. He wanted this to last longer. He wanted the pleasure of being sheathed inside your small body to last until all of his anger and frustration had been erased.

Sans had no right. Touching you, trying to sway you, trying to reclaim you. He'd had his chance, and they had all nearly lost you when he'd treated you with contempt instead of compassion. He threw his hips forward, pressing roughly against your cervix, ignoring your muffled sound of discomfort. You were his, you had chosen him, and he wouldn't allow Sans to threaten that, even if he conveniently claimed to have "changed."

Gaster bared his fangs, crashing your hips together aggressively as his large hands gripped you tightly. His conscious mind faltered, instinct taking hold as he rutted with you. He felt a stab of discomfort as he was reminded of your pained, tear-streaked face beneath him...beneath Voidster. Those agonizing, pleasurable moments where the beast had forced him to rape you. He wanted to erase these memories forever, but instead they coursed through his soul like poison, heightening his excitement and his agitation.

He was snapped back to reality as he felt you struggling against his hands, trying to ease away from how harshly he was using you. You didn't ask him to stop, but your discomfort was clear. He had to finish this now, whether he wanted to or not. He wasn't like Voidster, would *never* be like Voidster. He felt ashamed of the excitement your pain caused him, ashamed of the thrill that ran down his spine at dominating you. Grunting, he gave a few more lasting thrusts, before pinning himself against you.

He couldn't help the slight nudging of his hips as he spilled his hot, thick seed into your heaving form. His cock pulsed with the intensity of his orgasm, wringing a light moan from his lips. He felt his body relaxing, and forced himself to release you, watching as you slumped down onto the mattress. He hadn't truly harmed you, but you were clearly exhausted from his intensity. Your soul was gently throbbing, pleasurable colors tinting the cracked white heart. He was surprised at how relieved he felt to see no pain or fear there.

Gently, he withdrew from your aching body. A summoned hand

brought him a towel, which he used to clean you up as you sighed and closed your eyes. After a few moments, you heard the soft sound of him undressing, then he joined you in the bed, tugging the covers over both of your bodies.

Carefully, he pulled you against him, cuddling your much smaller body against his broad chest. His legs tangled with yours, his arm draping protectively over you. You let yourself lean back against his warmth, comforted by his presence.

Chapter End Notes

> Will there be more sans x reader in the future? Maybe. But seriously guys, there are over 3,000 sans x reader fics, and less than 300 gaster x reader fics. Surely there are already plenty of fics for you to read if you want that pairing so badly.

Disappearing Act - Surface (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

Somebody goes missing.

June 20, 2018

Chapter Notes

You can tell I'm struggling with writer's block when I suddenly start adding a lot of smut to the story, LOL.

Make sure you come check out my tumblr, at dirtyskellylover.tumblr.com. You can view my #master list tag for a list of my work, and the #fanart tag for the gorgeous artwork I have received. Voidster also has a blog now, at askvoidster.tumblr.com.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You felt a careful claw tracing over your features, and sighed in your sleep, your eyes fluttering open. The light was dim and almost eerie, but you didn't quite register such details in your mind. "Gaster…?" you murmured, turning over so that you were facing him. A low, breathy chuckle disillusioned you, and your body stiffened painfully as you jolted in his grasp.

[How peacefully you sleep, pet. Despite how you've wronged me, how you let your companions send me to such a painful, humiliating demise. Do you know what it's like, to drown? To spend your last moments surrounded by darkness and cold water?]

You whimpered as his large hand wrapped around your forearm, squeezing hard enough that it cut off the circulation. His flesh felt cool and clammy, and you could almost smell the stale water clinging to his hide, as if he had been forever tainted by the manner of his death. His face was nightmarish and distorted, his eyes like twin violet

flames in his head. Water, or saliva, dripped from his exposed fangs as he grinned down at you, shifting to hook his leg over your naked thigh.

[How warm you are…to a corpse like me, it is irresistible,] he murmured softly, rolling over to pin you beneath him. He was naked, and the chill of his flesh leeched the heat from your body, yet his hide grew no warmer. Chaotic shadows flickered over the two of you, twisting and writhing over your entangled forms.

"Gaster," you gasped, glancing around wildly as if his name might summon him. For a moment you thought you heard his voice, but it was merely a distorted echo of Voidster's laughter.

[You're even more pathetic than I thought, nesting with the man who raped and tortured you.] He grinned down at you with malice, his other hand creeping upward to cradle your skull in his large palm.

"N-no, that was *you,* " you moaned, shivering as your body grew even colder.

[It was me…] he acceded, tilting his head. **[And it was him. You see my shadow in his face, you feel the ghost of my touch beneath his fingertips. When I was alive you longed for freedom from me, and in death you crave my presence.]** His words were venomous and precise, striking at your soul painfully.

"You're lying, you always lied...manipulated me…" Your throat felt swollen and constricted, but still you called out for your friends, "Gaster! *Sans! Und-* " With a growl his hand slid down from your head to your throat, and your words were choked off.

[Yes, call for help. That's all you could ever do, isn't it? Rely on

***others* to save you. Too weak to protect yourself. Too weak be anything but a victim, again and again. Your pitiful bleating does nothing but attract the *predators* my dear. But now that I'm here, there's surely a better use for that delicate mouths of yours…]** He slid two clawed digits into your mouth, pressing down on your tongue and encroaching toward the back of your throat.

You gagged, gripping at his wrist with both hands and futilely trying to force him off of you. He was too strong, you could do nothing but claw uselessly at his arm. His knee slid between your legs, pushing up against the heat between your thighs as he ran the velvety tip of his long tongue over your cheek.

Suddenly, your soul pulsed within you, emitting a flash of white light. Voidster's satisfied expression devolved into irritation, as his gaze left your own to glance down at your chest. Another pulse of light tore through your body, your back arching as your soul struggled valiantly against this assault. Voidster's grip on you loosened, his weight on your body becoming lighter as your mind began to recognize that this was a dream. A nightmare.

[This may be a dream, but you'll find out soon enough just how *real* I can make those feel,] he snarled furiously, lunging downward to grab your shoulders. **[You will *never* be free of me, *I will haunt you for eternity for what you've done to meeeee* !]** His menacing words devolved into a drawn-out, anguished roar, as the veil of sleep finally lifted, and you opened your eyes to see Gaster staring down into your face.

He looked blurry, and it took you a moment to realize that your eyes were filled with tears. "Gaster?" you whispered, blinking up at him. He released your shoulders, running his thumb down your cheek before settling back down and tugging you against his chest.

"You were having a nightmare," he said quietly, and you realized from the darkness seeping under the tent flap that it was still late at

night. This was your last day at the camp; in the morning the monsters would be moving to their new homes.

You supposed it must just be the stress of the upcoming move that was making you restless, although nightmares like this were unfortunately common, even after all this time. You wondered if the mark on your soul contained some small scrap of Voidster's essence. Something that contained some of his malice, his hatred and lust. It would explain why the dreams felt so *real,* as if he was actually here with you. Gaster had mentioned that there was a way to remove the mark, but neither he nor Sans would talk to you any further about it. It was frustrating.

You let the warmth of the bed and the stillness wash over you, calming you as Gaster gently stroked your hair. His hands coaxed your tense muscles to relax, guiding you to rest against him, though your mind felt far from complacent. "Why can't we just remove this stupid mark?" You finally asked, feeling him sigh behind you as his hands stilled. "I hate these nightmares, I hate knowing that any part of him is on me. Why won't you talk to me about it?"

"You don't know what you're asking," he said patiently, as he had a dozen times before. "It's too soon to talk about this. Once you knew how it was done, that knowledge would only be a burden to you. Allow yourself the freedom of ignorance, if only for a little while. Please."

You were about to interrupt, but his final plea resonated with something in you, and you also sighed, letting it drop. You knew that if you really pushed, Gaster would tell you, but some part of your soul warned against it. Somehow you knew that whatever the solution for Voidster's mark was, you wouldn't like it. You couldn't say you were surprised that anything to do with him had unpleasant results. Even in death it seemed as if he would cause you as much suffering as possible.

"We still haven't gotten my things from the apartment," you said

quietly, changing the subject. “I know it doesn’t seem like a big deal, but I’m kind of tired of wearing the same outfit every day.”

You felt the subtle shift of his collarbones as he nodded thoughtfully. “It is a priority my dear, I had meant to speak to Sans about it, but well…I haven’t seen him tonight. Alphys didn’t know where he was, either.”

You frowned. The last time those two had spoken hadn’t exactly been pleasant, but you didn’t think Sans would purposefully avoid Gaster either. “Maybe Papyrus or Toriel would know where he is. Actually, he must be in bed right now with how late it is. Why do you need to talk to him about it?”

“I had thought he could help me retrieve your things,” he hummed thoughtfully, his voice soft and somber.

“Oh.” You had forgotten, and now you felt guilty placing that expectation on Sans. It wasn’t like you couldn’t ask for his help just because you didn’t want to live with him and Papyrus, but you still felt awkward, like you were taking advantage of his friendship.

“Don’t worry about it,” Gaster murmured soothingly, caressing your neck. “I’ll find him this morning, and we’ll have your things by the end of the week. Then you’ll be free of that human, with no need to see him ever again.”

“Yeah…” You wished it was that easy, but your emotions had been in a storm since deciding not to go back to Alex. You alternated between intense relief and sudden loneliness. Little things would remind you of the good times you had shared, and the longer you stayed away, the easier it was to forget all of the bad things. He was like Voidster that way. Even when he was finally out of your life, his memory kept haunting you.

Sighing, you tried to relax again, convinced that you weren't going to get any sleep tonight. Gaster wrapped his long arms around you, cuddling you loosely to his chest in a manner that was both comforting and endearing. He was much bigger than you were, but always careful when he was being affectionate, always gentle. It wasn't long before his warmth, and his subtle masculine scent lured you back into unconsciousness, where you slept deeply until the morning.

***

You were woken again by Gaster gently touching you, whispering your name. With a soft smile, you turned over, resting your forehead just below his collarbone as he ran his fingers down your spine. He was obviously interested in more than just affection right now, as he tenderly cupped your breast in his other hand, shifting so that his manhood pressed against your thigh. You exhaled lightly, looking up at him from beneath your lashes as he smiled.

"Mnn, not a bad way to wake up," you yawned, feeling heated already as your soft and compliant body began to quiver. He chuckled, and you felt the sound deep in his ribs. Dropping your hand down beneath the blankets, you gripped onto his shaft, stroking it lightly as he inhaled and nudged his hips forward. His leg hooked around you, much as Voidster had done in your dream, but you tried not to let it bother you. You didn't want him to ruin this. This was nice, and you wanted this peace and happiness to last as long as possible.

Gaster tilted your chin up, and you felt his lips against yours, closing your eyes again as kissed you passionately. His hand on your spine rested against your lower back, tucking your hips against him with his cock pressing up against your belly. You had to admit that despite what some people might think, having a lover who was so much larger than you was exciting. Despite his strength and size, he touched you so carefully. You felt dominated, and yet safe. It was nothing like how Voidster had made you feel; like a possession, like a toy that he

might break if he grew too bored. This coupling was instead filled with love and tenderness you hadn't felt with anyone before, not even Sans.

He soon dropped both hands to your hips, lifting your pelvis easily so that he could nudge his shaft lower, pushing against your sensitive entrance. You gasped and shuddered as he pressed you down on his cock, barely withdrawing as he sank within you in slow, shallow thrusts. Hilted on him, your face was level with the pectoral muscles of his chest. You watched the white flesh before you, seeing the muscles tense beneath the surface of his skin as he pulled his hips back slightly, and thrust up into you. Then your eyes squeezed shut from the pleasure washing over your form, your skin becoming slick with sweat as he used his hold on your hips to enhance his own movements, working into you with a steady rhythm that made you crave him.

You moaned and held onto his shoulders the best you could, while he pushed and pulled against you, his fangs hovering above your scalp and inhaling your scent. Your name spilled from his lips in a whispered, urgent call, and though you could not see it, he shut his eyes and bent his head as his hips picked up their rhythm, crashing against yours in primal desperation.

Your body began to tremble, your walls tightening against him as a building itch in your belly began to spread, filling you pleasure. With a few more thrusts, you tipped over the edge, your jaws finding his bicep and biting down to stifle your scream. He merely grunted as your teeth penetrated his hide, the slight pain and the sensation of your orgasm pushing him further until he joined you in bliss. His seed gushed into you forcefully, spilling out against your conjoined bodies onto the sheets.

Your heart was pounding in your chest, sweat and his essence clinging to your body as you panted. The blanket still partially covered the two of you, and you opened your mouth to speak, but were suddenly interrupted.

“G-Gaster!”

Alphys burst into the tent, her expression alarmed. She halted when you screeched in embarrassment, dragging the blanket up to fully cover your naked body. A fierce blush spread over her yellow scales, and you expected her to leave just as quickly as she had arrived, but she stayed put.

“Alphys, what are you doing!” you yelped, wincing as you felt Gaster’s thick shaft withdraw from your body. He turned to face the other scientist, and you clamped your thighs together as slick, warm fluid began to seep from you, your face burning. This was the second time Alphys had done this in less than a week! You couldn’t wait until the two of you finally had the privacy of your own apartment.

“I- I’m so sorry,” she gasped, averting her gaze and wringing her claws together. “Doctor G-Gaster, we need your help!”

“What’s happened?” he inquired quietly, the tension he must be feeling evident only in the way he held his shoulders, and his quick, rushed movements as he dressed.

“W-we found a nuh-note, f-from Sans. He’s gone,” she responded, her anxiety making her stutter worse than usual. You felt the blood drain from your face at her words. Sans was gone?

“He l-left it next to P-Papyrus’s bed,” she continued, tears evident in her eyes. “Nobody has s-seen him since, since yesterday morning! He s-said that he’s going to t-take care of a p-problem? He said n-not to look for him, that...that... *he might not come back.* ”

“I see,” Gaster said, when Alphys finally fell silent, glancing between the two of you with desperation. You felt stunned, as if you were watching things happening from a great distance. This couldn’t be happening, not after everything you all had been through. What could possibly be so urgent, so dangerous, that Sans had left without telling anyone where he was going?

“What...what do we do?” You finally asked, still clinging to the blanket that covered you. Gaster glanced down at you thoughtfully, then to Alphys.

“Get dressed, then meet Alphys and I outside, my dear. First, I want to see this note.”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment and let me know what you think. Comments help keep me motivated. <3

A Good Memory - The Surface

Chapter Summary

> We find out more about Sans's disappearance. You and Gaster finally move to your new apartment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The note was written far more casually than the contents obligated it to be. Sans had given almost no information about where he was going, or what he was doing. You stood at Gaster’s elbow, silently reading along with him as he adjusted his glasses on his face.

paps,

i gotta take care of something before

it becomes a real problem.

it might be a while before i come back,

so promise you won’t come looking for me.

tell red he’s personally responsible for your

welfare until i get back. tell the others

not to look for me.

somebody had to do this,

and it might as well be me. even after

the barrier is broken, it seems like my

old job followed me to the surface.

tell everyone i'm sorry. especially

to you and toriel. i'll come back as soon

as i can. it's a promise.

You frowned, reading over the text again. You had a sinking feeling that this had something to do with you, and the recent events that had driven you to take refuge amongst the monsters. Glancing up at Gaster's face gave you no indication of what he was thinking. His expression was neutral, focused, the gaze of a scientist. You wondered what he was seeing that you hadn't noticed.

"I just...don't understand," Toriel said blankly, her expression shadowed with grief. "What could possibly be so urgent that he had to leave so quickly, yet also keep his actions secret? Did nobody see him leave?" You wondered again about the nature of her relationship with Sans, and hoped that he kept his promise to return. Toriel had lost too much, already. She was doing her best to lead the monsters, but you could see the pain in her eyes when she thought that no one was looking.

"N-nobody saw him," Alphys affirmed, looking sad herself. "He m-must have left very e-early in the morning. I d-don't know why he would d-do this." Undyne was silent, resting her webbed hand on her girlfriend's shoulder supportively. She looked concerned, but also focused, as if she was already making plans in her head. You wouldn't be surprised if she was. Undyne was a woman of action, and preferred not to wait around when her friends were in possible danger.

"Papyrus, may I hold onto this for a little while?" Gaster inclined his head toward the note, and Papyrus nodded tearfully. You almost didn't notice Red standing near the edge of the tent, slightly behind Papyrus. When the two of you locked gazes, the look he gave you was

indescribable. You would almost call it a glare of hatred, if not for the slight tinge of shame that seemed to be present.

Shivering, you pressed back against Gaster for comfort, and he paused, following your gaze and staring hard at the skeleton, who immediately grimaced and stepped back into the shadows. It felt like so long ago that Red had been working for Gaster, those times he had assaulted you when you had been too drugged up to fight back…. The fact that he was here was unsettling, and only added to the stress you felt at Sans's disappearance. You doubted that Gaster had forgotten what Red had done to you, and tried to take comfort in that fact. Surely he would ensure that the skeleton monster stayed far, far away from you.

However, today the monsters were moving to their new homes. You and Gaster would be leaving for the city center, and your chances of seeing Red, or any of the other monsters, were slim. You felt a wave of melancholy as you realized that included people like Alphys and Undyne, who had been such dear friends during your time in the Underground. Maybe Gaster would take you to visit them sometimes, or maybe they would come see you. You hoped so.

You realized he was watching you, and flushed, tilting your head inquiringly at him. He didn't say anything, but held out his arm for you to take. You tentatively rested your hand on his forearm, letting him lead you away from the small crowd that had gathered in the medical tent. Murmured conversation followed you as you stepped out into the sunlight. The sky was a beautiful, clear blue. The air was warm, but not uncomfortably so. It felt like too nice a day for such terrible news. You followed Gaster back to your tent, where his few belongings had been neatly packed up. He would have taken them to the apartment already, but the monsters had agreed that powerful magic such as teleportation should not be revealed lightly to humanity. For now it was kept secret, and the two of you would take a taxi, later.

"I'm sure that one possibility has already crossed your mind," Gaster said without preamble, sitting on the bed. "That Sans has gone after

Alex and Mike. The humans that attacked you."

His words washed over you like an icy current. You had chalked your earlier premonition up to paranoia, but hearing Gaster say it made it feel much more...real. "H-he wouldn't really do that, would he?" you stuttered, unconsciously wringing your hands together. "Wouldn't it just be best to let the police handle it?"

Gaster raised a brow, eyeing you thoughtfully. "The same police who Alex notified of your disappearance and your "attack" on his friend? I wouldn't trust them with this, no. I doubt that Sans would either. Humanity is already wary of monsters, as we are of them. Alex remains a threat until we know that monsterkind...and you...will be treated fairly by the humans who enforce your laws.

You sighed. "I know that humanity hasn't given you a lot to trust, but on the Surface, people are innocent until they're proven guilty. I don't think the police could even arrest me without evidence."

He had a distant look in his eyes. "For some of us, the war was not that long ago. I suppose I can't keep you hidden away forever, but I would feel more comfortable if you were escorted by myself or...well, by myself. Sans is the only other monster I would trust with this, and the one from my timeline isn't exactly a prime candidate."

"I would prefer that too," you replied, nodding slightly. "I already feel really anxious about talking to them. It would be nice to have you there." You knew that his height and broad shoulders might be intimidating to other humans, but you felt comforted and sheltered when he was near. You knew he could protect you, and that he would.

"After we've settled into our new home, then," he said. "Perhaps the police can assist us in retrieving your belongings as well."

You felt better with the decision made.

***

The taxi arrived a few hours later. Between the two of you, you had very few possessions to pack. You only had the clothes you were wearing and your phone. Gaster had a few more items, which he carried in a small box.

"What did you bring?" you asked curiously, as the taxi began to pull onto the road.

He smiled at you, shrugging his shoulders. "Just a few odds and ends. A notebook, cigarettes, contact information for the hospital I'll be working at." He glanced out the window, eyeing the passing traffic.

You returned his smile with a frown, tilting your head. "Isn't smoking bad for monsters? It gives humans lung cancer…" You trailed off at his startled expression, which soon turned thoughtful.

"It creates a cancer in human bodies? I wonder why medical professionals would use them, then," he hummed, pondering. "As far as I know there are no adverse effects in monsters." The taxi hummed quietly as you all waited at a traffic intersection. You must be nearly there.

You nodded, crossing your arms. "Yeah I was friends with a nurse for a while. She told me that a lot of doctors smoke because of how stressful the work is, especially at a hospital."

"Ah yes, it can be very stressful," he murmured, rubbing his brow. "I

drank alcohol that we distilled Underground sometimes," he paused, then added suddenly, "Not *while* I worked, only afterward."

"Right," you said teasingly, poking him in the side. He looked very serious, but relented and cracked a small smile at you.

"It's been a long time since I've worked with anyone who wasn't working *for* me," he said thoughtfully, accepting your hand as you laced your fingers with his. "This will be a strange adjustment in many ways."

You sighed in agreement, peering out the window as the taxi pulled up at a large, well-kept apartment building. "Yeah, this is going to be strange for both of us. But I'm glad we'll be together."

He paid the taxi driver with a credit card, and you wondered when he had gotten that. Of course, it wasn't like he could pay people on the Surface with gold, so he and the other monsters must have spoken with a bank or something. Even though you were focused on this new adventure with Gaster, it was a big change for all of the other monsters as well. Your mind skipped to Sans's letter, and a faint frown tugged at your lips as you wondered where he must be.

"We'll find him," Gaster said softly, as if he had read your mind. You blinked up at him, and carefully accepted his hand to leave the taxi. You kept hold of his hand as the two of you walked up to the rental office for the apartment, nervously clutching onto him. Even though everything had been arranged in advance, you weren't sure how they would react to a large monster appearing to live here, weren't sure if they'd take issue with you living with him.

As you walked into the lobby, a woman with dark hair glanced up from her desk with a smile on her face. "Hello, you must be Dr. Gaster. My name is Anne, I'm the property manager." She quickly

stood, coming around the desk with her hand out.

He inclined his head and accepted her outstretched hand, but didn't speak. You belatedly remembered that although you and the monsters could understand his speech, other humans couldn't. If the situation necessitated it, you would have to talk for him.

Anne didn't seem surprised that he wasn't talking, and returned to her desk, gathering some items up. "You've already signed the lease, this is a copy of the signed paperwork, as well as additional information about utilities, amenities, and contact information for the staff. These are your apartment keys. If you don't mind following me, I'll show you two to your new apartment."

"Thank you," you said, as Gaster set the papers and keys on top of the small box he had brought. "We're excited to see it."

***

The apartment was spacious and lovely. It had an open floor plan, with lots of natural light shining through the large windows. A few graceful oak trees shielded the small balcony, and would provide shade during the warmest hours of the day. You were glad to see that the apartment hadn't given Gaster a poor location just because he wasn't human. In fact, this had to be one of the nicest areas in the complex.

As you wandered through the clean, already furnished apartment, you heard Gaster calling your name. You found him in the living room, both of you smiling at the prospect of living here together.

"It's so big!" you exclaimed, feeling giddy. "This is nicer than some houses I've been in. It must be one of the best apartments in the city."

Gaster looked pleased, reaching out to brush his knuckles against your cheek before dropping his hand. “The best is what you deserve, my dear. I had considered purchasing a house, but this seemed more practical for the time being.”

You nodded in agreement, your eyes flicking over the newly-cleaned carpets and gleaming wood paneling as he spoke. Sunlight gently filtered through the windows, illuminating his white face, throat, and hands with a soft golden glow. He had seemed about to continue speaking, but paused, looking at you uncertainly.

“What’s wrong?” you asked, shyly stepping up to wrap your arms around his broad chest. The soft fabric of his turtleneck caressed your cheek, and you found yourself unconsciously inhaling his scent. He smelled like dust and cedar wood; an earthy, masculine scent. He sighed, and embraced you in return.

“Nothing is wrong, dear heart. You just had such a tender expression on your face a moment ago. I wish to see that look again, one day.”

You blushed, hiding your face against his chest as you fought to control the fluttering of your heart. It was embarrassing that he could read your emotions so easily, especially when the subject was him. You hadn’t felt this way about a man before. Even Alex had never inspired such a feeling of warmth and...love...in your soul.

Finally, after a long moment of silence, you replied. “I think you might get your wish.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes hello, please leave a comment. I really do love this story, and I will keep writing it. Comments help me feel motivated!

Questioning - The Surface

Chapter Summary

You and Gaster go to the police.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You rolled onto your side, a cool breeze drifting over your face. With it came a hint of moisture, and you scrunched your face, bringing the blanket up to dry it before you were fully awake. Just as you began to drift back into sleep, another light spray of water hit your skin, and you jolted, opening your eyes.

The window was open, and as you yawned and sat up, you saw that it was raining. Droplets coated the window, glittering in the early morning light. The scent of rain was both refreshing and calming; something you could use today. You glanced at the clock and saw that it was nearly seven in the morning. Gaster was still asleep, but in a little while he would wake up too, and then you would go together to the police station. You needed to clear your name, and you needed to report Sans as missing.

With a light sigh, you climbed out of bed, padding over barefoot to gaze out the window. In this peaceful moment, you felt a feeling of awe that you had come so far since you had first fallen into the Underground. It had been so long ago, it felt almost like a dream instead of a memory. A lot of it was painful to remember, but there were good moments too. The first time you had met “blue” Sans. The first time Gaster had used your name instead of calling you “human.” Your time with Undyne and Alphys that had healed you when you thought you were broken beyond repair.

These were your friends now, and this was your life. You never would have imagined that you would be waking up in a bed with Gaster,

feeling the cool morning rain on your face, having left Alex. Your life was a story, and you never knew what the next turned page would bring. In some ways it was exciting, and in others it was terrifying. It seemed that after every calm reprieve from the chaos, something terrible happened. You felt like you were waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Gaster sensed your absence in his sleep, and opened his eyes. At first he felt immediate alarm at seeing the bed empty. You had been taken from him so many times. Even with Voidster dead, he wasn't sure if he would ever truly feel at peace. He would always want to keep you in sight, to always know where you were, and know you were safe. When he flicked his eyes around the room, he saw you standing at the window, wearing an oversized t-shirt and panties, legs bare.

He sighed in relief, then sat up, appreciating the view of your slender legs. Even with your self-inflicted scars, you were so beautiful. He knew that most monsters found the intermingling of humans and monsters to be disgusting, but he could feel no shame any longer for being with you. You were so fragile, yet so strong. So compassionate and kind.

Not content simply to watch you anymore, he silently stood and stretched, stalking toward you with stirring interest in his groin. You startled when he laid a large hand on your shoulder, but relaxed as you felt his heat pressing into you from behind. He was too tall to properly embrace you like this, but he still wrapped an arm around your small body, holding you against him as you both looked out the window at the rain.

He was debating whether to initiate something more intimate, when you interrupted his thoughts, speaking softly.

"I'm so nervous to talk to the police. What if they arrest me?"

He sighed, deciding that, for now, it was better to listen than to act on his own desires.

“I won’t let them arrest you.”

Your white soul was tinged with anxiety, despite his attempt at calming you. But you seemed to accept his words, not saying anything more. His thoughts began to turn back to the idea of coaxing you back into bed, but then you turned around in his arms, pressing your face against his chest and embracing him. “I’m glad you’ll be with me.”

He frowned down at your hair. His libido was making it difficult to focus, yet he sensed that you wanted comfort more than you wanted sex. He wasn’t sure how to proceed. Would it upset you more if he continued anyway, or would you be distracted from your anxious thoughts? He briefly thought how strange it was that he craved sex so often now, when before he had gone for long periods without even thinking about it. How unusual.

“Gaster, you’re crushing me.”

He startled out of his own thoughts, blinking as he realized he had unconsciously been pressing you against him. He released his hold, resting his hands lightly on your ribs. The warmth of your body against his had brought him nearly fully erect. A shiver ran up his spine, struggling to settle himself as he stared down at you. This wasn’t who he was. He had never struggled with his lust before. Why was it suddenly so difficult to hold himself back? This hunger was new to him, but not entirely unwelcome. Though he loathed losing control of his emotions, it felt so sweet to cater to that itch, again and again.

Choking back a low growl, he forced himself to release you completely, stepping back a little too quickly. It was a bad time to do this. You both had to go to the police station now, and there wasn’t

enough time to continue as he would like to. The thought that the real reason you were going to the police station was to report Sans missing, was aggravating. Even absent, he was interfering.

“Hey, you okay?”

You walked back up to him, resting your hand on his bicep. He struggled to maintain a neutral expression, nodding silently at you. You didn’t seem convinced, but you let it go, dropping your hand. “Okay, I’m going to go get ready.”

He nodded again, turning away to get dressed himself.

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The two of you took a taxi to the police station. Gaster was oddly distant, seeming distracted as he stared out the window. Your awkward attempts at conversation fell flat, and eventually you gave up. You were grateful for his support, regardless. He didn’t have to go with you, but he was anyway.

When you entered the building, Gaster attracted immediate attention with his height and strange appearance. You gave your name to the receptionist, softly explaining why you were there, and while she seemed uncertain about your monster escort, she finally made a phone call to the proper department. Gaster seemed restless, alternating between folding his arms and putting his hands in his pockets. He stood very near to you, which was odd, but you welcomed his closeness.

A detective appeared after a few minutes, leading the two of you back to a private room with hardly a second glance at Gaster. He was taller than you, with dark brown hair and a tan that seemed to be the result

of spending time outdoors, rather than vanity. He closed the door as you two sat down, then sat across from you at the table, his expression serious. “My name is Detective Lewis. I understand you’re here to report a missing person. However, we have some other questions for you first.”

You shifted nervously in your seat. You could easily predict what he was going to say.

“A man who says he is your boyfriend reported *you* missing a couple of weeks ago. He said that you attacked his friend with a razorblade, and fled the home.” He stopped there, waiting for your response.

You trembled, your throat closing up. Your heart raced within your chest, thumping painfully against your ribs. You felt too warm. As you struggled to regain control and speak, you felt Gaster place one large hand on your clenched fists, silently comforting and reassuring you. You swallowed, and began to speak.

“I did do that. But...the reason I did was because he…” You stopped again, feeling tears begin to sting your eyes. “He...Mike...he tried to rape me.” You got the last words out in a rush, a tremor passing through your body. You wrapped your arms around yourself, not meeting the eyes of the officer.

The detective glanced up at Gaster, who met his gaze with a neutral expression, then back to you. “Do you have proof of that?”

You whipped your head up in disbelief, staring at him. You opened your mouth, but nothing came out. You were both startled when a low, deep growl emitted from Gaster. The detective looked sharply at him, and Gaster glared back, his countenance menacing, almost violent. You had never seen him like this before, and truthfully it was

scaring you.

Before you could try to calm Gaster down, Lewis sighed, and put his hand to his face. “Look kid, I believe you.”

Gaster abruptly stopped growling, and both you and he stared blankly at the detective. “You...you do?” you asked doubtfully, wondering at the abrupt change of tact.

“The thing is…” he began slowly, glancing again at Gaster, “This isn’t an assault investigation anymore. It’s a murder investigation.”

Mike was dead? You felt shock, followed quickly by relief, then fear. Your hands gripped the arms of your chair anxiously, and you felt yourself turn pale. “He died from the cut on his face?”

Detective Lewis snorted, shaking his head. “That was a serious injury, but not the kind of thing that kills people, honey. The way he was killed, well...I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“I didn’t- I would never-”

“I believe you,” he said again, waving off your protests. “Honestly, seeing you here, shaking like a leaf, there’s no way you would be capable of...that.” He looked pensively at Gaster’s hole-punched hands, resting on the edge of the table. “However, I do have some questions for your... companion.”

That broke you out of your fear, anger rising immediately in your soul at his words. “Gaster would *never* kill someone.” You didn’t notice Gaster’s thoughtful glance in your direction, or the detective raising a brow at your outburst.

“Unfortunately I can’t just take your word for that. This monster is clearly a friend of yours, and as such he would have motive for what happened. People don’t just get killed like this for no reason.”

“He’s been stuck in that awful monster camp until now,” you shot back, glaring.

“I need to hear from *him* where he’s been and what he’s been doing,” the detective replied firmly, ignoring your anger. “And I need you to leave the room while we talk, so that I can get your story after his.”

Gaster raised a hand to his forehead, rubbing at what must be a budding headache. He sighed, and glanced over to you. “I don’t know how he proposes to question me himself, when he has no way of understanding my language,” he muttered irritably.

The detective paused, looking between the two of you. “Sir, I need you to speak English.”

You were beginning to catch Gaster’s headache. “He *can’t* speak English,” you said, although you could see the detective was doubtful. “He needs me to translate for him.”

“If he can’t speak English, then how can he understand what we say? And how can *you* understand him?”

You blushed and halted, unwilling to explain to this man about the mark on your soul that you suspected let you understand Gaster. “Er. It’s a magic thing.” Not the best explanation, and you could see the detective looking impatient now. “He can understand us because of his magic, and you can’t understand him because you *don’t* have

magic."

"And how can you understand him, miss?"

Shit. You hedged, feeling awkward. "I uh. I've spent a lot of time with him. Maybe it's something you pick up after hearing it a lot."

Lewis did not look completely convinced, but he accepted your explanation for now. "Do you both at least have alibis for last Friday? Is there someone who speaks English who can vouch for your and his whereabouts?"

Your mind went blank, and you chewed at your lip thoughtfully. The last few weeks had been so stressful that you hadn't even kept track of the days, but you must have been with Gaster. Not that that would help you now, if he really was a suspect in this case…

"Toriel," Gaster said calmly, interrupting your thoughts. "Saturday morning was when we found out that Sans went missing. She, Alphys, Undyne, and Papyrus were all there with us the day before."

Shocked, you glanced up at his face, and saw the strain that he was carefully masking. The timing of Sans's disappearance had taken on an unexpected implication. But Sans wouldn't have done this, would he have? You weren't sure that Sans even knew where you lived, but then, how had he found you so near the apartment, that night you had fled from Mike? Something wasn't adding up, and it scared you.

When the detective cleared his throat, you winced, and turned back to him. "Well, we were with Toriel, who is the Queen of the monsters, and some of the other monsters in the camp were there as well."

He nodded slowly, contemplating your words. You were worried he was going to say that monsters weren't a valid alibi, but all he asked was, "They speak English?"

You sighed in relief. "Yeah, hasn't the police department met them yet?"

He frowned, and you hoped it wasn't a rude question. "Some of them. We've been...aware of their appearance, but it wouldn't have been diplomatic to send our department to greet a new species. Hopefully we won't have cause for much interaction between the police and these...monsters."

You glanced at Gaster, he looked annoyed, but you weren't sure why, since the detective was being fairly polite. Either way, you were anxious to get out of there, and go back home. He probably was too. "Can we talk about our missing friend now?"

"Yes, but I'll need you both to fill out form with your contact information so that we can keep in touch regarding this case."

You shrugged, it wasn't as if Gaster's work and your friends didn't already know where you both lived. As long as Alex and his friends never found out, you didn't care who knew. "That's fine."

"Okay, please describe your friend for me." You wondered if he would sound so polite and concerned once he knew it was a monster and not a human that was missing, but that wasn't really fair. He hadn't given you any reason to think he was a racist.

"Well, he's a monster. I guess he's around five and a half feet tall. I have no idea how much he would weigh, but he's kind of stocky? He's a skeleton monster," you added suddenly, realizing you had left out

the most important identifying characteristic. As far as you knew, there were only two skeleton monsters of all the citizens who had left the Underground. Sans would stand out quite a bit. “He usually wears gym shorts and a blue hoodie, and his name is Sans.”

The detective nodded thoughtfully. “He wouldn’t happen to also be known as Sans Undertale would he?”

You blinked, Sans Undertale? Was that his last name? You hadn’t thought he had one. “Um, I’m not sure. I don’t know if he has a last name.”

“That was the name he chose for surface registration,” Gaster said quietly to you. “All monsters were required to register both a first and last name.”

“Oh.” You felt painfully out of the loop. You had been so caught up in your personal drama with Alex and Mike that you hadn’t really paid attention to what was happening in the camp.

Detective Lewis cleared his throat, and you glanced back at him. “We’ve already had a report on this monster,” he informed you, tapping his fingers on the top of the table. “A call was made to our department last night. We’ve been keeping an eye out for him, but nobody has seen anything yet.”

You wondered who would have called so quickly, but then realized it must have been Toriel or Papyrus. Both of them were closer to Sans than you were now, as strange as that was. It was normal for people to come and go in your life, and not everyone you loved was meant to be more than a fleeting moment. In the end, that was all you and Sans had ever shared. Just stolen moments in the midst of the chaos and uncertainty that had pervaded you in the Underground.

You sighed, and saw Gaster stir, from the corner of your eye. He was waiting for you. “I’d like to go home now,” you said. There was a lot for you and Gaster to discuss, and a lot for you to think about on your own. The fact that Mike was dead now was not as much comfort as you would have thought. Instead, it only added more stress.

Chapter End Notes

I had a mini heart attack when I added the "Sans Undertale" part, but I promised stealthnerd I would do it. :P This is a serious story, I swear.

Please see askvoidster.tumblr.com for additional serious content.

Caught in a Rut - The Surface (Explicit)

Chapter Summary

> We kick off the story again with some shameless breeding fetish smut!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As you ascended to your apartment, you could feel Gaster close behind you. It was strange how protective he was being, but not as strange as the tension you could sense emanating from him. Although, both had easy explanations. Of course he was protective, considering everything you had gone through. Bringing up the attempted rape probably reminded him of other, even less pleasant times. And of course he was tense; Sans was missing, and Mike had been murdered. Whatever was happening here was not good.

Coming up to the door, you fumbled in your purse for the keys. Just as you managed to grab them, you felt Gaster pressing up against you from behind, pushing you against the door.

“H-hey. We’re almost in, just give me a second,” you muttered, flushing. You picked up the keys again and started to fit them to the lock, when he roughly thrust his hips against you. The movement slammed you against the door with a loud *thump,* and you squeaked in shock, losing your voice momentarily. Before you could find it again, you heard a sharp snapping of metal, and the door suddenly swung open, startling you badly.

“ *Gaster,* ” was all you could manage before he had shoved you into the room, slamming the door behind him. You saw it start to swing open again, and paled. “You broke the door!” However, he didn’t seem to care. Glancing up at his face, you saw him focused on your body, his expression tense and lustful. He clearly had one thing on his mind right now, and while you were okay with indulging him, he was scaring you with his aggression.

He quickly backed you up against the wall, his cock pressing almost painfully against your ribs. You couldn't help the quick pang of arousal that filled you as you felt this, your body already anticipating the painful pleasure that was in store. And yet, even as you felt yourself growing slick, your heart galloped in your chest, your body tensing as you flashed back to Voidster and his callous cruelty toward you. This wasn't the same. You squeezed your eyes shut, hovering between the past and present and panting rapidly.

He seemed to pause in his movements, heaving with his arousal, but noticing your distress. You trembled as you felt a gentle hand against your face, cupping your cheek, then tilting your head to the side. You felt his mouth on the juncture of your throat and shoulder, sharp teeth biting gently at the flesh as he inhaled your scent and trembled, himself.

"This is…" he began, then paused, breaking off with a moan as his large hand slipped into the front of your pants, fingers slipping against your folds. "I think this is my rut." He rolled his hips forward, bringing his erect cock lower, but still not low enough to reach you. "I can't stop," he panted, the heat of his body starting to become overwhelming as you felt your own skin break out in sweat.

"You're scaring me," you whimpered in response, but your whimper was tinged with arousal that you both could hear. You brought your hands up, grasping his shirt so hard that one of the buttons popped. "I…I can't…" You keened softly, tears pricking your eyes as he slid his fingers inside of you, electric sparks shooting up your spine with his movements. He worked you for several minutes in this way, his thumb pressing against your clit as he pumped his fingers in and out of you.

It didn't take long for you to reach orgasm, your legs shaking and unable to hold you up as you began to slump to the floor. Before you could do this, he withdrew his hand, grasping you by the hips and pushing you up against the wall. You gasped and squirmed, but were helpless as he ripped your pants and underwear down, discarding

them on the floor. Holding you up with one arm, his other hand went down to his trousers, unfastening them deftly, his shaft pushing out of the fabric and pressing hard against you.

"Ah-h!" you cried out as he grabbed onto you again, lifting you further up against the wall and dipping his hips to catch your entrance with the tip of his cock, letting your weight push you down against him. You squirmed and shuddered, but your movements only helped shift your folds against him until suddenly he had popped inside you, which prompted you to cry out again.

"Quiet," he muttered down to you, one arm wrapping around your back, while his other hand suddenly muffled you. You protested against this, arching your back, but he had you well in hand as he began to drive you further down onto his shaft, your walls stretching painfully, but oh so sweetly as he moved.

It didn't take long for him to hilt within you, his cock pushing painfully against your cervix as he groaned above you, crushing you against the wall. You felt tears prick your eyes at the intensity of the moment, trembling in his arms as you fought against the memories that refused to allow you peace. He seemed to sense your distress and gentled his movements, but didn't stop. You didn't think that he could, even if he wanted to. Instinct had taken hold.

Despite this, he was not quite like Voidster in his lovemaking. He did not seem to relish your pain, nor go out of his way to cause it. If he was rough, it was only from the urges that seemed to drive him, like an animal. If he frightened you, it was only from the memories of Voidster. Gaster didn't deserve a reaction of fear, not when you loved him so much. Trying to force yourself to relax, you let him push and use your body as he wished.

When you stopped struggling, he seemed to calm, his thrusts slowing as he began to take his time. He still kept you pressed against the wall, his gaze distant as he moved within you. His thrusts began to

spark pleasure within you instead of fear, and you moaned softly behind his hand. For a moment his grip tightened, and then he released your mouth, panting as he reached up to cup your cheek instead.

"I'm sorry I frightened you," he murmured down at you, a pained expression on his face. You weren't sure if what you were seeing was guilt, desire, or some other emotion you couldn't name. It didn't really matter. You could feel his intentions, and you knew he didn't want to hurt you. He was clearly struggling with his own self control, both of you held hostage by some feral part of monster behavior that you hadn't even known existed.

"It's okay," you managed to whisper in response, leaning your cheek into his hand. You couldn't stifle the small whimpers that escaped you as each thrust brushed against your cervix, but you tried to be quiet, knowing the door was open. If someone even walked by, they would surely see or hear something. The last thing you wanted was for a stranger to misinterpret what was happening here, and run straight to the news about it. People were already suspicious of monsters.

He bowed his head in response, his hips still tucking urgently against you. He couldn't fully sheathe himself within you, but unlike Voidster, he didn't try to force it to happen. He seemed content with your small anatomy, pleased with your surrender to him. He had never been so mindless and thorough, so clearly catering to instinct when he made love to you before. This wasn't too unpleasant now that you had gotten past the initial anxiety. It was something you wouldn't want in large doses, but as a change of pace it was a little exciting.

"I love you," you murmured, your eyes closing as he began to pick up his pace, intense and focused on what he was doing. He didn't respond, but you didn't mind. You already knew that he cared for you, that he loved you, that once he had worked off the worst of this edge of lust, he would become tender again.

His breathing became ragged and heavy as he neared his peak, his hips pounding you into the wall with short, rhythmic bursts. You hoped that whoever was in the apartment next door wouldn't come investigate, although it was surely obvious what the two of you were doing. You squeaked as he suddenly jammed himself into you as far as he could go, shuddering as he spilled his seed.

He remained like this for some time, keeping you pinned to the wall, his need seeming hardly dented as his cock throbbed inside of you. When he finally began to pull away, bringing you from the wall to the floor, you realized that he wasn't close to finished.

Your suspicion was confirmed when he pulled out, only to flip you onto your stomach, hovering over you like a wolf about to devour his prey. He dipped his hips lower, caught your entrance, and slid back into your tight walls with a low groan.

"I'm sorry. I just need...this…" he managed before losing himself again, his shaft seeming almost to grow in size within you, stretching you as he continued his rutting. His movements this time were a little calmer, a little less savage, but still urgent and feral. He crouched over you on his forearms, your small body hidden beneath his own as he began using rougher, breeding movements.

"Gaster…" you groaned, but you reached out to hold onto his large hand against the floor as he used you, his pelvis slapping against your rear with rapid pacing. He didn't respond to his name with words, but he did release a low, throbbing growl that vibrated against your back.

You were exhausted, your body growing limp beneath him. He didn't seem to mind your lack of participation, one of his arms shoving beneath your hips to prop your rear up for him. Time seemed to slow and distort as he worked, you almost felt like you were dozing, except for the sharp jolts of pleasure that coursed through you with every thrust. You could almost feel your heart beating in time with his soul, your breath coordinated with every pant, every grunt and moan that

vibrated against your back. You felt dazed, well-used, and relaxed as he buried himself in you, rivulets of his magical seed spilling out and down your thighs as he came again.

By the time he finally seemed to wind down, a light rain had begun to fall again, the droplets beating a light staccato against the window nearby. You were too exhausted to do much but whimper and moan as he pulled out of your ravaged sex, your small hand finding his palm and slipping your fingers through the hole you found there. He lay beside you like a sated lion, though you heard him summon a hand to ease the broken door shut and drag a blanket over the two of you.

Leaning back against his warm chest, you felt him curl his arms protectively around you, pleasantly weighing you down without restraining you as his leg hooked over your hip. You wanted to draw on your energy, to ask him what that had been about, but your soul felt almost heavy within you, dragging you down into a restful sleep.

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After a few hours of rest, Gaster stirred, hushing the small, sleepy sound of protest you made as he shifted against you. He had somehow sedated your soul with magic; not so much a conscious spell, as a coaxing of you to succumb to his will, which was that you rest after the breeding that had taken place.

He was still somewhat stunned at his own behavior, at his ravenous hunger for you, his protective possessiveness that had almost crossed the line into force. The last thing he wanted to do was rape you. The last thing he wanted to do was ever to be like Voidster, the one creature he hated more than anything else.

His instincts were pushing him to procreate, to breed with you, to create offspring with you. He knew that it must be a response to the sudden safety and freedom that the monsters were now experiencing

after so long underground, but that didn't make it acceptable for him to use you like this, as if you had consented to such a thing, which you had not.

He had noticed, but not really cared, that the other monsters had been pairing off while still at the camp. Some preferred multiple partners, while others desired monogamy, but none of that had interested him until now. It hadn't seemed relevant. The monsters absolutely did need to bolster their numbers after the war, and after Voidster's unforgiving reign, but he had assumed that such base urges were beyond him, a man of science. How wrong he had been.

Rolling onto his knees, he bent to pick you up in his arms, wrapping you in the blanket and moving you to the bedroom. To think that he had so savagely coerced you like that, where anyone could have seen him… He was lucky that a human hadn't happened to walk by and interfered in what might have appeared to be far more sinister than a simple moment of passion. And was that really all it had been? When you woke up, would you feel the same way, or would you be upset at him? Or worse, would you feel responsible for this, as if you had somehow prompted him to act this way?

Frowning, he set you down on the bed, smoothing your hair away from your face as you sighed and cuddled into the pillows. It wasn't likely that monsters could breed successfully with humans. At worst, you would be sore for the next few days. Physically, that was. Emotionally, he was unsure whether a price had been paid today, and whether it was one that had been worth it.

He desperately needed a shower and a cigarette. He wouldn't be able to really sleep until he talked to you tomorrow. For now, he would get cleaned up, and find out what he could about the disappearance of Sans, as well as Mike's murder.

Chapter End Notes

I bet you guys thought I was dead!

What can I even say that has happened since October of 2018?

I definitely went through a very rough patch in life. It turns out that getting divorced from your abusive husband can sometimes lead to an even worse depression as the PTSD catches up to you. I lost some friendships, which was rough. When I love someone, even as a friend, I give my whole heart to them. When your friends don't respect that, or worse, abuse it, it hurts a lot.

But I still believe that this is just the nature of life. You find people that you love, and eventually someone will get hurt. Sometimes it's worth forgiving them and continuing on, and sometimes it's not. You should never stay with someone who doesn't respect or value you. However, you should never give up on love or on life, because you never know what will happen. It takes courage to keep going even when things seem hopeless, but it will always get better eventually. Even if all you do is survive every day, I'm proud of you. 2020 is a hard time to live in. It's a hard time to have hope. But I believe in you.

As always, my tumblr is skellylicious.tumblr.com and void's tumblr is askvoidster.tumblr.com.

Update

Hi everyone!

It's been an insane (but very good) hiatus while I've worked on my personal life and mental health. I wish this was a new chapter for you to read, and I really want to keep writing this fic, but for now I have taken a break to do some roleplaying on discord. We are now accepting new writers to join the server! You must be 21 or older, as there will be (very) explicit content. It's a very chill, LGBTQIA+ server. Absolutely no drama please. :) Here's your link!

https://discord.gg/vSMNwxM78A

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